









ECHOES OF EUROPE;

OR,

WORD PICTURES OF TRAVEL,

BY

E. K. WASHINGTON

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TO

MAJOR HENRY VAUGHAN

OF MISSISSIPPI,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR,

AS

AN HUMBLE MEMENTO OF ESTEEM.

P R E F A C E.

MANY things in this book might have been omitted, many other things might have been said: those that are said might have been said better, and the whole might have been omitted altogether, and no harm done to, or much advantage lost by, a single human being. Therefore, on the few who may beg, buy, borrow, or steal it, the Author will not inflict the additional penalty of a Preface. The Author wrote it, because he desired to do so; the Publishers published it, because they desired to do so; and the Reader may read it, if he desires to do so.

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SKETCHES AND SNATCHES OF TRAVEL

OFF

FOR Europe, then—the grand old land of the dead past. Let us see with our own eyes the graves of “the things that were,” as well as the actualities of the present, and forget awhile our busy, progressive native land, strong yet in its youth, hopefulness and onwardness, and look on those lands where the shadows of the past obtrude amongst the givings out of the present. We are going for our own edification merely—“to see what we shall see”—and we resolve to keep a record of our impressions of travel, the fleet gatherings of eye and ear, for our perusal in after days, or for the entertainment of others. We shall not overburden ourselves with any more *thought* than is absolutely necessary, but content ourselves with broad sketches and outlines—or simply those pennings or limnings of the outsides of travel that may employ without working our mind. We shall let what we see write itself, if it should please to do so. We shall not tell *who* we are. That may also tell itself. It is Wednesday morning, five o'clock, June 17th. The steam-whistle has resounded through the tranquil valleys of the river, and on we go rapidly—the old town, our temporary residence, fading away in the distance—the mountains in the back-ground, dense and wooded, retiring beneath the horizon. But onward speed the cars. The river by our side alternately forgets itself to a lake—then rushes along with the rapidity of a mountain torrent—the

morning sunlight mingles with the green foliage of the high river banks, and the world smiles cheerily in the glory and freshness of June. Here is a city, with its smoke, dust and heat; but in the cool precincts of a hotel, and in the luxuries of its good cheer—"strawberries smothered in ice-cream"—we forget the business, bustle, money-making and worldly goings on of the outside world. And now, this pleasant sunlit evening, we are careering our way down another river—not on it, but by its side. Steamboating is already obsolete. The scenes flit by us like creatures of magic. The distance is soon conquered, and we are at a riverside village. Having resolved on a visit to the interior, we are soon in an antiquated vehicle, rolling along on one of the most romantic roads in the Union to a collegiate seat of learning. We spend several days pleasantly; listen to the president's lectures on the Bible to the students, and observe the general order and scholarly deameanor of the students. The Bible, in the sublime and masterly analysis of the president, becomes vivific and energizing. All the principles of philosophy, in their most salient points, either by precept or in example, are discovered to be illustrated in it; and the study and investigation of it afford inexhaustible stimulus to the largest intellect, being the book of the most healthy mental and moral tendency in the world. In these lectures, the Bible became the Book of Human Nature—the key that unlocks all the mysteries of man. But adieu to the green old fields, and the quiet, dreamy hills, and the ardent minds and gentle hearts which are there uttering out the work of life!

But time hurries us on. At ten o'clock at night, we depart for the East, on the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. No sleep, no comfort, no talk, no nothing, but on, on for several hours. The starlight reveals the dusky outlines of mountains, among, around and through which we pass screaming, hastening like an insane tornado. Then

comes out the morning star upon the sky—the mountains grow into distinctness—the rocks gather visibility, and are graced with laurels in bloom; laughing mountain torrents leap along the railway, and the morning, like a great spirit, smiles over the world. Here all the obstacles that Nature can oppose to railways are conquered; and if this age were not replete with marvels, this railroad would rank among the greatest of human achievements.

Portions of the route unfold scenery of the most romantic character. Cheat River is cradled among these mountains as their favorite child. It runs along the railway, for some distance far beneath it, and seems not yet recovered from its astonishment at finding its tranquil retreats invaded by the worldly-hearted locomotive. Approaching Cumberland, the scenery becomes more bold and rugged—the strata project almost perpendicularly—indicating the tremendous convulsions of old earth in past ages. Some of the mountains melt away in soft and wavy outlines; others advance boldly into view, rocky, precipitous and jagged, and verdureless; but through all we permeate our course, mountain after mountain receding in the dim distance.

Harper's Ferry has become celebrated on account of Jefferson's fine description and theoretic views concerning it; and his expression, "It is worth a trip across the Atlantic," is infallibly quoted by every tourist. The view is contracted, but bold, bald, and picturesque in the highest degree. The mountains, however, are all now passed, and we are in

WASHINGTON CITY,

perpetuating in its name and local surroundings, the influence of that man whose extraordinary and massive character grows greater and grander with the efflux of time, and whose history is the centre point to which all Americans can turn without shame, and admire, as the spotless sun of

the past, the man who became great by being true and honest, highly celebrated by being modest and humble, and highly useful by merely doing his duty. The City of Washington combines, possibly, more advantages than any other city in America. The ground is admirably undulating, giving the advantages of draining, and fine scenery without the inconvenience of abrupt hills; the streets and banquettes are remarkably wide—the public buildings combining the perfection of classic taste and beauty with utility—the majestic frith of the Potomac—the numerous and flourishing forest trees that adorn the sidewalks—the public grounds—the *prestige* of it being the nucleus of a mighty republic—the society, refined though somewhat pretentious,—all these make Washington probably, on the whole, the most attractive city in America.

The President receives the calls of visitors on Tuesdays and Fridays, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock. We called to pay our respects merely. There were many persons present who appeared to desecrate this public reception into an opportunity for vulgar solicitations for office, and presentation of their claims. Mr. Buchanan has a fine head and good face; health apparently vigorous, at present; hair thin and gray; stature tall and form portly, and presence commanding and impressive. There were numerous applicants for office, all of whom were more or less embarrassed—the President preserving a courteous ease and listening to each with suavity but firmness. Each visitor introduces himself, presenting his own card, shakes hands with the President, converses five or six minutes, and retires, shaking hands again at parting. Some urged their claims in a low, deprecating tone; others more loudly, asserting “they never *had* asked any thing from the government.” All of course were intense Democrats. We noticed the candor with which the President responded: neither unduly elevating nor depressing the hopes of the

applicants. But surely the President of the United States ought to be approached by his fellow-citizens without being regarded as a mere office-dispenser to needy applicants. The office should seek the man, not the man the office. When it came our time to have a few words with him, he indicated it by a glance. After shaking hands, we told him where we were from—were friends to his administration—wished nothing from it, however, except that he might long have health, and his administration might prosper. His countenance manifested great relief when we said we wanted nothing, and he became quite gracious; said "England was a most wonderful little island;" said six or eight months were sufficient to see all in Europe worth seeing; wished us a pleasant journey, and then we left him to encounter again the gauntlets of unceasing office-seekers.

The President's Cabinet is composed of men who are moderate in patriotism, tolerably honest, and rather respectable in intellect; Mr. Buchanan is the superior of every one of them, in practical intellectual penetration, and will doubtless not allow them to rule him. Cass is an accomplished rather than able politician, and more of a sleek, suave, successful old gentleman than anything else. Black is rather able, but has more *empressment* of greatness than reality; has been spoiled by being thought able to be President, and by living among small men, among whom he is relatively great, but really only pompously little. Thompson is energetic and practical, and would make a good President, had any of the members of this Cabinet such a thing written in their destinies. The practice of our government has of late years revolted from its original intendment. It was not expected the President would be a party man. The theory of government in Europe is, that the apex, the supreme head of the governing power, should belong to no party specially. A party is essentially a faction. Parties

may and must exist, but there should be a power above partyism, in every government. But of late years all our great, or so-called great men, may be presumed already convicted of aspiring to the Presidency; and the business of the people seems reduced to the endorsement of certain men who have caused themselves to be nominated by a process of intrigue, which begins in ambition and ends in corruption. Each party endures the other's four years' government in hope of success the next time; consequently no general attachment (which is, in European monarchies, the strongest power in the state,) can spring up between the person or character of the President and the people. Who feels any real attachment to any President, of late years, except for interest or pride? It would seem to be getting high time for the people to oust the miserable brood of Presidency seekers and party mongers, to elect a man who, not trammelled by party, and who has the intellect to discern the right, and the will to dare to do it, no matter where or what the opposition, to whom they might become attached for his personal or individual virtues, and to hurl the low Congressmen, and small-brained and corrupt-hearted dealers, and vendors, and peddlers in our great government, to their merited damnation. A republican government is slow in action and execution, but great in deliberation, therefore the President should have a certain energy and assumption of the responsibility, to compensate for the slowness and stagnation induced by factious opposition. He should be no man of show, no creature of state, no mere department, but an understanding, directing, resolved will, honest, inflexible and efficient, who can accomplish by the nation, and not by a party, the great mission of the new idea of America, that governments derive their just origin from the consent of the governed. But the virtue of our people will long preserve our government, notwithstanding the dishonesty and imbecility of the preten-

tious demagogues who aspire to govern, but only degrade the name of legislator.

Mount Vernon is sixteen miles below Washington, and is still in the possession of one who bears the name of the original possessor. The family are understood to be reduced, and none of them have displayed any abilities similar to those of the renowned chief. Like many other Virginia families, they require an infusion of Irish, German, or plebeian blood to energize them. But the overshadowing greatness of George Washington has not invited competition, though it has discouraged effort. Most of them seem to think it is great enough simply to wear his name. The family have gone down, and will never rise again. Yet to Mount Vernon still turn, and ever will turn, the fondest wishes and warmest aspirations of every true American, as the Mecca shrine of Freedom—as the grave of a buried, powerful influence, that, instead of growing gray, grows grander with time. The bells of steamers are tolled as they pass near Mount Vernon.

The old town of Alexandria is eight miles below Washington. We strolled through its streets, the names of which still revive the associations of the old colonial times. Arlington is the fine, old baronial-looking residence of G. W. P. Custis, Esq. The view from it is beautiful in the extreme; and the woods around it, and its general appearance, have an ancestral and old-time aspect, perhaps nowhere found out of England except in Virginia. The old gentleman himself is plainly dressed, prepossessing in manner, with a florid complexion, and good health, though in his seventy-seventh year. He lives in the past. He is the only surviving member of Gen. W.'s domestic family. He is a myth, associating the past with the present. Racked and tortured his memory has been to disintegrate from it all its past. He will soon be no more, and the fact of Gen. W.'s actuality will depend on written records alone.

He has lived well, and has been in prosperous circumstances from inherited wealth all his life; to which he has added the accomplishments of literature and painting. But his old age is melancholy, for the men of his time have departed. We found him, however, in the midst of a festive rural scene, enacting at the Arlington Springs—a great sylvan place and a favorite resort of summer parties from the city. The dancing and song sped gayly on; and the mirth of many feet made music sweet while the old gentleman and ourself on a rustic seat entered upon the bygone. Familiar already with many of his recollections, it was yet pleasant to hear them from the living lips. One of his remarks was, “that we shall never again have such another man as Washington till we have such another mother.” What we want in America is mothers—not the novel-reading, nervous, sedentary, fashionable females—but true women—conscientious and high-spirited—who can learn to enforce discipline by learning to obey it. The general’s mother, according to Mr. Custis, preserved a great influence over him, even in extreme age. He always addressed her as “Madam,” not as mother. He recounted that Lawrence Washington had told him that in the days of the general’s boyhood, he was frequently at the house during the hour of meals. Mrs. W. advanced to the table—all standing—none daring to sit down till she, shading her eyes a few moments with her hand, offered a silent invocation to the Source of all: after which, moving her hand, all sat down, not a word being said during the meal. The six or eight tall, athletic young men—and one of them afterward the hero of the age—would sooner, according to Mr. Custis, have put their heads into the fire than disobey her slightest injunction. After the victory of Yorktown—when Gen. W. was at the zenith of his popularity—he came, attended by a numerous staff of officers, into the town of Fredericksburg, Va. A vast excitement prevailed in the county and town to see

him. He was the throbbing pulse of every man's heart. In the midst of this his mother remained in her room spinning worsted, saying, "It was George's duty to come and see her:" which he soon did—not at the head of his officers, but privately—sending his sister, Mrs. Lewis, to know whether she was ready to see him; and, after the first greeting was over, she looked at him, and merely said: "Time and hard service, George, have very much changed your appearance." Not a word of Yorktown, no allusion to his battles or his glory. When La Fayette had exhausted panegyric in favor of her son, in a set speech to her, she merely replied: "My dear marquis, I am not surprised. George was a good boy." Lund Washington, proprietor of the Hayfield estate, four miles from Mount Vernon, was the general's agent at Mount Vernon during the entire war. The British troops ascending the Potomac, sent him a civil message, requesting to buy some fresh provisions; which he sent on board, without, however, taking payment. For this he was censured by the general, who said, "The example was bad; that the British should have been forced to come and take the provisions." Posterity has, however, decided generally in favor of Lund Washington, who, acting for another, did not feel free to expose the premises to destruction for refusal, without specific directions from the proprietor; and to his course in this matter is perhaps due the preservation of Mount Vernon to the present time.

The great cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, though each has a distinct physiognomy, yet apart from their business facilities, present but few attractions to the mere tourist. Our American cities are as yet lacking in this sort of interest. Their historical associations are too recent to be interesting. The traveler catches the spirit of the population—feels impelled irresistibly onward—and feels but little disposition to linger calmly over past or present. America is hurrying on to its future. The hearts

of our citizens beat rapidly. We are the fastest people on all the records of time. There is no time to muse on the days of departed glory. We are the actors, the workers of the great Present. Acquisitive, accumulative and ardent, with redundant life, and a continent to be conquered, that had slept too long, we look not back over the "things that were," but grasp our future, and the mighty grave alone can still the restless hearts agitating through our lives. But the quiet sleepers of the "Old Trinity," who have lain down to rest by the side of the busy thoroughfare over which their past life walked, lie and sleep on unheeded by the living who tread beside them, enacting the same twice-told tale of joys, loves, cares, strifes—soon to sleep themselves and give place to other dreamers. Sayeth the French proverb, and truly: "Life is a dream, of which Death is the awakening."

New York is getting rather famous for its strong-minded preachers, who are rather strongly minded to do certain things than actually able men—parts of great men, rather than men of great parts. The self-satisfied and intensely self-appreciating H. W. Beecher, preaches here to vast crowds. He is a plausible, youthful-looking personage, who appears to be on good terms with himself. It has been remarked that those who are without passions are without talents. Mr. B. is fanatical, but yet presents the phenomenon among fanatics, of having some ability—though it is rather of the notorious than noted kind. He has an easy delivery and is voluble—but the "*Nascitur ridiculus mus*" may often apply to the ideas uttered with so much diction and *empressment*. He has politics in his head, and in his heart a worldly, utilizing something which he thinks is religion. Men of his stamp are always wrong, especially in matters of religion, which have to be *received*, and not improved, revised and amended; and these irreverential men take the Bible as *they* make it, and like the

Portuguese astronomer, would advise the Creator better. Their minds being unballasted, the possession of a prominent idea enslaves their intellect, and comet-like, the stars must do it reverence as it passes—though when investigated, it is found to be empty, gaseous, and a mere transparent tail.

The egregious Greeley, one of the notabilities of New York, is another instance of coarse success without respectability and without genius—one of the men who have achieved success by mere low, dogged devotion to the world, and concentrated self-interest. The success of such men is ephemeral; that of true genius is undying, and gathers lustre with age. If it were better to be wrong with Plato than right with all the world besides, it were surely better to fail with Burns, Poe, or Coleridge, than succeed with such earth, earthy creatures as Barnum or Greeley. The lowest kind of success is money success; the next lowest is popularity with a party. We assimilate to what we work for. As nothing is more delightful than a *new* feeling, how refreshing, how luxurious it would be to Greeley to indulge himself with a little honesty and patriotism, or for Beecher to be pious and acquaint himself a little with Christianity! these being things that do not necessarily come as parts of any pursuits, but require to be made distinct objects. But perhaps this suffices for the gaseous Greeley and the bombastic Beecher.

OUTWARD.

But we are off at last—this day, Wednesday, July 1st, at twelve o'clock—in our ship. The day is most peculiarly dreary, drizzling, disheartening. We step aboard the bark to which we commit our fortunes for some weeks; we are towed down New York bay by a steamer some eighteen miles to Sandy Hook, and there we are left; the winds having “no west” in them, as the captain remarks.

Obstinate east winds prevail—rain, cold, dreariness, dullness, of course. We lie at anchor here all night—next day—night—next day also—weather continuing dismal. What resource but to bear it and be sea-sick! We indulge in the latter duly. Our captain very sociably, however, makes efforts to relieve the tedium, but in vain. Our cabin passengers consist of but four persons—two young men, one from Massachusetts, another from New York, our friend, and ourself. We selected a sailing vessel, because we wished to take a regular old-fashioned sea-voyage, and get as much of the sea into us as possible. Our destination is Havre. In New York we purchased circular letters from the house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., addressed to their correspondents in the various cities of Europe, accompanied by small bills or drafts on them—ten and twenty pounds sterling—each payable in the current coin of any country in Europe. But five miles more remain and we shall be on the sea, the open sea, and the last hill of our native land will have faded into thin air. How, in looking back, we seem to see the beckoning hands of friends from whom we parted, rising from far away, but in vain. Life will go on with them as with us; and if in the dubious future we meet again, we shall not be what we were. We may overtake our future, but our past never. How the joys of quiet firesides in the olden, with friends now perished, flit before our mind, and mock the chase of phantom happiness in the future. But life must on. Around us groan the sad waves; afar in the distance lie the lowlands of Long Island; those of the Jersey shore higher; and on the restless waters float many vessels, some large, others small, waiting for the winds “to get out,” all sails furled, all at anchor, and the rain, the dreary rain, over all. What a fine opening for the Steam Power to wake these black hulls into life and motion! But we are in the care of old *Æolus* and his winds, older by far than that creature of a

fast age, Steam, and more romantic, and must wait his bidding.

This morning, Sunday, July 5th, all that was visible of America has sunk beneath the western horizon. Adieu then to our native land for months—perhaps forever. Yesterday was the natal day of our government, and our native land disappeared to us in the dim shades of evening; the highlands of Neversink, New Jersey, with the white towers and lighthouses, and green woods, gradually lessening and lowering. But the rockets ascending in honor of the day from New York city, and the various hotels on Long Island and Long Branch, still rose high in the air, and were the last signals of the fair, proud and happy land beneath. July 2d and 3d, we remained in Sandy Hook harbor—easterly winds, directly ahead, preventing our egress to the open sea. Saturday morning, July 4th, the wind slightly changing, our captain attempted to go out; but failing, the timely aid of a steam tow-boat at length drew us into the open sea. Many vessels had come down from New York, and with all sails set, stretched out to the seaward. Soon after, a calm came down on the sea, and for several hours slight progress was made, and up to this morning, July 5th, our progress is slow. The sea is smooth as a mirror, and only swells and heaves underneath the hazy horizon as if seeking rest. A fleet of vessels is around us at various distances—some near enough to hear them striking the bells to chase the hours—others afar off, dipping beneath the horizon, apparently motionless, their white sails reflecting the sunlight. To our left, on “Old Long Island’s sea-girt shore,” can yet be heard the breakers—the sound coming over the smooth sea, like “the noise of many waters.” It will die away, however, and be the last sound we shall hear from America. Those cheerful little birds, Mother Carey’s chickens, come playfully around, in considerable numbers, resting lightly on the water; they

are said to hatch their eggs underneath their own wings. Our passengers are all diversely employed—one is reading a recent novel, another looking miscellaneously over space, another is about to try fishing, as he says, “only to raise a breeze”; others yawning; another, who has an inquiring mind, wants information in regard to the various parts of the vessel. One is wishing he could take an excursion out into the woods; vain hope! for we are motionless, and

“The sea and the sky—
Lie like a load on the weary eye.”

To-day, July 5th, during several hours, we lay in almost a dead calm—breezeless, motionless. But toward evening a light wind sprang up, and we are now going “over the waters away and away.” The full, round moon, is “hung like a gem in the brow of the sky,” and the vessel bounds over the waves like a freed, fearless antelope. The sea heaves and sighs like a living thing underneath us; but we go on to our destiny and our future.

Some days have passed away. It is now Sunday, July 12th. The writer had the unpleasant necessity laid on him of sustaining in its worst form that distressing sickness, *Mal de mer*. This complaint seems to consist mainly in an accumulation of bile upon the stomach, arising from a perversion of the ordinary centre of gravity in the system, occasioned by the motion of the vessel. There is perhaps no remedy for it but simply to endure it till the system can habituate itself to the new laws of motion around it. Keeping the bowels relaxed, and taking doses of Seidlitz powders, and also abstinence, will greatly mitigate it. We have had favorable and pleasant winds for some days, and have gone over nearly a third part of our course, or one thousand miles; and we are now, this pleasant, sunny day, gliding over the Banks of Newfoundland, with several fishing vessels of different nations in sight, engaged in

extracting from their native element the codfish, which abound in this shoal part of the ocean. Whales also appear to be numerous here, perhaps of the smaller kinds, as their *spouting*, or *blowing*, is seen almost every time the eye rests attentively on the water for a few moments. The fishing is carried on here principally during April, May and June. The depth of the water varies from thirty fathoms to seventy or eighty. The fishing is done by hook and line, or by a number of hooks fastened to one line, called *crawls*. Any thing would do for bait; but clams are generally used, or a portion of codfish. The proprietors of the vessels usually receive one half of all the fish caught. The captain claims one-fifth of the remainder. The rest are divided among the men: each man receiving in proportion to what he caught. These are the great fishing-banks of the world, and employ annually many thousands of Americans, English and French.

Ordinarily a sea voyage is viewed as extremely monotonous. Yet there are many things presented to observation, even on the wide bosom of old ocean's waste wilderness of waters. The pleasant groves, with their treasure of rich, soft, green leaves; their bird-dwellers, with their cheerful music; the grassy meads, with their garniture of flowers; the mossy rocks, and densely wooded mountains, are far away—with the piles of brick in cities, in which revolve the active phases of human life. Yet the deep has its wonders, its mysteries, and its beauties. At times, throbbing like a great unhappy monster; then playing with its tiny wavelet; and now retiring into obscurity 'neath white folds of mist; then warring with the winds and battling with rock-bound banks—it is at once a world apart, and the mirror of the world of men. Its scenes of sunset and sunrise, its clouds, its moons and stars—all have a more wondrous beauty than those of land; and its ever restless rolling stirs more deeply the infinite deep of the human heart.

We are now—Thursday, July 17th—more than half our way across the ocean, having gone over about 39° of longitude, and some 37° yet remain: the latter degrees being of course shorter than the former, as we are further north. We have seen several large whales, one or two being at least one hundred feet long, coming up to the surface to breathe, with a noise similar to that of a high-pressure steam-engine, then again seeking their home in the boundless deep. Up to the present time, during this week, we have averaged about seven knots per hour; but now our sails flap idly in the listless breeze; a dense fog obscures the horizon, and our course is slow.

Friday, July 18th. This morning the dense cloud in which we had been sailing for twenty-four hours has disappeared, and we are careering over the deep at the rate of ten knots an hour. The sea is broken into multitudinous waves, each frothed with the surf, and our gallant ship dashes them aside. They retire, angry and convulsed, while she, under a favorable breeze, stretches on over the great rotundity of waters. Our captain, who is an experienced seaman, theorizes that there is a correspondent animal in the sea to each species on land. He has himself seen an animal in the sea rise perpendicularly to the height of more than fifty feet, with a serpent-shaped head—body as large as a barrel—then turn itself spirally and descend. This was seen by himself for several minutes, and by two or three of the crew—thus affording additional evidence in favor of the existence of a sea serpent—which has been a standing subject on which the wit of editors and others might exhaust itself. There is a sea-cow, a sea-horse; there is the flying fish; and the tenantry of the sea offer many other resemblances to those of the land: therefore, why may there not be a sea serpent? Besides, how little do we know of the sea, its miles of perpendicular water; its caves, its valleys—where may disport monsters that

never come to the surface, similar to or actually realizing earth's lost, extinct animals—the Megalonyx, Megatherium, Mastodon, and others—huge, cold-blooded animals—old, and with barnacles several inches long, covered with moss and seaweed; alive, though overgrown with grass; and which have sometimes been mistaken by sailors for rocks or shallows.

Last night many porpoises came around the vessel. The water was phosphorescent, and each one as it glided on left a track of golden fire, sometimes near two hundred feet long.

“And as they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in snowy flakes.”

How playful and happy seem the myriad dwellers of the deep. Some of them must be literary also, as they go in *schools*—a pun-ish-meant.

To-day, Tuesday, July 17th, we are in latitude $47^{\circ} 30'$, longitude $27^{\circ} 41'$. We have lain in almost a calm all morning “with the blue above and the blue below.” O for the reliable force of steam to drive us along, instead of the romantic, fitful winds! Traveling by steam and communication by lightning are requisitions of the age. The mind of man keeps pace in restlessness with the means of gratification. The age of repose is gone, and life is everlasting hurry, high-pressure and business. Action and not meditation now is our *role*. We *live* now, we do not enjoy. We are eager for our future and scornful of our past. We truly seize Time by the forelock; and the demon of unrest is in our hearts. But the breeze is coming from over the far deep. All our canvas is spread to catch and woo it. Not a single sail has come into our horizon for some days. We have but the sea, and the sky, and the clouds, and the little distinct segments of human existence on board our ship.

This morning, Monday, July 20th, we are leading quite

a roving, rollicking, romping life. A heavy "Bay of Biscay sea," as the captain calls it, is sweeping the ocean; there is abundance of "table-tipping," chair-overturning, and a miscellaneous medley of confusion. The centre of gravity is all upset, we are "rocked in the cradle of the deep," and voluntary motion is suspended. Up and down every thing goes, as if a legion of idle spiritual-rappers had been let loose upon us. I shall drop the pompous plural and use the more modest "I" hereafter. I have got over two kinds of sea-sickness: one induced by the "pitching" motion of the vessel, the other by its "rolling," so that the longitude and latitude of my stomach have been very often taken. We have run upon one or two sleeping whales of late; and during several evenings past, at sunset, the winds squallied at the waters, old ocean heaved and tossed, the clouds sputtered down some rain, and there were premonitions of a storm. But now the bright sun is shining on the wild forlornity of heaving sea, which we are skimming at the rate of seven knots per hour. We are on the European side of the Atlantic, being in lon. 19° , lat. 47° . Ships as well as steamers ascend, at this season, to a high latitude, for a double reason: the degrees of longitude decrease as you go north, (in our present latitude, they are about forty-two miles in length,) and also to avoid icebergs, which, at this season, have passed to the southward of us. Yesterday a cane-bottomed chair passed by us, possibly a fragment of some old wreck, which has been floating, unreclaimed, about on the deep, with no voice to tell its tale. Two barks appear in the dim, remote distance: their sails look like shadows of mist.

It is Tuesday, July 21st. We make, on an average, four degrees per day. Westerly winds prevail at this season, on this side of the Atlantic. We are in lon. $15^{\circ} 35'$, lat. 48° , being nearly seven hundred miles from our destination. The sea is yet very rough; vast hills and mountains of un-

dulating water rise sometimes on each side of the vessel, which alternately sinks down into the trough of the sea, and rises on the back of a huge swell, while all around the sea appears as if hoary. But

“ Our ship is light and free,
The swiftest falcon scarce can flee
More merrily along.”

The “log” indicates our progress to be about ten miles per hour. The method of ascertaining our speed is very simple. A rope with the “log,” a triangular piece of board attached, is heaved from the stern. A second-glass ascertains the number of seconds a certain number of fathoms occupies in being drawn off the reel—which will have the same proportion to miles as the seconds have to hours. As, for example, two hundred and thirty feet are to six thousand and eighty-six feet, the number of feet in a sea mile, so are fourteen seconds, the time two hundred and thirty feet occupy in running off the reel, to thirty-six hundred seconds, the number in an hour.

To-day, Wednesday, July 22d, we have made more than four degrees more to the eastward, and we are now in *soundings*. The sea has lost its color of deep ocean, and is now of a much darker hue. The heavy, agitating swells have also gone down, but the westerly wind and fine weather still continue. No sails in sight, most of them having been left astern. On Saturday next we expect to make our landing, having only twelve degrees of longitude yet to make. This morning the captain spoke a vessel, bound from Quebec to Shields in England, which had been out thirty days; and having no chronometer, and thus obliged to depend on *dead reckoning*, they had mistaken their longitude by four degrees.

Our longitude is 49° , and the north star occupies a per-

ceptibly higher altitude than that in which we have been accustomed to view it. Who shall solve the great practical problem of the present age, and behold it shining perpendicularly above him?

We are now, Thursday, July 23d, evidently drawing near to some inhabited region, and we expect in about two days more sail to discover the continent of Europe. Ships are much more numerous, coming out of the English Channel, some of them large vessels, and some of them bound for our own native soil, now far to the westward. We are in lon. 70° , lat. $48^{\circ} 51'$. To-night we expect to enter the English Channel, out of which have sailed the British fleets that have conquered the world of waters. We shall probably see land to-morrow, Start Point, England, being perhaps first in view. The weather has been fine for taking observations. The following are the captain's calculations for our latitude at the close of the nautical day, or twelve o'clock, July 23d:—

Altitude of Sun, - - -	61 $^{\circ}$ 21'
Correction, dip, refraction, -	12'
<hr/>	
Correct altitude, - - -	61 $^{\circ}$ 14'
Zenith distance, - - -	90 $^{\circ}$ 00'
<hr/>	
	28 $^{\circ}$ 46'
Declination of Sun, - - -	20 $^{\circ}$ 03'
<hr/>	
True Latitude, - - -	48 $^{\circ}$ 49'
<hr/>	

We are, to-day, Friday, July 24th, sailing up the broad waters of the English Channel. The day is bright and lovely, sails flit across the waters, and a strong breeze carries us on our way. No land is in sight on either side. A dull, hazy mist, however, looms above the coast of England. The air is perceptibly warmer as we approach land. To-morrow we expect to see it, and feast our eyes on the

more natural abode of man, having seen nothing scarcely for many weary days, but the wide field of waters, and all are thoroughly *gène* and ennuied by the sea scenes. Novels, high-pressure, thrilling, alarming as they are of late days, have ceased to amuse; all jokes have become stale, and the surging of the waters has ceased to be musical. A large steamship propeller, met us this morning, bound for the West, heaving and pitching over the waters much more than a ship, which is steadied by her sails.

It is now late in the afternoon of this sunny, lovely day, and all hearts have been rejoiced by a glimpse of land. To the south may be seen the island of Guernsey, and still further off, in the same direction, the island of Jersey. These, though very near the French coast, belong to England. The white houses on Guernsey are very perceptible through the spy-glass. To the east may be seen, very dimly, the "Caskets," three lighthouses on rocks near the French coast.

The following calculation represents our longitude to-day at two o'clock:—

Altitude of Sun, - - - -	53° 58'	
Correction for dip, refraction, -	12'	
Correct altitude, - - - -	54° 10'	·18849 secant.
Latitude, - - - -	49° 37'	·10651 cosecant.
Zenith distance, - - - -	70° 11'	8·72120 cosine.
	173° 58'	9·73396 sine.
Take half the sum, - - - -	86° 59'	18·75016 sum.
Altitude subtracted, - - - -	54° 10'	
Remainder, - - - -	32° 48'	9·37508 half sum.
Apparent time, - - - -	1·39·54	
Equation, - - - -	6·11	
Correct time, - - - -	1·46·5	

Time by Chronometer,	-	-	-	1·44·25
Chronometer slow,	-	-	-	12·51
				<hr/>
Correct time at Greenwich,	-	-	-	1·57·16
			-	1·45·06
				<hr/>
Difference,	-	-	-	4)11·11
				<hr/>
Longitude west from Greenwich, at present,	-			2·47 $\frac{3}{4}$
				<hr/>

It is now Saturday morning, July 25th. Last evening we passed along the northern coast of France, and we are now entering the mouth of the Seine, near which Havre (or Havre de Grace, the "favorable harbor,") is situated. We have now the high coast of *La Belle France*, with its cultivated fields and its villages distinctly visible. The day is truly beautiful, and every thing about the vessel is in readiness to disembark, and a sensation of relief at escaping from the foul air of the ship and the confinement is felt by all. Yet we have had a pleasant passage; the weather has been unusually pleasant; the captain and other officers very courteous; and, upon the whole, the trip has been thus far as agreeable as under the circumstances it could be. With a memory of the energetic, young, and prosperous native land beyond the broad Atlantic, we gaze around on European waters, and see the shores that have furnished history with "her ample pages, rich with the spoils of time." We are glad to step ashore on any land, however far from our own institutions and laws; and we are sure that the *peoples* of all these countries are with us in feeling and in heart, and that their antiquated monarchies, that have crushed them down like Sindbad's Old Man of the Mountain, will eventually be heaved from their shoulders, and progressive human amelioration make for itself suitable laws. Last night we got some French papers, which reminded us we were yet in the world.

HAVRE.

At length we have stepped ashore from the ocean, the common property of all the world, on French soil. The breeze, which had kindly wafted us on, died away into too soft a breath for our clumsy preparations, when we were within six miles of Havre. A telegraphic signal by flags soon brought the powerful agency of a steam tow-boat to our assistance; and we were soon in the Seine, and moored in its docks. The harbor of Havre is an artificial one, and is principally accessible at high tides. The ground about Havre is high; the hills are under excellent cultivation, and the yellow stubble of wheat looks down from many of them. The city itself occupies low ground, and is penetrated in various parts by docks, on which may be seen vessels from all ports of the world—Havre itself being the harbor of Paris. The tide rises about twenty-three feet. American cities all look alike. There is a certain aspect of *newness* in them all. But Havre, and I presume most European cities, look old—very old. Human action has been at work here for hundreds of years, till its works have crumbled down: yet it still goes on—onward. American eyes are struck with the height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets. And certain parts of Chartres and Royal-streets in New Orleans are not unlike portions of Havre. The banquettes are very narrow, and a large portion of the population walk in the midst of the street.

But before you land several gendarmes, or police-officers, decorated and uniformed, come on board, who politely demand your passports. Agents from the Custom House take possession of your trunks—examine them to see whether you have imported any contraband articles—the principal search being made for tobacco, which in all forms is prohibited. If nothing is found, the trunks or luggage are returned, on application by the agent of the hotel where

you stop. You reclaim your passports in person at the mayor's office. You find every thing French, and foreign, and fine. You are addressed in accents foreign to your English ears. You attempt to answer in French. The Frenchman is too polite to laugh, but he bestows on you a look of compassion, and appears to feel inward grief in finding his vernacular thus cruelly murdered. You look up the streets; you see moustaches moving along, behind which are men. You see the inevitable gendarmes everywhere—the national guards of a government which makes itself felt. You feel the presence of a strong imperial government over you. The gendarmes are numerous, and constantly promenading the city—in every crowd, and even within the sacred precincts of the churches. They are a courteous, fine-looking body of men; and Louis Napoleon has shown much wisdom in popularizing this service—rendering it respectable, and identifying it with the government, and making it the interest of this disciplined *corps* to be on the side of the government—among a people so accessible to periodical excitements, called revolutions, and *coups d'etat*, as the French are. You reflect with some impatience on the inefficiency of the police department in your own country. Well; you reach your hotel. There your notions of eating undergo an inversion. You are expected to take coffee, or tea, with bread and butter, at or about seven o'clock, your breakfast at eleven, and your dinner at six o'clock in the evening. The waiters wear white gloves; and instead of eating with American vehemence and excitement, you behold everybody eating with sublime ease and a calm assurance that he will get enough, and a conviction that he has a stomach and liver whose rights he will respect.

But now for Havre. And first here, on Rue de Paris, is the silent, old, and stately church of Notre Dame—three hundred years old. You enter. It is the first European

church you were ever in; and it has all the characteristics of "the things you read about." There are paintings, statuary, an immense organ; all is high, massive, and indicative of the great Catholic religion, which is the same nearly all over the world in its forms. You see the worshippers kneeling, devout and attentive. You see the prominence which the Virgin Mary occupies in their ritual, which reminds you of Voltaire's observation, that the Catholics believed in a Quaternity—instead of a Trinity—composed of "Father, Son, Holy Spirit, and the Virgin Mary." As a Protestant you object, of course, to the whole thing, and think this religion is too sensuous; and that they ought to look behind the thing to the thing signified. But you forget that all people are not as wise as you are; and that all people should survey all things from the standpoint of their own entirety and not from that of others. Protestants err in many things in regard to Catholics. There is a devotional fervor generated by the Catholic ritual, which produces good effects on the human heart. What is believed in as true, has some of the inherent powers of truth. Catholicism twines in many soft and pleasing tendrils around a heart. Where there cannot be sunlight, the moonlight may do very well. Protestantism is a larger leap of mind; but we must not despise "the day of small things," nor think that "wisdom will die with us."

But here is the great old gray tower of Francis the First—two hundred and ninety years old. You ascend to its top, and look on a glorious sea, and sunset sea view. The tower is of large stone, and has long outlived its age, use, and generation. Here, in the old chivalrous ages of France, were confined rebellious, haughty, feudal subjects. The tears of captives have fallen on these gray, heartless stones. The sighs of chained ambition have gone out of these long, narrow port-holes. The basement descends deep into the earth, and from it is a subterranean passage, which led to

an apartment directly under the Seine; within which, in old times, when England and France were natural enemies, were confined more than five hundred prisoners taken in battle. A revolution in the government happened at this juncture. The persons who alone knew of the passage, forgot the existence of the prisoners; and when the excitement was over, they had all perished of starvation in this deep, dark, subterranean chamber. This tower was founded by Francis the First. Its principal use now is as a place of observation to see ships arriving from foreign ports. They can be seen about twenty-five miles off. The lower parts of the tower have walls over six feet thick. The stones of the upper parts are eaten into by Time; and mysterious Nature attempts to fasten vegetation within the crevices whence Time has extracted the rock. Around the city you discover remains of its old walls. On the hill D'Ingouville you have splendid seats and fine views. On Sunday, if you are there on that day, you will find no Sabbath day. But you may find an American church in the rear of the new Hotel de Ville, in which you may hear doctrines, accents and ideas strangely at war with the religious desecration of the day, so common in all French and continental cities, and which remind you of the purer morals of your native land.

But Rouen, the old Gothic Rouen, you must take in your course to Paris. It is many times older than Havre; it is older than Paris; and it is one of the most interesting cities in France. Therefore we shall not exhaust our astonishment at the outset. We call on Mr. Vesey, the very able American consul at Havre, who treats us politely. We give him our hopes that Mr. Buchanan will keep him in office. We see a procession, which can be seen almost every day in continental towns, where the holidays are numerous, and the saints of past ages are duly honored. The women make up a large part of these processions.

The women, so far as we have observed, are the greatest institution in France. They do the clerk-business of the hotels; they sell you goods; they are prompt, polite, pretty, and seem altogether to take precedence of the duller and slower male sex. But 'tis time to leave. You pay your bill at the hotel. You find it reasonable, though you are charged for each item separately, for *living* on the continent of Europe costs much less than in America. The agent, *commissaire*, or interpreter of the hotel—each hotel having an interpreter—assists you in regard to the procurement of tickets for the cars. You step into one of the first-class cars, though you have heard that none but fools and princes travel in the first-class cars, the second-class being nearly as good at a less price. But your American pride will not let you take any thing second-rate. You find the cars luxuriously furnished, far ahead of American ones, eight persons only being allowed in each. The cars start off, not with a tremendous, liver-dislocating jerk, as in America—not with a hideous, brain-bursting whistle, like the shriek of a rascal attorney when the Devil seizes his soul, (see Sidney Smith,)—but softly, easily, and quietly. Your bill at the hotel has not been over two dollars and a half per day, and you are not charged, on the cars, (first-class) over four cents per mile.

ROUEN.

You have fifty-six miles to go through to Rouen, over a country more beautiful than your imagination had dreamed of. Portions of the route lie along the valley of the Seine, and part over highlands. It is the harvest-time, and the golden grain stands in its mantle of everlasting sunset, in many a field. No such vulgar things as crooked American fences are to be seen; the beautiful hedges, well-cropped, divide the fields, intermingling some of which you see the grape-vine. You see beautiful clover-fields, flax, oats,

orchards; you see the peasantry, apparently happy, at work in the fields, women among them. You see numerous cultivated groves of elms planted, regularly trimmed and disposed in avenues. You come to little, old, quaint villages, each with a solemn, Gothic old church, its spire pointing starward. You see the hats of the peasantry crowned with flowers. You go through four or five tunnels, several miles in length, some of them. You pass over a viaduct several hundred feet high. You rush down an inclined plane. You come to the queerest-looking assemblage of painted, peaked, irregular, old houses you ever saw. You pass through another tunnel, right under a town, and you stop abruptly in the centre of Rouen, the old capital of Normandy, the town of fifteen hundred years old, out of which went forth the great William the Conqueror, with his sixty thousand Normans, who defeated Harold, the last of the Saxon kings of England, and founded a dynasty the most celebrated in the world, with the single and sublime and supernatural exception of the kingdom of Judah. You get into a cab and drive to your hotel. A fragment of a young moon hangs up in the sky. The streets are narrow, crooked, angular; every house standing in its own angle—every thing but straight. You seem in a place where every thing is old, antique, weird, but mankind—mankind seem modern—and their dwellings mouldering, mementos of things departed. You and they seem like live things among monuments. Yet they are alive. That man there would sell you that coat for forty francs. That woman there is ironing clothes. These things savor of the present. You reach your hotel. Your window overlooks the Seine. In the moonlight and gaslight the old houses, and the narrow streets, (made purposely crooked, to prevent, in the old warlike ages, the attack of cavalry,) look like sepulchres.

But next morning you go out and thread the serpentine streets. You come directly in contact with a large, long,

old, gray Gothic-looking pile of stupendous stone buildings, many-pointed, bowed down with age, and looking wondrous pitiful in its exterior carved work and headless, time-eaten statuary. It is the Cathedral of Rouen—*Ruin*, sure enough. You enter and look down the avenues of immense, lofty Gothic columns. Through the stained windows—on each one painted a history—comes a “dim, religious light.” There are twenty-five smaller churches or chapels within, along the sides. On the floor are stones with inscriptions indicating the burial-places of English and French princes, and the *heart* of Richard Cœur de Lion. Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, was buried here, in the year 917 A.D. But a Frenchman comes up to you and begins to talk vociferously. You discover he is one of those men who abound in all old European cities, called guides. You endeavor to shake him off, for you want to be alone with your own thoughts; but in vain, he cannot be shaken off—if you listen, you are lost. He wants to hurry you from one place to another, stretching out his arms theatrically toward each part. You walk on; he follows. You offer him *sous* in self-defense, reseek your hotel, and hire a guide at five francs for the day, and resolve to explore the ruins of Rouen, and in doing so spend the day. If you are a gentleman and a scholar, don’t employ a guide. Their incessant, vapid prattle prevents you from feeling and appreciating the just and proper effect of what you see. You are presumed to be acquainted with general history. You are not traveling in order to compile a work on statistical geography, and your own thoughts and observations will supply you with better materials than an ignorant guide, unless, perhaps in the first place, as to the mere localities. But, if you will employ a guide, employ a Frenchman, he will be more minute and enthusiastic than an Englishman.

I stood in an irregular sort of open space, surrounded by old houses, in the centre of which rises an awkward-look-

ing pedestal, surmounted by a statue of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans—the heroic, high-souled, noble peasant girl, who, to the eternal disgrace of the English, was burnt on this spot, (then the market-place,) in May, 1431, under an accusation of sorcery, after the French army under her direction had several times defeated the English, restored their king and crowned him; and, but for her being unfortunately taken prisoner when heading a sortie from a besieged city against the English, would most probably have expelled them from the kingdom. From the pedestal of the statue flow several fountains, from which the poor people of Rouen are supplied with water.

But here is the church of Saint Ouen, perhaps the most ancient and indescribable of all the churches in Normandy, with its wilderness of lofty old columns, on which, through the stained windows, eloquent with fine paintings, falls sadly the many-colored, rainbowed light. This church, formerly an abbey, dates, in its present erection, back more than six hundred years. The length, within the walls, is four hundred and fifty feet. It has one hundred and twenty-five windows. Around it is a beautiful garden with avenues of horse-chestnut trees, rich and rare flowers, a fountain, and it is partly surrounded by a portion of the old wall of the city, over which climbs the ivy. The church of Saint Maclou is also beautiful; and that of Saint Gervaise, where William the Conqueror died, has a deep crypt underneath, into which we entered, the arch of which is made of Roman brick, the cement being now as hard as the brick. It dates back to the third century. I stood in these churches, with their statuary, sculpture, images, paintings, mausoleums, effigies, epitaphs around me, and reflected on the mightiness of the Catholic religion, and the power of the monks in the middle ages. Cumulatively, these piles of churches, with their adornments, attest powerfully the veraciousness of Scripture history. They could not have been erected to

perpetuate fables. There are many fragments of the old walls of the city—on some of which are built houses; there is a gateway or passage through one of these, called the gate of William the Conqueror; there are some remains of the palace of the “Acquirer,” not the Conqueror of England, as Blackstone calls him; there are the pulverized remains of the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, of England, the great chivalrous king and crusader, in the museum of antiquities; there is an extensive and beautiful Boulevarde, or public drive, extending around the city, and occupying the place of the ancient moat; there are numerous old fountains, surmounted by statuary; there are streets, two, four, and six feet wide, with high, ruined houses on each side, which look dark, dirty, and murderous, and, in short, every thing unlike an American city. Of all the churches, that of Saint Ouen is the most admired. The interior of the church produces the impression of being in a vast, old forest; and the antique, painted windows, in their dim, old-age appearance, are almost as lovely as the richest sunset. The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and one end of it deviates from a straight line to represent the inclination of the Saviour’s head to one side in the act of death. Two of the windows are especially pointed out, one of which was the work of the master, the other of his pupil, both buried here; and the master is said to have died of jealousy of his pupil within six months after the completion of the work. In the Museum of Antiquities may be observed some charters in the old Gothic chirography of the middle ages, signed by the *mark* of William the Conqueror and Richard the Lion-hearted, who were unable to write. From the new church of Bon Secours, within two miles of Rouen, may be seen one of the rarest and most splendid views which La Belle France affords. You have the many-islanded Seine, winding around its meadows, grain-fields, and high chalky hills. You have the Gothic Rouen with its ancient turreted churches.

You have the stone and suspension bridges connecting parts of the town separated by the Seine. You have miles of gardens. You have old points where castles *were* in heroic ages. You have the iron spire of the Cathedral, rising more than four hundred feet high; and you have the ancient grave-yard of the church at your feet—a prayer in stone.

Rouen contains about one hundred thousand inhabitants. It has extensive manufactories of cotton goods; and though not so commercial a place as Havre, carries on by means of the Seine,—a river not half as large as the Ohio,—and railroads, considerable commerce. Some parts are becoming modernized; and a lighter taste in architecture is superceding the Gothic style of the middle ages. The time will come when this, as well as all other Gothic towns, will be remodeled. Saint Ouen itself will cease to please, and the Gothic arches will topple and fall in fragments. Yet it is pleasant not to have lived when the world had no past. Adam and Eve had no antiquities—their earth had no past, unless Cuvier is right. Yet it is pleasant to retrospect the dim moonlit lights and shadows of the “things that were.” But here we are on the cars to Paris—great Paris, distant eighty-seven miles—passing over a scene of beauty which America is too young by a thousand years to furnish forth. Many little old villages, with their tiled houses one story high, and their solemn church, around which the houses cluster, may be seen at one glance of the eye, nestling along the broad acclivities along the banks of the Seine. More abrupt peaks are surmounted by circular, ruined old towers, while green groves and beautiful gardens around stately brick and stone houses tell of high blood, refinement and gentility—while the country is one immense, chequered plantation, with alternate sections of different kinds of grain, and of various colors, ascending the hills; while tall and trimmed Lombardy poplars, in avenues and lines, and

neat hedges, all do their own proper work of beautifying and utilizing.

You cross the Seine seven or eight times. And much of the way is through total, pitchy darkness, on account of the number and length of the tunnels. But you enter

PARIS.

It impresses you favorably. Streets broad and clean, houses uniform, and a certain gladness or gayety, a sense of enjoying the present, and a polished exterior, seem to prevail all around. You are in a city whose history is dovetailed with, and ramified into, that of every other country in Europe, more than that of any other city, and you survive. It begins to seem to you there are but four periods in the life of man—to be born, to get married, to be in Paris, and to die. Paris is an idea. Time has coquetted with it, and it has experimented with all things on earth, and resolved simply to make the most of the present moment, leaving both past and future to take care of themselves. It is the pleasantest city in the world beyond all doubt. But how various the significations of the word pleasure? To the lover, a barren rock,

“Grotto, mount, or cavern

Which serves the happy people for a tavern,”

if with his mistress, is a place of pleasure. To the scholar, the library; to the monk, the cloister; to woman, a bazaar; to young ladies, a ball-room; to misers, their money-chest: all are places of pleasure.

But Paris offers the largest gratification to a larger number of human faculties than any other city. It is a happy, worldly, sensual, devilish city—where every thing that is pleasant to the eye, and good for food, and to be desired to make one wise, can be found: every thing but the Tree of Life. The pulse of life here beats fast, and every pulsation

is for enjoyment. True, there is, there must be labor; but when the labor is over—there is the theatre; there are the promenades, the gardens, the fountains—the resorts of all kinds, characters, and reputes. It is not so deliberately and desperately wicked a place as New York, Boston, or London; but it is gayer—more thoughtless, heartless, irreclaimable. It is better satisfied with this world than any other city. It has all the loveliness of the well-bred, genteel harlot. It has no need of God. All it wants is Mammon and amusement.

Paris has one million two hundred thousand inhabitants; about fifty thousand houses; more than thirteen hundred and fifty streets; twenty-eight bridges; is surrounded by seventeen forts; defended by more than thirty-five thousand men; is connected by railroad with all Europe, and defended from the people within by more than five thousand soldiers. Paris first began to be on the island in the Seine—now near the middle of the city. The name given to it at first was Lutetia. The inhabitants were called Parisii, or borderers. Julius Cæsar found them miserable savages, dwelling in huts; and the country, which is now the refined capital of a powerful empire, covered with gloomy forests. The Romans governed it for five hundred years. Childeric, a Gothic king, routed their power—established a dynasty which lasted two hundred and fifty-six years. How diversified the destinies of its Merovingian, Carlovingian, Capetian, and Bonaparte dynasties!

But a nearly round moon hangs visible to half the world at present. The windows of my room look out on the Tuilleries Palace; in the central tower of which two bright lights are shining. The great bell of the church Notre Dame has been telling the hour of but one to midnight. Before me sleeps in silence the dense groves and beautiful gardens west of the Tuilleries Palace, and below me roar the carriages and pass the promenaders of the great street

De Rivoli, gaslit and moonlit, full as bright as day, and extending near a mile.

Hundreds of thousands of hearts are beating in their sleep around me, and here are the places through which have swept the revolutions of past ages. The waves of the past have washed ashore their rich wrecks, and left to the present their freight of *what was*. The feet of many generations here have walked on through their life-long extinct, and their frames gone into thin air. Oh, is man but a rich nothing, or is earth but his Genesis!

Here is the Place Vendome, and in its centre rises a black, hollow column, sculptured on the outside with the incidents of many battles, and on its high top stands the statue of a man in deep, determined, desperate thought, with his long gray coat and three-cornered hat. The buildings around the square, or *Place*, are uniform, and are near two hundred years old. The column is one hundred and thirty-five feet high. The pedestal on which it stands is twenty-one feet high, ornamented with bronze bas-reliefs, cast out of twelve hundred pieces of cannon taken by Napoleon in his German wars. The figure on the top is the Man of France—Napoleon. It is highly characteristic, thoughtful and impressive. From that height he looks down now on his splendid capital—in which, after the dormancy of years, he now beholds the redintegration of his great ideas. The Napoleonic ideas are in the hands of one who could not have originated, but who is greater in conserving and perpetuating them than their founder. The present Napoleon is solidifying the chaos of materials into unity, order and use, collected by the first. He can place a gendarme at the door of every house in France. And what could an army gain by revolting against the Napoleonic dynasty? You would think, as you look on that statue, that the first Napoleon was indeed the child of Destiny—of a great Mission—splendidly pregnant in its

results to the world—but saddening to himself individually. “This simple soldier shall come to empire,” was a prediction uttered in respect to him in his youth; and he seemed at times to be astonished and oppressed by the responsibilities he had evoked. The present man is not popular, but politic. The first was the most popular of all men. He spoke to the heart. The present man addresses the head. The first was an inspiration to France. The present is a good, strong, able, heartless ruler—a usurer, putting out to good account the vast popularity of his uncle. Never had uncle such a nephew; never had nephew such an uncle. Louis Napoleon has grown great since he became emperor. All his powers have had ample occasion to operate, and they have developed him into a considerable man—decidedly ahead of any crowned head in Europe at present. Occasions make men, and men make occasions. At first he did not expect the success that has attended his *coup d'état*; but he thought it was worthy the effort. France was tired of *l'ancien regime*. A new government, especially the heroic empire, was refreshing. The French can endure a despotism better than dullness; and any government will please them that is gorgeous and glorious. A republic is too plain and simple. The French emperor possesses the rare and singular talent in those who have power, of knowing what *not* to do.

I have been in Père la Chaise, the beautiful, where Death is denuded of all his terrors; and the tombs wear a smiling and pleasing appearance, arrayed in immortelles, circlets of flowers—mementos of fond but not deathless sorrow—streets of tombs, sentiment in stone—and every thing French, and fanciful. 'Tis really a pleasant place, with its variously sculptured tombs, its fine trees, and the great view of Paris obtained from it. The tomb of Abelard and Heloise is the most interesting—that pretty though mournful story, appealing most powerfully to a people so senti-

mental. "The ashes of Abelard and Heloise are at length united," is one of the inscriptions on it. There they are, represented in the attitude of death, sculptured in marble, under a stone canopy, lying side by side. It is, if I recollect aright, seven hundred years since they died, and yet their peculiarly romantic and pathetic history comes down from the middle ages with all the adornments of chivalry, superstition, and sorrow. There are twenty thousand monuments here. The custom of sculpturing the deceased on his own monument, in the apparel of the dead, has, to our American antecedents, something revolting. Many of the inscriptions have great chasteness of language, brevity, and beauty. One of black marble has no name nor date—nothing but "Pray for his soul." Another, that of him who was a traitor to his king, but true to his own instincts and to his heart's recognized idol—Marshal Ney, the "Bravest of the brave," the preserver of the "Grand Army" from total destruction in Russia, has only—"Stop, traveler, thou treadest on a hero!" The friends of the heroic marshal *stole* him a grave here. The king, Louis XVIII., ought to have forgiven the *subject* for the sake of the *man*. One—that of the Princess Demidoff—cost sixty thousand dollars.

'Tis a scene of lugubrious magnificence here; and one would think, on seeing these epitaphs, the Parisian population had been the most virtuous in the world.

I saw a Catholic funeral of one of the lower orders while strolling around. The relatives of the deceased sprinkled holy water into the grave. Bouquets and other mementos were thrown in. A wooden cross, erected at the head, adorned with bouquets and beads. The priest blessed them. They all went cheerfully away—for French feeling is not very deep—and the life of Paris is so gay and pleasant there is not time to spend it in being sorry for the dead.

I have visited the great Versailles—the embodiment of

the *kingly* grandeur of the great days of the Louises. Without doubt it is the greatest royal palace in Europe. It cost, it is said, two hundred millions of dollars; and the debts contracted—or rather enlarged—in constructing it, are said to have been one of the causes of the French Revolution. According to modern ideas the palace itself is not *high* enough, considering its great extent; and the same remark may be made of the Tuilleries and the Palais Royal in Paris. Versailles—the city—consists of a number of beautiful streets and avenues around the palace. Formerly the city contained one hundred thousand inhabitants. Now, since the residence of the monarch is fixed at the Tuilleries, St. Cloud, or Fontainebleau, it contains not more than thirty thousand. It is about seventeen miles from Paris—there being two railways—one on the right, the other on the left bank of the Seine. It is a place of great resort on Sundays—the attractions presented being the delightful walks and promenades through the great park around the palace, the magnificent jets of water, the fine gardens, shrubbery, orangeries, and statues. The park consists of hundreds of acres, and has two other palaces in it, built for the mistresses of Louis XIV. The palace has not been inhabited by the royal families of France since the Revolution. It is a vast museum; consecrated, as an inscription, on the façade, announces, “To all the Glories of France.” Entering, you walk through seven miles of magnificent rooms, adorned with more than three thousand fine paintings—more than one thousand of which are battle scenes. There are also statues—casts of tombs. There is a theatre; there is a chapel—a most gorgeous one; by the way there are dancing halls, halls of audience, throne-rooms, reception-rooms—marbled, gilt, glorious and grand. You are shown the room, with its bed, where Louis le Grand died. In the principal court-yard, between two of the wings, is a fine equestrian statue of the king, in an attitude of command:

and near him are many other statues of French marshals and heroes.

Approaching the palace on that side produces a most imposing effect on the mind. There are guides, or guards in uniform, in each room, whose department it is to take care of that room. The effect of the whole is rather saddening, however. To one having such a palace it is almost a pity there should be such a thing in the world as death. One's mind is strongly led back to the eras of the middle ages—the Crusades; and that kind of chivalrous glory we can never have in America, for we have, as yet, no past, no hereditary monarchs. The old world has worn out all those ideas, and we only make ourselves ridiculous by attempting an imitation of them. Our destiny is simple, rough usefulness—no saints, heroes, marshals, battles. We battle with forests and conquer nature—making money instead of achieving glory—elevating the masses instead of the few. This is our *happy* age. The age of glory will come by and by: for human nature, in the course of empire, will run in the same channels in the future as in the past. There are busts or pictures of all the kings of France down to the present emperor, through a course of fourteen hundred years. There are paintings of the historical places and persons of all times. The palace is more than two hundred years old, and begins to exhibit some of the decay and neglect consequent on its ceasing to be a royal residence. The stately old trees of the park are in all their glory, and greater than in old days, when they witnessed the feasts and revelries of Louis XIV. and his mistresses.

St. Cloud is eight or ten miles nearer Paris than Versailles, and is one of the summer residences of the present Emperor. The views from the elegantly laid-off grounds of its park are beautiful; the artificial cascades and jets of water in various places are splendid as royalty and wealth could make them. This was the favorite dwelling-place of Na-

oleon and Josephine. The walls of royal palaces see some strange developments. When France was conquered by the Allies in 1815, Blucher made his dogs sleep in the apartments of the Empress. Near St. Cloud is the great porcelain manufactory of Sevres. This is very interesting; there is a museum of the productions of all countries and ages, in the department of pottery. The vases, paintings on glass, and various manufactures of the place, exceed in beauty and costliness, all others. They are not sold, but intended as adornments of the royal palaces, and as presents to foreign potentates. Many of them are works of extraordinary value.

But the Louvre, that museum of museums! It is indeed the great attraction of Paris. What must it have been when it contained the spoils, the gems, the *chefs d'œuvres* of all lands, collected in the wars of Napoleon, all of which were returned at his downfall! Whatever a conquered capital contained of art or genius, the imperial autocrat commanded to be transported to this museum. The Louvre (which word is said to be derived from the French *l'œuvre*—"the work,") is a splendid place, with one of the most imposing façades or fronts—that toward the east—in the world. It was begun by Francis I., about 1541. It was the dream of all the French monarchs, but unaccomplished by them all—even by Napoleon I.—to connect the Louvre by lateral buildings or pavilions to the grand Chateau des Tuilleries—perhaps near fifteen hundred feet off—toward the west. This has, however, been done by the present Emperor; the two are now connected, forming perhaps the most splendid pile of buildings in the world, and enclosing several grand squares or *places*, courts, etc., for the display of the military reviews; there are also some fine gardens. The Seine is on one side, and the magnificent Rue de Rivoli on the other, the latter consisting of uniform houses about seven stories high, supported on arcades, and making, especially at night, when

gaslit, the finest display of mirrored shops, hotels, etc., in the world. It is nearly a mile long, and part of it fronts on the gardens of the Tuilleries palace. The palace of the Tuilleries, which word is said to be derived from the tiles or bricks formerly made there, was begun by Mary of Medicis, one of the French queens, about the year 1564. It is the present winter residence of the Emperor. I have been all through it as well as the Louvre; the latter is open to the public every day except Monday; the former, during the absence of the imperial family, by a special ticket of admission. Its rooms abound in splendor and richness, all the resources of wealth and taste. Gold, gilding, and glass, marble statues, paintings, lofty and carved ceilings, chandeliers, ball-rooms, dining-rooms, reception-rooms, throne-rooms—all the encumbrances and superfluity of royalty are here. The rooms are full of historical interest, of things connected with Napoleon, Josephine, Maria Louisa, Louis Philippe. Revolution after revolution has swept the crowned things from these halls. There the face of power has paled and given up the diadem; the empire of the world has been snatched from the hands of ambition, and pride has been humbled to the dust in the halls of its own creation and enjoyment. In that room the heirs of empires have been born; in this, monarchs have looked their last on earth. One seems almost surfeited with splendor in such a scene, and feels as if he would like to go out and recline in the mighty shade of a primitive American forest, where the tall grasses are the harp-strings on which the breeze of evening plays soft music. We were present at the fête by which was celebrated the completion of the Louvre. It was on the 13th of August, and the principal performances were in the great court of the Louvre and Tuilleries. There were many thousands of people collected. The carriages of state, which were emblazoned in magnificent style, bearing the principal ministers of the state departments, the near rela-

tives of the Emperor, and last of all, the Emperor himself, and Empress, came out from the court of the Tuilleries, passed under a lofty and magnificent triumphal arch--the work of the first Napoleon--preceded by a line of soldiers, keeping the crowd off, into the grand court of the Louvre, called the Place Napoleon III., to one of the pavilions, where the guests dismounted, and the Emperor made a speech to the principal workmen engaged in completing the Louvre; after which they returned in procession to the Tuilleries. I had a tolerably near view of the Emperor and Empress, both of whom seemed in excellent health and spirits, bowing courteously to the people, who seemed gladdened by their approach, but made no demonstrations. The Emperor is more useful to the French people than they are to him. They feel safe from attacks *without*, and convulsions within, while under his government. The secretiveness of the Emperor cannot secrete itself. There are designs and far-lookings on that face enveloped in a cloud of mute mysteriousness--a kind of able comprehensiveness--a countenance that tells that it will not tell. It is rare that an able man, a man of decided general ability, occupies a throne. Probably there are as many naturally able men who appear on the lists of tailors or shoemakers, or any other useful and industrious class, as on the lists of monarchs. At present, with the exception of Louis Napoleon, there sits not an able monarch on any of the thrones of Europe. That of England is occupied by a good wife and mother, but a mediocre woman in regard to talent. In the times of the first Napoleon, there were no able monarchs in Europe. That of England was occupied by a lunatic. Great ambitions, evironed by great difficulties, make great men.

It is common for American papers to decry and under-rate Louis Napoleon. Without doubt he has more right to the French throne than any nephew or descendant of

Pharamond, Charlemagne, Hugh Capet, or any other founder of any dynasty. In no instance did any of these obtain the throne by either a real or farcical election, but by conquest or intrigue. The majority in favor of Louis Napoleon's empire was between six and seven millions (the first Napoleon had more than three millions majority); and the elections were as fair and unbiased as many of the elections in our own country or in Great Britain; and no one can doubt that he has more votes in his favor than the Orleans or Bourbon competitors. As to a French republic, it has proved, practically and experimentally, a fallacious idea. When it was strong, it became a Reign of Terror. When it was weak, as in 1848, it became contemptible. The French want a *man* at the head of affairs, around whom cluster a train of romantic and martial associations; they worship glory, and they want an embodiment of glory as their ruler—not schemers, plodders, poets, or politicians. The resolution of the occurrences of 1848 into Napoleonism, was natural, just, and necessary. France wanted a new dynasty. The old ones had ceased to be glorious. The old soldiers of the empire were yet alive, limped about, and talked of heroic things done under *him*. The heart-speaking words, "I wish my ashes to repose on the border of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well," were read daily on the tomb of the Emperor. Napoleon II. had been *done* to death by the Emperor of Austria, Fanny Ellsler, and the Jesuits. There was a man, though of rather equivocal character, romantic, chivalrous, a scholar, in exile—in prison, at times—an author, a believer in his destiny, occasionally a conspirator, and who inherited the blood of Napoleon and Josephine both. His accession was therefore a natural and necessary event. Napoleon I. said, if he could but be his own grandson, he would be irresistible. The present man is, therefore, the child of the present destinies set on foot by the first Napoleon.

On Saturday, the 15th August, was celebrated the fête of St. Napoleon, the patron saint of the Emperor, after whom he was named—he being an obscure saint, and having no day in the calendar, was admitted to this honor after the *vie* of the Emperor—the Pope giving him the birthday of the Emperor, which is also the same as that of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, so that the three *fêtes* are all celebrated. The day proved somewhat rainy; nevertheless there were most brilliant displays of the military on the *Champ de Mars*; sham-battles; the French battles in Algiers were thrice fought and won; a huge fort was taken; then there was an ærial chase—several figures, resembling stags, and inflated with gas, were, like balloons, let off into the air, then followed hounds, horsemen, footmen. The scene was magnificent. The approaches to the Champ de Mars were filled with the most extraordinary medley of shops, trades, vendors of all kinds of wares. I never saw such a Babel. There were probably two hundred thousand persons or more collected on the great parade-ground—the Champ de Mars. Here the great Emperor reviewed his troops in the days of his prosperity; and here took place the last review previous to the irruption into Belgium, which led to the battle of Waterloo. After night the display of fireworks was both beautiful and tremendous. The Tuilleries gardens, the Champ d'Elysses, were brilliant with every kind of deviceful arrangement of lamps—the name Napoleon being spelt in every possible way. The fireworks were upward cataracts of many-colored lights—meteors ascending to great distances, breaking into beautiful forms and colors. In short, the whole great-hearted, enthusiastic city was rapt into the past, and the exile of St. Helena, breaking his precious mementos of happier times to pieces to sell them in order to get bread—denied by the inhuman rascal of a governor the long-coveted portrait of his own child—the noble lion nibbled to death by the sneaking, mean, cur—

the man who was never greater than when *enduring* at St. Helena, might have beheld in this scene the eventual historic justice of posterity. At night there were given gratuitous representations in all the theatres. The theatres are governmental institutions in Paris, it being a part of the prerogative of the monarch to provide amusements for the people, as in ancient Rome; the people in most of these countries being regarded as a huge, blind monster, that requires to be amused, lest it should exert its as yet unconscious strength. The theatres all receive subsidies from the government; and as, in reality, there is no school so effectual in forming taste, sentiment, and creating ideas, as the stage, a direct control is thereby obtained over public opinion. Every thing is centralized in the hands of the Emperor; the railways are under his immediate control, and, in fact, most of them belong to the government. The object of Louis Napoleon seems to popularize and inaugurate the era of wise despotisms, and to base every thing on the present dynasty: all honors, rewards, all nobility, all institutions—every thing in the state must rest on the Napoleonic dynasty as a substratum.

I have been in many of the points of interest in Paris. The government manufactory of the Gobelin tapestry is an interesting place. The art of painting is there rivaled by the skillful interweaving of colors into the tapestry. Many of these are truly wonderful and life-like. Some of the works of this kind will require eight or ten years for their completion. They are used in the adornments of the royal palaces, and sometimes as presents to foreign potentates. Many of the rooms resemble a vast picture gallery; others are used by the workmen, where you can see the artists engaged in weaving and blending the various minute shades of colors of silk or cotton threads, and the picture growing up under their hands into a "thing of beauty."

I have also been in, under, and on the various remark-

able churches of the city. Notre Dame, with its two grand towers, in one of which is the great bell which requires eight men to toll, and which is rung only on grand occasions. I heard a *Te Deum* performed here on the Emperor's birthday. The music was fine, and the great organ reverberating along the columned aisles, produced an imposing effect. But the bell was awfully musical. It was subdued thunder. Evening and morning here, for one thousand years past, has the Mass proclaimed the sufferings of Christ. It is so large, that in wandering through it, you come to various and distinct congregations in different parts of the church, assembled in chapels. They are often diminutive, old, superstitious-looking women, who cross themselves as you pass, to avoid the evil a heretic might impress on them in passing, inasmuch as you neither sprinkle yourself with holy water nor bow to the shrine of the Virgin. There is the beautiful Madeleine, too, looking like a Greek temple with fine paintings, and where the music is excellent; there is the middle-age looking church, San Germain Auxerrois, whose bell tolled the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, 1576, when thousands of Protestants were shot, and when the miserable King Charles IX. fired on his own subjects from the Louvre palace, opposite the church; also the Pantheon, with its singular, subterranean, reverberating apartments, with the monuments to the great men of France. There is one to Voltaire, who, inasmuch as he doubted whether he had a soul, the epitaph writers courteously waved that question, and inscribed the tomb "to his manes"—thus meeting on neutral ground. Then there is, alongside of it, the church St. Etienne du Mont—architecturally very quaint—with towers, gables, groined and corniced-work, its relics of St. Genevieve, and its abbey-like appearance—its assumed miraculous cures—for in some of these places the superstitions of the tenth century are lingering like mists.

I have been in the Luxembourg palace also, now the Senate palace of the French government. There is here a fine picture gallery, composed of works of *living* French artists. The Senate chamber is a splendid hall; the grounds around the palace are almost equal, in taste and beauty, to those about the Tuilleries, being adorned with statues, and very extensive. They are in the old part of the city, near the Latin quarter; the schools, colleges, medical universities, catacombs, and queer things generally. I stood, near these grounds, on the spot where Marshal Ney was shot. Of late there has been erected, on the spot, a fine monument to his memory, with all the pompous names and titles of the brave Ney thereon. On the opposite side of the city, outside of the great line of fortifications, is the strong fort or Chateau de Vincennes. With a special permission, I strolled through this place, ascended the very high tower to its summit, whence extends a glorious view; saw the armory with its many hundred thousands of stands of arms of very many kinds, all in excellent order, and many of most ingenious construction, and some very rare. Here War sits enthroned, and looks powerful and terrible. The canons are of all kinds; but in the midst of this display of the artillery of death, is a splendid old Cathedral in the Gothic style, in which there is regular service twice a day. The fort is surrounded by a deep fosse or ditch, in one part of which are three small trees growing, which mark the place where the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien was shot by order of the first Napoleon, one of his tyrannous acts, and one which no explanation can thoroughly justify. Some assert that on hearing of the prompt fulfillment of his orders by the commanding officer, he exclaimed, "The wretch! he has been too hasty!" But, in his last will at St. Helena, he declared that in similar circumstances he would do the same thing again, since the young duke was one of sixty conspirators maintained in Paris by the Bourbons to assassinate

him The object of Napoleon was to strike terror into the hearts of the Bourbons by a dreadful example; but it was the terror of deeper-rooted hate he produced.

I have also seen the "Tomb of the Emperor," which is visible to the people twice a week, in the church of the Hotel des Invalides, the latter a hospital for wounded and superannuated soldiers. The old soldiers act as guides around this place; and some of them mount guard at the entrance, and stand by the side of the tomb. The latter is yet unfinished, and the body reposes in one of the side chapels of the church. The hat and sword of the Emperor are there, and many of the flags taken in his "world-winning battles." The tomb, which is of red Finland granite, will rest in a deep circular crypt, directly under the dome of the church. The church itself is magnificent, floored with fine marble; and through the peculiar, semitransparent glass of the windows, fall the day-beams like perpetual sunset. There is a quaintness about this part of the city that is grandly impressive. You read "Tombeau de l'Empereur," at various places. You need not ask what Emperor. The old soldier led us about; showed the museum in the hospital—and passing a marble bust of the Emperor, kissed it with singular enthusiasm. The old Napoleon is at rest and his glory is full.

The Hotel de Cluny is an old building of the middle ages, now used as a museum of antiquities. It consists of very many rooms, with much carved-work on oak of those old times, ancient paintings taken out of demolished churches, mosaics, old suits of armor, relics of great men, beds on which monarchs died, statues of all times, Roman and middle-age, tombs cut in stone, and carved figures, effigies of the departed. Adjoining it are the Thermes or Baths, a Roman building, supposed to have been built by Julian the Apostate, when governor of Gaul, and to have been the residence, for a time, of Constantine the Great. It has high,

vaulted apartments, subterranean passages, sculptured fragments of Roman divinities. The palace has a solemn appearance. You almost feel as if there had been dark things done there by despotic, irresponsible, cruel power. The evergreen ivy has grown around most of the building, which stares at you in wearisome age; and, though it is in the central part of the old city, there is a pretty yard, planted with trees, and ornamented with grassy lawns around it.

After all, however, the Bois de Boulogne and the Boulevards are the great attractions of Paris. The former consists of about two hundred acres, outside the city, passing along the Elysian Fields and the Barrier (or gate) de l'Etoile, and near a grand triumphal arch erected by the first Napoleon to himself and the Grand Army. The park or woods of Boulogne may be considered the most agreeable place in Europe, for riding, driving, or promenading. There are long and beautiful avenues, gardens, borders of flowers; there are lakes, streams of water, with artificial cascades, which you can go under; there are theatres, cafés, and restaurants; concerts every day; ruins; solemn and stately woods, formerly a noted place for duelling. This is the usual evening ride or drive: Emperor, Empress, King or peasant, foreign nobleman and retired citizen, coaches and six or cab hired at a franc an hour, all are here, in this scene of sunlight and beauty. The Champs Elysées, inside the walls, is the usual place for promenading, the stream of carriages to the Bois de Boulogne passing through it. It has several out-door theatres, evening concerts, a circus, some beautiful fountains, seats to rest on, and fine trees planted, the shade of which renders the place pleasant at all times, while the fountains cool the air and the various passers; the statues, the palaces, the Palace of Industry, a crystal palace, being near this, give interest and diversion to the scene.

Between these and the gardens of the Tuilleries Palace, is the Place de Concorde, formerly Place de la Revolution, because here the guillotine stood, on which twenty-eight hundred victims of the French revolution were decapitated, including the king, Louis XVI. On the place where the guillotine stood is now a splendid Egyptian obelisk, brought from Luxor, with its mute Syenitic hieroglyphics; and surrounding the square, which has also two most beautiful fountains, are statues, allegoric of the principal cities of France; and in full view are various splendid palaces belonging to the state departments, and also the palace of the Tuilleries, the gardens intervening, with their lofty groves of elms, their lively fountains, and fine statues of marble and bronze. Here is a delicious promenade for all classes—children, nurses, boys; and here, as well as in the square, enclosed by the wings of the Palais Royal, may be heard fine military music, performed by a large band each evening. This keeps up the military spirit, which is the source of many of the ennobling and elevating feelings of man. The love of glory is not a useless thing. Men deteriorate, become low and groveling, whose pursuits are merely buying, selling, and shopkeeping. It is necessary to have occasional wars to arouse up mankind, to make great men, to stimulate and energize the sluggish blood of monotonous life. He is a simpleton who goes about crying “Alas!” over any people, for all have that in themselves which to them is best, or are proceeding toward it in the best way; or who would quadruple the great ocean of multitudinous humanity by the quart-pot of his own little individuality. To do what one can, where one can, how one can, and as one can, is the whole duty of man; and one’s destiny is simply the mute wantings and tendencies of the relations of things, the utterings of what would like to be, and with which our will may either coalesce or not.

August 18th. But we have now been in Paris some three weeks—Paris the superb, the cynosure of the world! Paris is the full, fresh, vigorous, modern world in action. It is healthy human life in operation. Here all the arts are done, and well done. The strife of energy and emulation brings out all that is in the heart. Every body must live on a specialty, and every specialty must have a man or woman—for here the women are truly co-workers with man—and without claiming any peculiar rights, or considering themselves divested of any privileges, seem content to do all their duty in their own recognized sphere, and assist their lords in theirs. It is the Rome of modern days. Its sunny, bright air, its healthfulness, its excellent police—which renders all parts safer than any American city—the long line of arcades and uniform buildings on the Rue de Rivoli—the brilliant Boulevards, wide, airy, and thronged with gay promenaders—the splendid imperial corteges that gallop along the streets like a dream of power in glory—the associations connected with that stern, silent, sad-looking man who bears the name of Bonaparte, whose dazzling story thrills the hearts of our boyhood's years—the beautiful Empress—all these render Paris the most attractive of cities. Then there is the great Louvre, with its collections of all times: Assyrian, Egyptian, the mysterious, superstitious middle-age; there are the stately churches; the splendid cafes, shops, gardens, the Champ d'Elysées, are all pleasant and pleasure-giving. But we are off: so adieu to all, especially the Hotel Meurice, with its good and fresh coffee, milk, bread and butter, and its clean service. We depart on our course toward the south of France, by railway traveling at night, and thus seeing but little of the country. But the next morning's sun rising over the Jura mountains of Switzerland, on our left, disclosed the fair vine-fields of beautiful France, giving promise of a glad vintage, and dropping rich dew which shattered the sunlight into a thousand

colors. The harvest was just over, and a light fog, which lay over the valley of the Saône, lifting itself up like a gauze, semitransparent curtain, we saw the golden wheat-fields, in oblong patches, ascending the hill-slopes; and side by side, were similar fields or meadows without fences, or separated by avenues of poplars, all of which, with the antique villages, long-spired churches, or ivy-clad ruins, showed well in the gray fog-light, contrasting with the dark and bleak outline of the mountains. At Macon, our route diverged to the left; the railway penetrated the Jura mountains, passing through a vast chasm, at the bottom of which flowed a rapid torrent or branch of the Saône. Many of the views were of the most lovely character; the steep mountain sides cultivated in small *benches*, or *parterres*, to their summits; the Swiss-looking, but comfortable, old, gabled, groined and carved cottages; the peculiarly wild appearance of the Jura mountains, which, in some places, looked like a suddenly solidified storm: these all swept into our view as we passed.

The French cars are divided into three classes: first, second and third. There is, in some of them, a car called the *coupé*, superior to the first, as it admits of an unobstructed view over the whole country, in front as well as on each side. It contains but four persons; the first-class cars containing eight; the second, ten; the third-class, about thirty persons, each class being at a different price—the *coupé* is the highest; which, as well as the first and second-class cars, are much more comfortably and luxuriously furnished than are the cars in America. I had been sitting in the *coupé* alone, when a lady and gentleman entered, who, on seeing me, testified some displeasure, as they probably expected to appropriate it to themselves. They were French; the lady was young and “beautiful exceedingly,” with those dangerous, cheery, attractive kind of eyes, which ladies *will* have sometimes; the gentleman was much older,

but agreeably mannered. They seated themselves together at one end of the cushioned sofa; and, absorbed in looking at the scenery, I did not, at first, pay much attention to them, till the frequent recurrence of a somewhat soft, explosive kind of noise, immediately followed by a change of position, so as to glance at me, attracted my notice. It now became evident that the object of this glance was to see that I did *not* see, and I became equally desirous to see why I was not to see. Yet how was this to be done consistently with etiquette? And what was this noise, this tender explosion, that I heard? I was plainly *de trop*, one too many. In this state of uncertainty, anxiety on their part and curiosity on mine, we rode some distance; but whenever my attention became absorbed in any thing external, and I appeared abstractedly forgetful of my companions, I was recalled to consciousness by a kind of echo of "sweetness long drawn out." At last they were able to calculate the precise length of my occasional abstractions, and profiting thereby, took occasion to produce several slightly musical concussions, while I seemed to be intently engaged in surveying the jagged points of that mountain away up yonder. On one occasion, however, when their long exemption from detection had made them feel secure, and politeness could no longer command me in my constrained position, I turned around, and saw the cause of all, in that labial contact known as kissing. 'Twas but a moment, yet how delicious the embarrassment on her pretty and gentle face. I was, however, immediately rapt into contemplation of the scenery again, and turning myself inveterately around, left my French friends to their enjoyments. They were probably on their wedding-tour among the Alps, having been, probably, married that morning. We at length arrived at the little town of Seyssel, among the mountains, where the railway terminated, (since completed to Geneva,) where we saw the rushing, rapid Rhone. We had passed through

portions of the region producing the fine Burgundy wines of France. At Seyssel, entering that singular-looking vehicle, a Diligence, with five horses to draw us, three in front and two attached immediately to the carriage, having about twenty persons inside, we crossed the Rhone, leaving France and entering Savoy, a province of the kingdom of Sardinia. Our baggage was here examined, and our passports inquired into, which all being *en règle*, or all right, we were delivered up to the beggars. For, while calmly seated in the vehicle, I discovered a number of hands stretched out toward us, which, on examination, I found proceeded from most ragged, wretched-looking *humans*, who stood behind them, whom I had not noticed previously on account of their silent, Niobe-like postures. There were gray-haired men, women and children. Up high hills and vast mountains, our course now lay; fine views wherever the eye turned; but gray-haired beggars, with locks streaming in the wind, followed us for miles, to get the sous the benevolence or irritation of the travelers prompted them to bestow. After a long and romantic ride, during which we had frequent and fine views of the Rhone, which, in one place, is lost under vast rocks, we descended into the extraordinarily beautiful valley near Lake Geneva, in which the

CITY OF GENEVA

is situated. The transition from the heat, dust, and excitement of Paris, to this pleasant city, surrounded by the most picturesque and lofty mountains, and sitting by the side of the Rhone, which here—having passed through Lake Geneva, comes out as blue as a section of an Italian summer's day—is most delightful and cheering. The air is cool, on account of the proximity to the snowy Alps. The lake is in length about fifty miles, ten or twelve broad, and not much unlike, in shape, to a crescent moon. Geneva has about thirty thousand inhabitants. We stopped at the

Hotel de l'Ecu, an excellent place, with many of its rooms looking out on the lake. The environs of Geneva are delightful, but it does not require a long time to exhaust the curiosities of the city. Much of the city is built on the slope of a hill. The fruits here we find excellent, in all varieties, and in great profusion and cheapness. The markets are held principally along the sides of the streets; the variety of Swiss costumes here seen is very great. There are very many remains of the fortifications and walls of the middle ages, with the outside moat. The manufacture of watches, works in gold, ornaments of glass, coral, pictures, etc., seem to occupy a principal share in the industry of the people. They are chiefly Protestants; and Sunday is better observed here than in French cities. The language is principally French, with some German. I went into the old Cathedral, formerly a Catholic church, but since the Reformation, (with which Geneva had a great deal to do,) it has been divested of its ornaments, images, and pictures, and consecrated to the humbler, less gorgeous, but probably more sincere services of Protestantism. Here Calvin preached for many years. I sat in his chair, and ascended into his pulpit, from which he preached to the people, and uttered his denunciations against heretics and Catholics. Beyond all question, his was one of the most astute and vigorous minds of his age; a little disposed to tyranny, he was still a man of mighty effort, and ruled Geneva, politically as well as ecclesiastically, in such a manner as to stamp his ideas on the since succeeding times. There is, in this Cathedral, a singular, old, carved collection of wooden benches or seats, on which, the guide told us, one of the great general councils had sat: that, if I recollect aright, which condemned John Huss to be burnt. In the cemetery of Geneva, I saw the names of some distinguished Englishmen, who, resorting to Geneva for health, had died there. One of the number was Sir Humphrey Davy. Applying to the guide

for information, I was conducted to one of the most impressive tombs in the world, that of John Calvin. It consisted of nothing but a small marble block, not one foot in height, with nothing on it except the letters "J. C." Even this much was contrary to his will, for he directed that no stone should mark the place of his interment. The cemetery is beautiful, and it is somewhat refreshing to see Protestant taste expressed even in a burial-ground, after the numerous crosses and fanciful mournfulness of Père la Chaise. In a beautiful island at the place where the Rhone issues out of the lake, are several statues: one, that of Jean Jaques Rousseau, long a resident here. This is a delightful place; there are pleasant nights; there are large crowds of promenaders under the trees; there is a band of music; some sail on the blue lake, others indulge in the delicacies of the palate; the fresh wind from the lake fans the cheek, and the sky seems sepulchred in the beautiful lake below.

CHAMOUNI.

But we are now at Chamouni. The cold, bald, hoar brow of Mont Blanc rises far above us, into the high air—the most awfully grand sight I have ever beheld. There are three principal summits, the highest being fifteen thousand eight hundred feet. In all directions around shoot up vast granite peaks, like needles, utterly inaccessible, many of them twelve thousand feet high. These are separated by frightful chasms and abysses, the cradles of innumerable glaciers, some of which extend down into the Valley of Chamouni. The line of perpetual snow begins about half way up the mountain, and all the upper parts are shrouded in a snowy mantle, old as the creation, and bound together by glaciers, desolate and dreadful, with seamy ridges and caverns within them, from which burst splendid cataracts, leaping gladly forth as if rejoiced to be freed from frigidity. For about half way up, the mountain is bristled with dark

pinces. Vegetation there ceases, and the realms of eternal snow commence. The sunset rays glamoring and revelling like gladsome fairies on the ever-freezing summit of Mont Blanc, long after darkness has wrapped the entire valley below, are beautiful as a dream of the "golden city." We left Geneva at an early hour this morning, August 21st, and came the whole distance, fifty-one miles, to Chamouni, in a Diligence containing thirty persons. The country through which we passed, near Geneva, is well cultivated, and abounds in lovely villas—then through the green valley of the Arve—one of the streams born from the glaciers of Chamouni. Mountains of appalling height, as if trying to see how high they could get, rose on each side; and feudal ruins of stone castles, in wretched decay, looked out from scenes of natural beauty and lone sublimity. Pasture lands, old, finished and decayed villages; beggars; horn-blowers, cannon-firers, to awaken the mountain echoes and sell them to us—all demanded our centimes; and the beauties of nature seemed set in contrast with the debasement of man. The splendid cataract of Le Mont d'Arssenoy, eight hundred feet high, shivering down rocks, then leaping madly, then covering itself coquettishly with rainbows—furnishes an introduction to the greater glories of Switzerland. On the route we left the territory of Switzerland and entered Sardinia, where our passports were examined, which being found *en règle*—we having taken the precaution, at Geneva, to get a Sardinian *visa*—we were permitted to proceed. Passing a bridge over the Arve we had a sudden view of Mont Blanc, in appalling whiteness and distinctness, though twelve miles off in a straight line—the great monster mountain of Europe, arrayed in all his dazzling snows. After dining at St. Martin's, we proceeded on our way—passing various green and grassy-looking villages—our course lying along the Arve, which tumbled and dashed over enormous rocks—the water being of the pecu-

liar white color which distinguishes glacier-water. At some places we were compelled, owing to the steepness of the ascent, to dismount and ascend on foot—a grand chaos of lovely and sublime views arresting attention at every step. We then descended into the long, narrow Vale of Chamouni. All nature seems to take on a savage, Alpine air. Two enormous glaciers come down in chasms from Mont Blanc. Cascades and cataracts of rocks appear around you, and devastations apparently caused by ancient volcanoes. A ruin of an ancient chateau is seen on an isolated granite peak. Entering the vale, however, all is peaceful, and serene, and Swiss-like. There is a small valley here, in which we found excellent hotels. There are numerous shops here, in which are sold the carved wood-work of the Swiss; crystals and specimens of the stones found on Mont Blanc; also the Alpine stick—a long, light pole, pointed at one end with iron—used in making excursions on the ice. Travelers are here discussing their plans, routes for the day, dangers; guides are making bargains; and the great sublimity of nature is over and around all. Once more, then, before retiring, I turn to the great white thing above me, almost ascending to heaven. Five or six “wild torrents fiercely glad” leap out of its sides, and run down in streams or cataracts to the valley, while forests of pines ascend, like a dark night-shadow, till forbidden by the empire of snow. The stars and moon look down on the scenes from above, and peaceful vales, fields, and meads, and streams, are at the foot of the “monarch of mountains”—his crown and his kingdom, himself cold, alone, dreary, and solemn.

MONT BLANC AND LE JARDIN.

To-day, August 22d, we have performed a rather unusual and hazardous excursion—one among the many that may be made from Chamouni. Having made our arrangements

with a guide, and each armed with an Alpine stock, we set forward on foot at an early hour. There are about forty guides at Chamouni. They have regular prices for certain places, and all form a community under a leader elected by themselves and subject to an established organization. They are generally very honest. All speak French, some a little English, and in capacity and manners, owing to their contact with travelers, are superior to the ordinary classes of the population. Thus traveling is a means not only of enlarging and improving the mind of the traveler, but becomes also a means of liberalizing those with whom he comes in contact. Leaving Chamouni, we begin to ascend the mountain by a course winding in zigzags up the steep ascent—passing through a dense forest of pines—encountering on our way many travelers ascending to its Hermitage—ladies on mules—all with Alpine stocks—the scene presented on looking back over the green Vale of Chamouni, seen far below us, being interesting in the highest degree. At various parts of the ascent—generally at some spring or fertile place—we met groups of peasant girls, offering us, for a consideration, flowers, strawberries with milk, and other refreshments. At length we reached Montauvert, more than six thousand feet above the sea-level. There is a small hotel or chalet here for refreshment; and at this point the vast glacier called the “Sea of Ice,” burst upon our view. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scene. It descends from the cold, awful heights of Mont Blanc—is many miles long, some five or six broad—is surrounded on all sides, except on that toward Chamouni, with rugged and lofty granite needles or elevated mountain points. Its appearance is like an angry sea in commotion—ridges of ice, chasms, caverns, crevices. Directing our guide to procure wine and cold meat as a repast on the way, we now descended upon the Sea of Ice by three dangerous bridges, formed by steps cut into the

rocks forming one of the needles. After some hours of great labor, scrambling over the huge blocks of ice, and following the difficult route, never to be taken except with an experienced guide, we found ourselves safely across. The depth of the solid mass of ice is stated to be six hundred feet. It is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. In summer, when the weather is fine, which was the case to-day, there are innumerable streams running over the surface. These converge into a river, which leaps into a tremendous chasm in the middle of the Sea of Ice, and goes down to the bottom, six hundred feet, passing under it, and breaking out with great noise—a vast, white cataract, into the Valley of Chamouni—forms the river Arve. Niagara, with all its vast volume of waters, is not so sublime as this cataract with its surroundings. Having crossed the icy sea, our course lay upon an enormous rock, several hundred feet high, which we ascended partly on our hands and feet, crawling upward by means of notches in the rock. We now entered a much wilder looking region. There were large masses of granite, the *debris* from the needles above—fairy cascades dangling from the high glaciers above. We had at length penetrated into the savage heart of Mont Blanc. Resting by the side of one of the clear, ice-cold streams, we devoured our repast with an appetite inspired by our exercise and the elevated air. After this, crossing other glaciers and snows, and making other ascents, we attained the object of our excursion—the “Jardin,” or Garden, more than nine thousand feet high. This is a large rock, covered with a thin sod of verdure, even at this great height, on which are also blooming at this time of the year rich and splendid-looking Alpine flowers, with a delicate blue tint, and a wild, untrammelled beauty, as if never gazed at by human eyes, but only made to be the admiration of fairy angels. The vegetation here arises from the warmth produced by the rays reflected from the various

needle-pointed mountains around here converging to one point. It is a warm region in the frosty and windy heart of Mont Blanc, like one bright and tender remembrance in a life otherwise all winter—one dear, loved memory in youth, to which age can go back and cull fair flowers of feeling and forget the dreariness of life around. The day had been unusually favorable for our excursion, and we were now in possession of a clear, unclouded view of the extreme summit of Mont Blanc, rising six thousand feet above us. There was a thin, gauze-like drapery of cloud floating just below the summit. On our right rose, piercing into the sky, the Aiguille (or needle) de Talafre, with its snows, glaciers, and cascades. A barricade of other peaked, granite mountains, most of them twelve thousand feet high, and many of them never explored, appeared all around. It was a scene for heart-silence amidst this sublimity of Nature; for there is in nature a development of all feelings of which the mind or heart of man is susceptible. Here the dreary, the lone, the remote and savage, the sublime, find vent. But even here is the beautiful too; and these strange, staring, blue Alpine flowers, seem to show that no situation is without its alleviations, and that way-side flowers spring up even under the pressure of the most forlorn situations. Under a rock here we found a bottle, in which those who, like us, have attained this elevation, leave their names, residence, date of ascending, written on a piece of paper. We did the same; then with a last look at Mont Blanc, and at the sublime scene around, and having taken some of the blue Alpine flowers as mementos, we prepared to descend, being obliged to cross the Sea of Ice before dark, in order to escape its vast fissures. We returned on the same route by which we came. I can never forget the views we had on our return—of the red sunset rays slowly climbing the grand granite needles, patched over with snow, gleaming with glaciers; the huge cataracts bursting out of

their sides—uttering “the voice of many waters”—then the lone appearance of the many-ridged and tempest-tossed Sea of Ice, with its clear waters, freezing as we passed in the twilight; then the deep darkness of the Vale of Chamouni, while yet the rays lingered long on the summit of Mont Blanc. The obelisks of naked mountains, which appear to touch the sky—the agitated Sea of Ice beneath, which the suns of thousands of summers have been unable to melt—all assume a wondrous solemnity in the evening hour, as if they were the cathedral of Nature, who was then breathing orisons to her Maker. We reached Chamouni late at night, having performed a walk of thirty-six miles.

The ascent of Mont Blanc to its summit, sixteen thousand feet high, is made almost every season by some anxious-to-distinguish-himself person. It requires at least three days, and six guides to each person: the guides at twenty dollars each. The first night the party sleep at the Grand Mulets, to which the guides carry provisions, wine, &c.—a cabin visible from Chamouni, erected for this purpose. The second day the ascent to the top of Mont Blanc is made, and the party return to the Grand Mulets; there sleep, and return the ensuing day to Chamouni. Vast and terrible glaciers have to be passed in making the ascent, and precipices of ice, extending down five hundred feet, crossed. From the top the view is, of course, grand beyond description. Lakes Geneva and Neufchatel can be seen, as also Italy. It is the highest point in Europe; but it lacks near ten thousand feet of being as high as some of the Asiatic mountains. Ladies have made the ascent to the top of Mont Blanc. Many of those who have made the ascent have become deranged in mind. The piercing winds, extreme cold, the thin air, so much change the appearance of those who make the ascent that they are scarcely recognizable on their return. The return of a party who have successfully

and fairly achieved the ascent is acclaimed at Chamouni by the firing of cannon. Our guide's name was Balmat. He is a nephew of the celebrated Joseph Balmat, who was the first of all mankind to stand on the then untrodden summit of the mountain. He made the ascent some seventy years ago, and afterward perished on the mountain, a martyr to his love of adventurous explorations.

The great glaciers, with their cataracts; the numerous lofty, jagged, perpendicular points of granite, called needles, which surround them; the great three-headed white thing that rises far above all, clad in dazzling snows, the top of Mont Blanc; the little village of Chamouni, lying along the rushing Arve; the chequered board-like patches of meadows in the vale; the "silent sea of pines" around the base of Mont Blanc—all constitute an unparalleled scene of interest. The glaciers occupy enormous ravines, descending from the summit of the mountain almost down into the vale. It is said they have a slight motion, almost imperceptible, but yet obvious in the course of years—the tendency of the glaciers being to slide down the mountain. Or the lower ends, being in a warmer climate, melt, and mere gravity causes a descent—the upper portions being still accumulating. In the course of some hundreds of years an entire glacier may have disappeared. The sides of the glaciers, where they rub against their lofty granite boundaries, are covered with stones and accretions from the "needles" above. The ice is in many places beautifully colored; in others, it presents an old, weary, gray, and desolate appearance. There are vast caverns in it—long and fathomless furrows. The safe paths across are known to the guides only; and occasionally a singular groaning, like an electrical convulsion, seems to rush over the glaciers, as if the monster groaned in his frigid, dreary, lifeless desolation.

SWITZERLAND.

Some days have elapsed. We are now at Martigny, an ancient little Swiss village at the foot of several ranges of mountains. It is on the Drance, a small stream. The inhabitants are afflicted, perhaps beyond any other place in the world, with that dreadful deformity, the *goître*. It is so common that the lack of it is considered almost unnatural; and those who have it not are called "goose-necked." There are many theories to account for it. Some attribute it to the water; some to every cause in the whole category of causes. It is probable it is due to that degeneracy that must come on all human beings who live for centuries under the same influences, and surrounded by the same scenes and circumstances. Man is migratory; he should vary his circumstances; create new influences; sometimes go to war; any thing to create a change—to bring into operation other parts of his system—to bring about a new activity—or he will degenerate, and sink, and suffer. These Swiss here are wonderfully attached to their country—continue in the same employments—never emigrate: and probably the *goître* is the result. Yet Martigny is a beautiful place; and appears especially so after escaping from the snows and glaciers of Chamouni. It is in the valley of the Rhone; and a green, level, and well-cultivated region extends along the river, bounded by high mountains. On a hill near the town is a very peculiar looking and strong Roman ruin or relic of the middle ages—a castle or tower of stone, majestic in its age, and frowning down on the transitory present, as if in consciousness of its strength, and its past and its mute unknown history. I walked around on its fallen walls, and climbed to the top of the tower, from whence extends a grand view, embracing the village, the bare mountains around, and the rich plain. The scene is singular and old.

The last day of my stay in the sweet and lovely Vale of Chamouni I made the ascent of the mountain La Flegiere, on the side opposite Le Mont Blanc, with a friend and a guide, passing some distance by a road through meadows. We began the stern ascent by a path practicable for mules, wending through dark groves of pines, and accomplished the ascent to the cross on the summit in about three hours. At various places were restaurants, where were offered wines and other liquors to refresh the weary climbers. From the summit a view of extraordinary magnificence appears. The three peaks of Mont Blanc are most clearly seen in all their snowy majesty. Six great glaciers, with their utterances of cataracts; the pine forests around the mountain's base; the Arve and Arveiron "raving ceaselessly"; and in the dizzy distance below the variegated fields of Chamouni with Swiss chalets—all form a scene of wondrous attraction. The height of La Flegiere is over six thousand feet. The view from the "cross" is indeed a luxury of vision. The glaciers have an old world, weary, and heartless aspect, as if never refreshed by warm human sympathies; never formed by gentle words; never the parents of smiling and lovely flowers: as if their's alone was to be a fate of coldness, gloom, and exemption from all the dear delights of earth—apart in their high and freezing grandeur, wrapped up in the barrenness of inorganic atomry. After a pleasant dinner at the chalet on the summit we descended. The travelers' books, in which they register their names and make sundry remarks, kept at all these hotels, are quite a curiosity, and serve very well as indications of national and individual characteristics. We saw the names of many of our countrymen, many princes of Europe. We returned to Chamouni late in the evening, and the next day we departed on our course to this place, by the pass of the "Tête Noir," a route replete with sublime scenes. The first six miles were through the Vale of

Chamouni; then over a height affording us last views of hoary Mont Blanc, and his family of glaciers; then we descended into passes between mountains of great elevation, whose sides were dotted with miniature fields of grain, supported by terraces, each contiguous to a little, comfortable-looking cottage, surrounded by fruit-trees and small patches of green pasture, while at the base of the mountain roared a torrent, fed by numerous streams and cascades, whitening and foaming down the sides of the mountains from the gleaming glaciers above. Little Catholic villages, with their ever-open churches, and their musical bells, resounding in the lone, unworldly-looking valleys; crosses and shrines on the road-sides, with their weeping Madonnas or their suffering Christs; beggars who spake not, but extended a shattered limb—all these were on our pathway, with their different messages of beauty or of sorrow. We passed through the Valley Valorsine, and the singular tunnel near the Tête Noir, which is asserted to have been constructed by Napoleon, to facilitate intercourse between different parts of his empire. This part of the route has the appearance of danger, and causes the traveler to linger and drink in the wild creations of beauty and desolation. A long ascent then brought us to the top of the Forclaz, from whence, in the direction of Martigny, lay extended a view of remarkable beauty—fields, meadows, fruit-trees; and in our rear rose the cold and old Mont Blanc, mingling with the clouds, and radiant in sunset. Then descending by many zigzags, and passing through lowlands, we found ourselves in this *goîtréd* and unhappy-looking village.

CASTLE OF CHILLON—VEVAY.

But I am now at Villeneuve, Hotel Byron, at the head of Lake Geneva, or Leman. The lake spreads before me with its wondrous blueness, as if rivaling the sky. On the left are the “Alps, where eternity is throned in icy halls of cold

sublimity." And here is Byron's little isle, near the shore, with its three tall trees; and just on the right, founded on a rock jutting into the lake, is the Castle of Chillon, gray and Gothic. While around this hotel, to which Lord Byron's name is given—as his genius has rendered these scenes classic—are beautiful parterres, promenades, terraces, flower-beds, the whole gently sloping to the musical, wave-dashing lake. With a guide, to-day I have been through the castle. It is now used as a magazine for cannon and gunpowder. We were shown large oaken halls, with curious old furniture, pictures, the Duke of Savoy's apartment, then that of the Duchess, commanding a most enchanting view over the lake; also the Chapel, the Hall of Justice, and other places—the castle being large, and said to be eight hundred years old. But so much splendor in the past has its counterpart, and he took us into the dungeons below. We saw the prison, rendered celebrated by one of the most beautiful and affecting of Lord Byron's shorter poems, the

"Seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old."

The rings to fasten the prisoners to were still there; and a path is worn in the hard, stone pavement by their feet, as they, bear-like, trod round and round, as far as their chains permitted. The names of many persons, Lord Byron's among others, are on the columns. At the extreme end is a horrid, dark, ghostly place, an *oubliette*, or chamber of forgetfulness, a sort of well, lined all around with sharp spikes, into which they were thrown, or let down with a windlass, to perish in forgetfulness, while mirth, music, and power feasted above. The guide also showed us a kind of wall or platform, on which many Jews, one at a time, were burnt to death; then another *oubliette*, and we had "*done*" it. The green ivy grows around the white walls on the outside. The castle itself, though more modern and much less in

decay than many others, seems to enshroud some destiny of darkness. There is such a thing as an evil physiognomy impressed even on a mere building. The life that has been lived in a house often writes itself on the walls, and looks out upon us in a gay, lively, or gloomy expression. The place partakes of its past. And an unquiet memory haunts the place where evil actions have been perpetrated. People say, "I do not like such a place: I do not know why." It is because there is a mute appealing there that *would* be heard—an unvoiced spirit lingers about the place. Other places, on the contrary, impress us with an involuntary feeling of gladness.

We left Martigny yesterday, by Diligence, and arrived at this place, passing through scenery essentially Swiss, and all lovely as a poetic creation. There was the cataract Pissevache, three hundred or more feet high, made by the river Salenche; there were rugged mountains glaciated over with solid seas of snow, soft and pleasant vales between; narrow-streeted and ancient-looking villages; churches and chapels cut out of solid rock; cathedrals with relics and memoirs of Charlemagne; bridges built by Cæsar; and, in short, as much beauty as could be stowed into twenty-eight miles. We saw the place where the swift Rhone clears its way between heights which appear "as lovers who have parted"; and the opening of the scene toward Lake Geneva, the green, peaceful hills, in contrast to Alpine glaciers; old cities, gray and tile-roofed, sitting by the blue waters: all were beautiful. No wonder the Swiss are patriotic and love their country. It would be easy to form deathless and romantic attachments to a country that is all a delight. Yet there is a breadth, an expansion of mind, a largeness of thought felt in America, to which this country is a stranger. America is the land for the accomplishing of great deeds; this for poetry, romance, superstition, relics, and the contracting, the back-looking ties of the heart. It

must be admitted, too, that in passing through Switzerland, the Cantons in which Protestantism prevails, appear to better advantage and have fewer beggars, and less general abjectness than those of the Catholics.

But once more at Geneva, this strongly-fortified city, "by the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone." Leaving Ville-neuve yesterday, I had a pleasant excursion along the banks of the lake, passing Montreux, with its very picturesque situation on a rugged Alpine projection; its ivy-grown old church, from the terrace of which a view of rare loveliness, embracing the lake and the Alps, extends; its fountains, water-falls, etc.; then Clarens and Vevay, which are small cities on the lake shore, occupying situations of romantic beauty. Vine-plantations and terraces are in the rear, from which are seen the snowy Alps beyond the lake's blue waters. Here the air is pleasant and genial; the situation most healthful, and the sun is rarely clouded. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of these shores which have given inspiration to, and received fame from, such talents as were possessed by Byron and Rousseau. From the terrace near the old Cathedral of Bevay is a prospect of wondrous beauty. I stood there and gazed long, till the eye and heart both were loth to leave the scene. Protestantism has taken Switzerland in spots. This is a Protestant city, and the grand old cathedral listens to Protestant sermons instead of Catholic masses. In it is buried one of the three judges who condemned King Charles I. of England. The old grave-yard just back of the church is interesting; the sleepers sleeping in the midst of glorious scenery; the ivy, the vine, the Alps, and the lovely lake all near. Vevay is a much frequented resort for travelers, on account of the super-excellence of the "Hotel Monnet," with its beautiful bowered garden on the lake. The shores of this lake, (here only two or three miles wide,) are remarkable on account of the number of celebrated characters who

have sought repose from the griefs of heart and head, in the lovely scenery. Voltaire's school, where he lectured, and in which he used that singular, pregnant expression, "If there be no God, one ought to be invented"; the old church, on which is the inscription, "Erected to God by Voltaire"; the residence of Madame de Stahl; Lord Byron's residence (Diodati), in which he composed the principal part of the third canto of *Childe Harold*—all are on these coasts. It is singular how small a portion of our emotions are utterable. A single glance around, an old ruin, a word, a tone, a ripple, a sunbeam, each may have a powerful spell to evoke in the heart what no language can give birth to. This is the unwritten and only occasionally and transiently felt poetry of an old world, amidst sublime scenery, such as that at present around me.

BERNE.

August 27th. We have of late reached this pleasant city, the capital of the Swiss Confederation. It is on the river Aar, whose singularly blue waters wind entirely around it. Here the German language predominates, but at the hotels French is spoken, and a little English. The city has about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The principal streets are wide, houses supported on arcades, on the plan of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris; but here the arcades are lower, the columns not so light and elegant, nor so high, but stout, solid, and Dutch-like. The city being on the slope of ground declining toward the Aar, admits of pleasant rivulets of water, running in small canals, through the middle of the streets. The Cathedral here is one of the splendid Gothic works of the middle ages, with a profusion of sculptured statues, arches, groinings, architraves, stained windows, grand organ,—a slice of heaven to hear the latter,—tombs, etc., all of which have been converted to Protestantism. Not far from the Cathedral is a terrace, at a great height above

the Aar. It has monuments to various old Bernese heroes, who killed huge, monster bears on this place, and thus founded the city, and called it Berne, which means the "bear city." There are elegant promenades here, and it is adorned with trees. But trees, bears, music, heroes, sculpture, must all succumb to the real, sublime magnificence of Nature. There is a view of the Alps, the Bernese Oberland, from the terrace, which is really overpowering. To the southeast, you may see a huge wilderness of silent and sublime, snowed and glaciated mountains, lost in clouds and laved in sunlight. They are probably one hundred miles off. In their white mantles, they look like ghosts of gone, great worlds, and the impression they make on the heart is one of its eternities. The promenades, avenues, heights, around Berne, are lovely, and its inhabitants are clever, industrious, unpretending and moral. The city is all built of stone; and under the arcades are the principal shops and hotels, along which is a pleasant, covered promenade. The great town-clock striking "twelve," makes a tremendous ado about it; figures of angels, bears, trumpeters—Death himself—come out, stalk around, blow horns, and do various other things, to the edification of the gazers. The clock is in an immense, old, prison-looking tower, the street passing through an arch under it.

Leaving Vevay a few days ago, I returned in a beautiful little steamer on Lake Geneva to Geneva. The trip down the lake's blue waters, along these old, walled and picturesquely situated villages; the mouldering castles peering through groves and vine-plantations; the dark-chasmed Jura mountains on one side, the Alps on the other; then the white city of Geneva, at the extreme end of the lake, rising into view as you approach, all form a panorama of beauty at which the eye scarcely even tires of gazing. Arrived in Geneva we spent some days in that city of good hotels and ecclesiastical recollections. Among the rather

few objects of interest it offers to the travelers, (it compensates, however, in its environs,) is the junction of the Rhone and the Arve, a mile from the city. The Rhone, with its extraordinary and inexplorable blueness, rushes along with great rapidity, meets but does not mingle with the Arve, which, being born from the glaciers of Chamouni, partakes of the usual extreme whiteness of glacier-water, a kind of compromise color is the result; but neither stream is as beautiful as before; and, as in the case of most compromises, both appear to be sullenly dissatisfied—the Rhone regretting its blueness, and the Arve its whiteness—which they enjoyed up in the serpentine, delicious vales of their youth before marriage.

Resuming our route from Geneva, we again sailed up the lake as far as Ouchy, the port of the beautiful city of Lausanne. On our way up, gazing to the right, I was favored with the rare privilege of seeing Mont Blanc, the monster mountain, in all his snowy sublimity, near sixty miles off. All the other mountains, which, when one is near him, seem almost as high as he, were utterly invisible. The red clouds were hanging around him like folds of tapestry, and his dazzling snowy head looked over earth, and seemed to lean on heaven. Arrived at Ouchy, on the lake (at this place Lord Byron wrote, in two days, the "Prisoner of Chillon,") we took passage thence in an omnibus, which bore us, by a long way leading up a hill, by a road enclosed by high walls bounding grape plantations, to the very beautiful, but rather Italian-looking city of Lausanne, where, at the large but indifferently-kept Hotel Gibbon—so-called because it is on the site of Gibbon's house and garden, in which he wrote the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,"—we rested a day.

LAUSANNE.

Lausanne has about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is probably the most pleasant of all the cities of Switzerland, for sojourning in. The old Cathedral with its nine hundred years of age, its four hundred and seventy-two columns, its tombs, (one of them to Lady Canning, by Canova,) its fine situation, the museum, which is really extensive in the geological, mineralogical, and zoological departments, containing some interesting relics of the first Napoleon, his maps, and some observations in his own handwriting; the singular-looking old streets, with their numerous stone stair-cases,—the city being built on three hills and their intervening deep valleys,—the stone fountains, with the bright, clear, sparkling, ice-cold water leaping out; the somewhat singular costumes of the peasantry; their settled, satisfied, unambitious appearance, so different from our incessant American onwardness; all these, together with a cloudless sky above, a blue, heavenly-looking lake below, and eternally snow-mantled and glaciated mountains across, give the traveler, in his sojourn here, a constant feast addressed to his intellect or his eye. From Lausanne we departed, by a Swiss railway, through a beautiful vine and grass country, to Yverdon on Lake Neufchatel. Up this lake, some twenty-seven miles long, five or six wide, with its banks vine-clad, and pretty and neat-looking villages sitting on the slopes, with ruins, castles, churches, we sailed in a steamer to Neufchatel. The waters of the lake are as blue as those of Lake Lemman; the scenery is not so bold, but prettier and softer. Neufchatel contains about seven thousand inhabitants, who, as in many of the other Swiss cities, are engaged in manufacturing watches, teeth, ornaments in gold and silver, carved wooden-work, etc. Beautiful as are the situations of many of these towns, on their hills and with their ivy-clad churches and ruins, the traveler who

examines them in detail must not expect the gratification of *all* the senses; the sense of smell is frequently violently offended; and while the eye or the mind may be in rapture over a ravishing scene, it protests that Europe does not smell well.

Leaving Neufchatel, which belongs to Prussia, in a Diligence, we came some twenty-eight miles to

BERNE,

passing over, perhaps, the finest part of Switzerland, agriculturally considered; with fine views of lakes (in one of which is an island, in which Rousseau spent many days of exile); and we also saw the sunset rays disporting themselves on the summits of far-off glaciers, where they linger longest in prismatic loveliness, as if to console them for the moving trees, the green, living grass, which their cold bosoms must bear never. How beautiful those far-off snowy mountains in this old land, their surfaces covered with glaciers at all degrees of inclination, and clad in colors of unpictured loveliness! It is Europe—the old, historical, and lovely—and not America—great, progressive, young and ardent, but without the dying, dreaming beauty of a historical, celebrated past. Town-lots, and new cities and railroads, and steamboats and reaping-machines and sewing-machines, are our mercenary, mechanical pursuits; and the great, old, quiet contemplations of nature, by which genius and art are born, are sacrificed to the modern gods of physical comfort and utility. We are an unquiet, restless, agonized people, repeating with less art and genius experiments of human nature, the falseness and vanity of which are seen in old Europe. But we intend to do it, and resolve to repeat them often—often. These people have a kind of experimental, practical knowledge of man and of men, due to the constant attrition of an overcrowded continent, that we in our sparsely settled country have not. We read, but

they learn and see. Thinking is scarcely so common in Europe as with us; but there is more perception, and more knowledge with less theory.

FREIBURG.

But we are off in the Diligence to Freiburg, this glorious Saturday evening. We pass out of the gates of Berne, guarded by two enormous bears in stone, which look at us fiercely funny. During this day we have visited the *Baren-graben*. The good Bernese not contenting themselves with plaster and bronze bears, have constructed a large, walled courtyard, in which are several live specimens of their favorite animal. They seem to lead an easy, careless existence, and look like impersonations of fat—easy, well-to-do bearhood—happy in the happiness they give to the Bernese. You throw to them apples, and you take a slice of enjoyment yourself, in watching their movements. Of course there would be a fine opening for you to say that the *lions* of Berne are all *bears*: but don't you do it. We also visited the interior of the Cathedral, and were led about by an old lady, the curiosity-keeper of the place. It is truly a splendid Gothic edifice; its organ is one of the finest in the world; and in the church are several remains of the old Catholic times; tombs, monuments, etc., with inscriptions in Latin, French, German; and there are busts of the apostles and prophets; and relics of the grand times, far more interesting than the present, when all things in these churches were in keeping with the ascendancy of a gorgeous superstition. But though the Canton of Berne is Protestantized, on our way to Freiburg we see the large, wooden crosses erected on the roadside, to revive and encourage Catholic feelings in the bosom of the traveler, and are convinced that Catholicism is yet in the world, and that we are now entering one of the Catholic Cantons again. The inhabitants in these vales seem devoted principally to the

raising of grain, clover, hay—and, but that the houses are not so good, nor the people so intelligent, one might fancy himself gazing on one of the fertile valleys among the mountains of the Middle States. But here is that hideous goître again, an immense protuberance or swelling in the neck; and here are poor, miserable people collecting the manure falling on the road, in baskets, and selling it: thus demonstrating that there are many ways of making a living in this world. Poor Europe! she has her millions of hard liners and low liners—filthy wretches, in whom humanity is distorted; and between whom and what might be called ordinary comfort, is an immeasurable ascent. But afar off rise the snowy Alps, gilt by the resplendent sunset. Their multiform peaks look like giants supporting the earth, hoary with age, and weary. They have sat there in frozen, changeless majesty, for thousands of years, addressing the sublime feeling in man, and trophying the greatness of their Creator.

While in Berne, we called on the resident Minister of the American Legation, who is more than a mere minister—a good author and poet; and more than either minister or poet—a Christian and good man. We were much pleased with his acquaintance. The representatives of our country in Europe, whom we have seen, are very fair and able men; and the doctrine of rotation in office might be far more beautifully applied in rotating those persons about their business, who are so anxious to dispossess those from offices, which require the tact and knowledge which only the experience of years can give, than in ousting experienced possessors.

But here, underneath this mellow August moon, you enter the old, picturesque town of Freiburg. You see first the high tower of the Cathedral, two hundred and fifty feet high; you pass over an immense suspension-bridge; you stop at a hotel bearing the name of one of the renowned

chiefs of the middle ages (Zaehringen Hof). From your window you can see several old towers rising in the midst of the half-decayed walls which once surrounded the town. The town itself looks obsolete, mysterious, and visionary. On a high point of a mountain near, stands a solitary square feudal watch-tower, with numerous portholes, with the walls decayed all around, the tower itself impregnable to time. You then cross a wire suspension-bridge thrown over a deep gorge: the bridge is six hundred and forty feet long, and three hundred and seventeen feet high. Then comes another feudal stone tower, around which cling fragments of walls; then there is the longest suspension-bridge in Europe—for these people are great on suspension-bridges. It is nine hundred and forty-one feet long and one hundred and eighty feet high, and extends across the river Savine. This tower is a stronghold of Catholicism. The Jesuits are here in great power; and here the suspected were tortured into Catholicism. We go to church here, truly indeed “not for the doctrines, but the music there,” for the organ is said to be one of the grandest in the world. Its voice is like the mighty utterance of hitherto mute Nature. It is said to be the richest toned organ in the world. You see the church crowded, and the gorgeous mummerly of Catholicism going on—for it is much easier to act devotion than to feel it. Catholicism here seems to be dramatic devotion. The Catholic church is the most splendid and powerful institution which has ever existed in the world. The empires of Assyria and Rome are not to be compared to it in power, magnificence, or influence over the feelings. Its grand, stately music; its imposing ceremonies; its sculptures; its paintings; even its candles burning in mid-day; the mysterious order of unmarried men devoted to it alone; its saints, legends, purgatory; its Pope; its crosses—all powerfully brand into the heart of humanity.

The old wall of Freiburg yet surrounds the town, and is

said to be the most nearly perfect of all the fortifications of the middle ages. The present city was founded about six hundred years ago, by the father of him who founded Berne. The present wall appears to have been built on a more ancient one; the gray, time-eaten stones of which underneath, present a very ancient appearance. The wall varies in height. Where a huge gorge alongside rendered an attack almost useless, it is much lower. In other places it is forty or fifty feet high, and seven or eight broad. I counted fifteen or twenty towers of various shapes and heights, some at least one hundred feet high. They are built of large square masses of stone; have numerous windows; different stories or compartments; would contain hundreds of soldiers; and seem not only able to withstand the material enemies that assaulted them, but also the great enemy of all things, terrestrial Time himself, who devours his own offspring. Of course these fortifications are utterly useless in modern warfare, since the invention of cannons and bombs; but in the ages when battles were fought, the soldiers grappling hand to hand or hurling lances, this place must have been almost impregnable, the city having been built on a succession of precipices.

Sunday, that calm and blessed institution, whose influence on the heart of man is soothing as music, does not exist here; is not in Europe—unless in England or Scotland—at least as it is seen in America. Humankind require a Sunday, and will deteriorate without it. It is the resting of part of our nature and the action of another part; the rest of earth and the action of heaven. But these wretched people carry a lowness in their countenances. Europe has produced greater men than America; greater individuals; greater cities, churches, intellectual works, but in no instance a greater *people*. That is the mission of America. There man is magnified. The tyranny of superstition, under the name of Religion, worse than any political

tyranny, is not on him there—the air is uncursed by this damning, contracting, soul-withering thing, that delights the eye and fancy, and pleases the ear, but shrivels up the soul—called the Church of Rome. Here man lives and breathes, but hardly, for centuries of inherited unprogressiveness cling around him. Tradition and custom tyrannize over him; and the what has been precludes any thing better to be.

But here is the old Jesuits' convent, immense and mean-looking, with its high wall around the courtyard to keep in due bounds young inclinations, and to keep out young lovers. Adjoining is a high, iron-grated tower, now used as a prison. In old times it was the place where the Jesuits applied the rack. It is even yet called "*Le Mauvaise Tour*," the bad tower. It has indeed a bad, wicked, heartless look. In both of these, human nature has been crushed out, and the Devil rejoiced in his great, strong power, and in his fit agents. The oppressor and the oppressed are now alike in the dust of three hundred years.

But the organ. We heard it to-night in all its glory of sound. We entered the church and walked through its piles of columns. It was dark, except far in the choir end was a dim light. A corpse, by a Catholic custom, lays in its coffin in the church all night. One was in the church with its black covering, pictured with death-heads and death mottoes. But the organ began. It was such music as stirs the infinite deep within us. It stormed, it raved, it wept, it howled, it growled, it prayed, it expostulated, it despaired, it died, it was damned; it entered into sorrow inconceivable—a mute memory that would not down, clinging in wordless melancholy: it rose again; it suffered; it reached out into far years of the future—away, away, away; a heart wailing, it went into dust, lifeless; was lonely as eternity; had no God; then came upon new worlds; dis-

covered the shores of the Hope-land ; attempted the utterance of the unutterable : it was a poem—a life—an agony. It ceased, and you were not sad, or glad, or sordid, but comforted, for a mighty utterance of mute meaning was drawn out of your soul, and you had fathomed your heart more deeply, and out of it had come memories that had slept like stratified rocks. It was one of the gigantic, mysterious compositions of the unfathomable-souled Carl Maria Von Weber. The effect of all was heightened by the darkness, and the fitful shadows flitting like spectres along old and gray columns. The organist is said to have no superior. The concert was gotten up by the travelers at the hotel.

But the four old, gray towers rise up in the moonlight, each on its separate hill. The walls and warlike builders sleep in the dust together. On them these towers have looked down for ages. But they too will moulder—the ruin to the ruin. Above both, however, looks down an everlasting star, like the great purpose of each life, which God alone knows, and which he can keep working on from generation to generation. Below, in the narrow gorge, sings out the voice of the cataract to the hoar ruin above, itself fresh and joyous and unweakened and unworn by age.

In the principal square in Freiburg, there is shown a linden or lime tree, three and a half centuries old. Its heavy branches are propped up by stone walls. It is viewed with great veneration, as it was a twig in the hands of a brave Swiss soldier, who, returning from the battle of Morat, near this, in which his countrymen were victorious, was only able to say, "Rejoice, the victory is ours!" when he fell and expired. The twig was planted on the spot, and has overshadowed it for more than three hundred years.

INTERLAKEN.

We are now at Interlaken, near and under the Alps, three of whose snow heads, dreadful and strange, look out from underneath their cap of clouds. This is a pretty place, many good hotels and boarding-houses in it. It is situated in a gorge of the Alps, near Lake Thun, a lovely, blue sheet of water, some ten miles long, and two or three broad, a child of the Alps, laving the feet of its mighty parent. We left Freiburg this morning at five o'clock, in the Diligence, returned to Berne, thence by Diligence through a lovely and well-cultivated region to Thun, drawing nearer to the monster Alps—the fertile vale of the Aar on our right. At Thun, situated where the Aar rushes out of the lake, we dined and rambled through the narrow, winding streets, and explored a very grotesque and picturesque-looking old castle built of stone, on an arm of the mountain. It has singular turrets; the view from the top is impressive; and the rooms, hangings, armor, courtyard, prison, winding, stone stairways, terraces, chapels, seem to tell of the strong old times of chivalrous courtesy, power, pride, and possession. At Thun, which is larger than Interlaken, with other travelers, got into a little steamer, which bore us on its blue waters, the mirrors of the mighty Alps above, to Newhaus, a small place at the extremity of the lake, whence an omnibus brought us three miles further to the town. This name, Interlaken, signifies “between the lakes,” as it is situated between Lakes Thun and Brienne, the latter immediately above. It is the most pleasant and agreeable little place we have yet seen. The blue Aar, a creation of the glaciers above, disports itself in splendid waterfalls, then expands into mirrory lakes; then, as if dissatisfied with an inactive life, rushes with great rapidity out of one lake, a let-loose Alpine torrent—then rests itself meditatively, forming Lake Thun—as if struck by awe at the hugely machiolated walls

of mighty Alps above it; then, concluding to be useful, it leaves Lake Thun, and fertilizes a great extent of country.

We are in the midst of the fruit-season here: plums, apricots, peaches, pears, are quite abundant; strawberries and blackberries are offered you everywhere. In passing through these fertile Swiss vales, we see the industrious peasantry, women as well as men, at laborious work in the fields. Some were threshing with the flail, that labor-saving instrument, the American threshing-machine, being unknown. We are about to take, on foot, the excursion through the Bernese Oberland Alps, the finest that can be taken among the Alps, after that of Chamouni.

WENGERN ALPS.

We are now at Grindelwalder, this evening, September 1st, right among the high Alps. Around us are the Great Eigher, thirteen thousand feet high; Le Mönch; the Schrekhorn, or Terrible Peak; the Wetterhorn, or Tempest Peak, and others, which it is a glory to see, all covered with snow which has lain there for a thousand years. Their craggy, awful, precipitous summits have light clouds dangling around them. The valley in which we are, is green and fertile. Small, square wheat-fields, rich and yellow, look out from green pastures, and wooden, Swiss cottages, of fantastic shapes, cling to the mountain-sides, each house with its little specialty of humanity within. The sun has set behind Alpine mountains, and in a great gorge, high up between two giant mountains, peers the moon. We left Interlaken this morning at eight o'clock, hired a guide for several days, at seven francs a day (\$1.40). He speaks French and German, no English. We came by carriage six miles, to the village of Lauterbrunnen, where the ascent commences. We passed some Swiss cottages, looking comfortable and neat, with orchard-grounds around. Soon, on our right, we saw an ancient ruin almost surrounded and

surmounted by dense vegetation, situated at the foot of a mountain; and in front of it are grand views of the snowy Alps. It is the Castle of Ounspunnen, the former residence of a noble but now extinct family, but it generally goes by the name of Manfred's Castle, from a supposition that Lord Byron had it in his eye when mentally arranging the scenes of his most sublime poem, "Manfred." We now passed into a narrow valley between lofty mountains, from which leaps bright, fairy waterfalls, the grand peak of the Jungfrau in sight, snowy and bold. Soon we passed a dreary place, of very ill repute; a rock, on which it is said the Lord of Rothenflue murdered his brother, after which deed he became a miserable wanderer over the earth, like Cain. Lauterbrunnen, or Fountain Vale, is a small Swiss village; one or two hotels; guides here pester you to employ them or their mules. It is situated in a deep valley, into which the sun is late coming, and from which he disappears at two or three o'clock in the afternoon; yet it is fertile, and though quite a narrow valley, has pleasant pasture-fields, and some grain-fields. Thirty waterfalls, born from the high mountains above, leap out into the valley. One of these, the Staubach, or Dust Stream, is celebrated in glowing terms by Lord Byron, Wordsworth, and others. It is nine hundred feet high. Two rapid torrents leap first in angry foam from the rocks, descend several hundred feet, then are apparently lost in rainbows blown about by the wind: the cataract is no more, it has died in glory. A projecting rock, a hundred feet or more below, condenses again the vapor, which now laughs down its sides, rejoicing in its new resurrection after its desperate leap and death. It is beautiful as an avalanche of innocent lightning. Its beauty is perfect. We now began by a steep, zigzag course, the ascent of the Wengern Alps. The scene is highly picturesque; tourists, like ourselves, on foot, each with Alpine stock, and with guides carrying bag-

gage, consisting of a knapsack to each person; ladies ascending on mules or horses; some carried up, seated on a chaise made for that purpose, supported by two men—all these winding around the mountain, the valley below gradually narrowing, till at length it is hidden, and the higher regions come into view. Little girls offer you pretty, wild Alpine flowers, which you can purchase for a few sous; beggars beg on various pretenses. At some places your toilsome ascent can be enlivened by strawberries and cream, offered you by Swiss girls, generally seated near some spring fed by cold glaciers; some blow on the Alpine horn as you approach, and are answered from distant rocks, high up in the mountains, by the sweetest echoes ever heard; some fire off small cannon, whose echoes growl along miles of mountains. Wherever it is possible there are pretty little fields of grain, grass, or pasturage—for life must be borne, and its support wrenched out of these granite hills in some way. But our course is still upward. We wind around the mountain, having in one place a most magnificent view of that wind-tossed cataract, the Staubach. We attain an elevation of five thousand feet, and the great Jungfrau—the “Young Girl Mountain”—so called on account of the purity of its snow, comes fully into view. It is a grand sight rising on your right, like a separate world of snow—its peaks invading the cloud-lands. It seems near, though in reality afar off. It has been very rarely ascended, being considered utterly inaccessible till within the last few years. Its point is thirteen thousand feet high. Other snowy peaks and glaciers rise in congregated sublimity afar off. The mountain we were ascending, on account of its southern exposure, was green and beautiful, contrasting admirably with the snows and awful desolation of the Jungfrau. Fierce torrents, rushing out of glaciers, make tremendous leaps, which reverberate from mountain to vale. Here is where avalanches are most fre-

quently seen. We heard their thundering noise as we ascended, rising from different and invisible parts of the mountain, and we saw several on the side next to us. A small quantity of snow, in appearance, from the great distance, but in reality a ponderous mass, is detached by the action of the wind or sun; and accumulating as it descends with great velocity into the valley, makes a noise like a discharge of a whole park of artillery. Near the summit of our ascent we found a small lake multiplying and reflecting the form of the mighty Jungfrau. On the summit of the mountain we ascended, (the Wengern Alp,) is a hotel, six thousand six hundred and ninety feet above the sea. Here many travelers, like ourselves, had arrived. Our dinner was soon served, consisting in part of roasted chamois-flesh, which, though rather black looking, was not unpalatable after our great climb. We then began the descent into the Valley of Grindelwald—passing down into a region of pines, and having on our side the great Snowy Eigher, or “Giant Mountain,” almost as high as the Jungfrau. To our left rose the Foulhorn, of a conical shape, at a great distance; also the Wetterhorn and Schrekhorn on our right. The descent was by an extremely steep and terribly rough path. The vale and village before us looked most charming as we descended—gems of Swiss chalets in emerald settings of meadows. Approaching one of the latter, two Swiss girls raised the song of Ranz des Vaches—one of them accompanying her voice on an instrument. The effect in this unworldly glacier-environed vale, was fine. Other songs were also sung—this being their way of levying a contribution on the stranger who penetrates into their valley. We at length reached a comfortable hotel in the village, where good tea and honey—the latter is very good here—repaired our exhausted frames, preparatory to another day of mountain-climbing. There are two great glaciers in this valley, coming out between the Eigher and Wetter-

horn, so low down as to touch the wheat and clover patches. They have their green and blue ice, and their fountains, quitting the fixedness of ages for the fluidity of life-leaping gladly out like a long pent-up child. They form the sources of the Black Luischine, which roars through this vale. We have come in all twenty-four miles to-day.

This morning, Wednesday, September 2d, our guide, who is polite and attentive—as Swiss guides generally are—called us up at an early hour, and soon after breakfast we began the ascent of

THE GREAT SCHEIDEGG.

We left the Valley of Grindelwald, making a detour to the right by a most dreadful path, and explored part of a vast glacier, entering by an enormous fissure in it—the green ice hanging overhead. We descended to a rapid stream, which flows underneath the glacier. We were in a house of Alpine ice, and heard the crashing and washing of the stream in the invisible depths of the cold ice monster glacier. Afterward, ascending, we made an excursion on the surface, passing by some steps cut into the ice, our Alpine stick being of great service in enabling us to avoid slipping down into the caverns and chasms. Resuming our journey, we continued for some hours ascending up, up—the giant Wetterhorn peak, on our right, rising almost perpendicularly thousands of feet—his summit held fast in chains of many-ribbed ice, the melting of which caused numerous torrents, which fell in cascades, some of them more than a hundred feet in descent. Here is Nature, grand, sublime, and mighty Nature! here are the Alps, in their fearful majesty, with their glaciers, like suddenly solidified seas, when tempest-tost! About noon we reached the summit, seven thousand feet high, and a single step left the green Swiss Vale of Grindelwald, with the two great, aged, yawning glaciers behind. We now descended again—snow mountains still on

our right—one very high, called the *Mônch*, or Monk, from its resembling the apparition of a vast white-cowled or hooded priest. There are numerous cascades in this place. I counted nine from one mountain. We soon came to another glacier—the *Rosenlauri Glacier*, so called from the flushed, sunset rose-color of the ice. It is regarded as the finest in Switzerland. Near this is the *Hotel Rosenlauri*, where we dined. It is in the midst of a scene of wild sublimity—cascades, torrents, and bald, bare limestone mountains; all of which continue visible for some time as one descends and new beauties unfold themselves. A cascade, called the “*Cord*,” has a descent of more than five hundred feet. It is first a playful scrambler from rock to rock. It is lost in air; it reappears on another rock; it makes a leap—shivers, expands, condenses; and after performing other evolutions, it disappears altogether in an abyss, like the ghost of a glacier. All the falls, however, which we have yet seen are eclipsed by the *Reichenbach*, which we saw this evening. It is a most attractive “thing of beauty.” You linger near it, as if some portion of God’s own loveliness were in it. It is more beautiful than *Niagara*, because smaller and more comprehensible by the mind. *Niagara* is too grand and mighty: it requires days to begin to feel it. The *Reichenbach* consists of six distinct falls, descending in all more than six hundred feet. A constant shower of mist envelopes the spaces around, and the vegetation is remarkably rich in consequence—a young, playful tornado, engendered by the rapidly rushing waters, being perpetually entangled among the branches. It is situated among and partly surrounded by high rocks. I stood and looked at the fearfully beautiful and endlessly varied scene of rushing, frothing, Alpine waters. It seemed as if Nature herself was proud of this her work, and cherished it in her bosom; for some of the finest views of it are almost inaccessible. The Book of Nature has many

uncut leaves in it, yet a single cataract like this is exhaustless in its impressions. It is perpetually changing; and from whatever point of view contemplated is a new thing, all a delight. It has its dome of rocks, its hair of rainbows, its drapery of misty and dancing clouds. As you descend into the sweet and lovely Swiss vale in which Meyringen is situated, the views are of the finest kind imaginable—the sublime and the lovely; the snowy, hoary, everlasting heights above; the great cataracts all around; the chequered wheat-fields; the peculiar costumes; the carved gables of the old wooden houses, thoroughly Swiss in appearance, with extensive eaves; the travelers arriving at the hotels, with couriers and guides—for travel here is the principal institution of the country—these all form a panorama of beauty. We reached Meyringen at six o'clock, having traveled twenty miles.

But at length, this evening, Thursday, September 3d, we have reached

THE GRIMSEL HOSPICE,

having completed our day's allotment of twenty miles of mountains of almost continuous ascent, having made one of the grandest, most sublime, and rugged passes in the Alps. The hotel, or hospice, consists of a single, large, low, thick-walled stone building, in a scene of tremendous desolation—apparently in the utmost limits of vegetation. Formerly it was a place where monks, who now keep it as a hotel, kept open house and hospitality to relieve the poor peasants whose necessities obliged them to make this pass in winter. Several dogs being maintained here to perambulate the snow-drifts, these met us with their wild, uncouth welcome as we arrived. The monks do all the service of the hotel, apparelled in black gowns and devotional with beads. They are kind and accommodating now for the money. My window looks out on a black, deep, still, unfrozen lake—it

being fed by a warm spring. Around it are rocks, or rather mountains, hundreds of feet high, bare and bald except where the hardy moss has found a footing of greenness. A torrent from the glacier comes down from the top of the mountain along a crevice in the rocks—whitening and foaming till it falls into the lake. Beyond the summits of the mountains are great glaciers, jungles of ice, forests of icicles, far down in whose depths is no change of climate forever. One of these—that in which the River Aar, which foamed along our course for the entire day, originates—is eighteen miles long. Here the iron hand of Winter rests forever. The fir-tree and the Alpine rhododendron became smaller as we ascended, and then ceased altogether. A few rich, red, yellow, and blue flowers continued with us: these, during a few weeks in the year, live their life of beauty, where even the hardy oak and pine cannot subsist, and diffuse a loveliness around bleak and bare desolation. We left Meyringen this morning at eight o'clock. The scenery all day has been very grand. Meyringen is in a fertile valley, and the inhabitants look better and the women are prettier than in other valleys. It is almost surrounded by water-falls, whose cold glacier-mothers look awfully down from vast heights on their playful, runaway, leaping children. Near the town rises a single old gray tower, the relic of a castle belonging once to a powerful family—all of whom are long since extinct. It stands as their solitary memento, and trees and shrubs are growing on it. The Reichenbach Cascade continues in sight for some time along our route. The upper chute is three hundred feet high—a vision of beauty. Our course lay along the Aar, which foamed furiously far below us in the deep, wild valley, till we traced its course up to its birth-place in the Aar Glacier. We passed many peasants with pack-mules each mule having a large wooden vessel full of wine strapped on each side of him. These are the ships of the Alps, convey-

ing the produce of some of the fertile mountain slopes toward Italy into other regions; also supplies for almost inaccessible hotels—for travelers must go everywhere—and the more difficult the more certainly visited. As we entered more deeply into the pass, we observed a change for the worse in the appearance of the peasants; more disease—almost every one appearing to have some personal defect—these valleys not admitting that due admixture of sunlight and shade which is necessary for the perfection of the human *physique*. They grow too much in the shade. Yet they love their poor, rough, sublime country. We passed through a most lonesome village in a retired part of the valley. Nothing seemed to be there but goître, priests, and Catholicism. They were all at a funeral. I stood still and saw the long, dreary procession pass by me. In another place near I could see the sexton digging the grave—throwing up with the clay numerous skulls and human bones—the ground having been perhaps very often reburied in. The women looked like dejected hags. A church bell from the Cathedral sent up a dismal toll through the retired and lonely valley. Ascending, it was interesting to notice how vegetation became thinner as we rose into the awful regions of bald rocks, where avalanches of mountains had come down, and where earth's past throes were written in the upheaving of the solid crust of granite to the light of day. But the Cataract of Handek, or the chute of the Aar—surely it is the eldest daughter of Niagara, with grander surroundings than its parent! On each side rise, for thousands of feet, bold, bare, precipitous, almost perpendicular walls of mountains, whose tops are incessantly snowed upon, and all the gulches and crevices of which are mantled with the hoar of winter. The limits of vegetation are reached here, and firs and ferns brave the sterile scene. On one side comes down the great volumed, white, and furious Aar. From the Mettleback Mountain comes down a lovely,

clear stream, born in an enormous glacier, which is in sight. Both tend toward the same terrific precipice, more than two hundred feet high. Both make the plunge, some twenty yards apart, meet, and intermarry about half way down—the one clear and blue: the other white and rugged. They plunge into an awful, invisible chasm, and rise in mists and rainbows. The scene is terribly beautiful—the aged glaciers above; the descending wind-torn waters; the great elevation above the sea of the whole scene; the dreariness, remoteness, apparent sadness of all—made this place highly interesting. Not far from this is a hotel, where we dined, or rather breakfasted—coffee being our first meal before we start; breakfast—*dejeuner à la fourchette*—being taking about twelve o'clock, and dinner in the evening, about six—when we have “done our due” for the day. At this place, as at most other places to which travelers resort in Switzerland, are exposed for sale all kinds of curious mementoes of the place—consisting of beautifully carved designs in cedar and other kinds of wood—the work of the Alpine dwellers during their dreary winter. Further on our course we seemed to be entering the secret recesses of Nature, the great magazines of her mountains, where in snows and ice she stores up the sources of the great rivers of Europe. We ascended enormous rocks by steps cut into them. Cataracts dangle from the mountain-sides all around; one of which—the Erlach—though small, is beautiful as a creation of fairy land domains: bursting from an inaccessible glacier, it runs down the mountain slope about fourteen hundred feet; occasionally taking a leap into the air, as if from exuberant spirits, it seems to pause till it regathers its waters on a rock below. We crossed numerous antique, arched stone bridges over the Aar. The air became icy, the glacier of the Aar came into view, and at length, after a great ascent, the grim stone hotel of the Grimsel came into view. The Grimsel is historic. This being the pass com-

manding access to the Valley of the Rhone, was held by the Austrians in the time of Napoleon I. and deemed impregnable. A guide from Guttanen—on the terms of a large reward, if successful, and death if not—conducted a French force of four hundred men, by a path known but to him, along the extreme summits of these mountains—a number of bayonets being held at his heart during the whole route—the path at various places presenting the appearance of utter inaccessibility, and apparently leading to an ambuscade—surrounded by pathless snows and fearful precipices. They succeeded, however, in reaching a point, and attacking the Austrians from an unexpected position, routed them. The hotel is deserted in winter, except one servant, who takes provisions to last till the return of spring—keeping also two large dogs, which he sends out to scour the mountains, to relieve those who may be perishing in the snow. In the dark lake here no fish live; nor does it ever freeze, being fed by a warm spring. Many goats are dwellers amidst these scenes. But perhaps the fittest dweller would be one in whom the well-springs of life were dried up, and who lingered on in the weariness of hope and the wretchedness of memory.

This morning, Friday, September 4th, at eight o'clock, we left the gloomy Grimsel. We ascended to the summit of the pass, seven hundred and sixty feet higher than the hotel. Here are grand views of the great, hatchet-shaped Finster-Aar-Horn, rising fourteen thousand, seven hundred and twenty feet high, one of the four highest mountains in Europe. We now passed several lakes on the summit, very deep and dreary-looking, called "Todten See," or Lakes of the Dead, surrounded by utter savageness and desolation. Descending the sunny side of the mountain, which the short summer had clad in a carpet of moss and blue flowers, we saw in a vast valley, the Rhone glacier, consisting of an upper ocean of ice, extending many miles over the summits

of the Galenstock and other mountains--then a tremendous declivity greater than a frozen Niagara--then a solid lake of ice cradled in the vale, out of which rises the Rhone, one of the largest rivers in Europe. All around are grandeur and granite--ice, snow, and sublimity. But above all is heaven--the soft, sweet, blue sunlit air of summer, calling up to life the beautiful Alpine rhododendron to cheer scenes of utter desolation, while near to it is the glacier which no summer's sun can ever melt. The soft tinkling of bells from the herds in the valley far below, comes pleasantly up, mingling with the voice of the cascades heard all around. The pastoral and patriarchal life of Asia of four thousand years ago, the dream-time of history, exists here as a reality. Thus have we traced the Rhone, which we first saw as a rapid river at Seyssel, in France, to its source in this glacier, which, with its high tops, simulating mountain peaks, its yawning seams, its murmuring little rills, seems like a vast white throne, where Nature sits in lofty majesty, working and decomposing among her cold, material laws. These glaciers are not useless; they are the great regulators of climate; in intense summer heats absorbing caloric; in rigorous winter, giving it out by their condensation. We reached the summit of the Furka, after a very laborious climb, about mid-day. It is eight thousand, one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level, the highest we have yet attained, except the *Jardin* on Mont Blanc. Vast mountain peaks, Alps on Alps, covered with snow, rugged and rigid and reddish, standing afar off as the eye can reach, seem climbing into heaven. The air on the summit was keen and icy, and some snow fell. A hotel is erected here, of whose cheer we partook, and then prepared for the descent into the valley. Our dinner, at the Lone Mountain Hotel, was of the black flesh of the wild chamois.

We are now, this pleasant Saturday evening, September 5th, in the beautiful Swiss town of Lucerne. It is with a

decided feeling of relief, that we enter again the more civilized scenes of life, having for some days been traversing the dark and gloomy mountains. Our trip to the Bernese Oberland was completed to-day. It seems almost like a retrospect of another world, so different is it from a city. The waterfalls no longer meet the eye on every mountain side, and the stern granite rocks, old and gray, are not now intruding on the eye, nor the little, lonely Swiss villages, with their projecting eaves, and their carved gables, nor the miserable population of beggars. Our trip was performed principally on foot, through narrow, winding mule-paths. We crossed four passes of the higher Alps, the Wengern Alp, the Great Scheidek, the Grimsel, and the Furka. Yesterday evening we began the descent of the Furka. Descending from the region of snows, our course lay along the sunny side of a mountain, which, as we got further down, became clothed with verdure. We saw some Swiss, at great heights, mowing the grass on mountains inclined at an angle of eighty degrees. Others were watching their cattle on the mountain sides. No houses or trees, not even a pine was in sight. Higher up on the mountains extended glaciers, each of which sent down a roaring torrent. The scene was savagely beautiful. Further down, we entered a green valley, in the centre of which stood a small, neat Catholic village, over which seemed to impend an enormous glacier, like the sword of Damocles, which might come down at any time, and bring ruin to the peaceful, remote Alpine cottagers. We saw some thick sod cut in small squares and laid out to dry, which our guide informed us was for fuel in winter. How they keep themselves warm in these regions in winter is a mystery, no trees being here to produce wood, nor have these mountains any coal. Wood seems to be almost as scarce as the precious metals. The houses were roofed with stone. A large and beautiful stream flowed through the valley, receiving constant acces-

sions from the cascades on each side. Some of these cascades were wondrously beautiful, the water descending in blotches of spray. Some looked like a large, white towel, with the lower part torn and uneven, as the wind dallied with the waters. At length we emerged from the mountain and came upon the great St. Gothard route into Italy, at Hospenthal, a small Swiss village, near to which is an ancient, ruined castle, constructed on a high rock, looking very old, dating back perhaps one thousand years. The sight of this splendid road, one of the works of Napoleon, after so many miles of dreary mountain path, was cheering. We hired a return carriage to convey us the next morning to Fluellen, on Lake Lucerne. We passed the small village of Andermatt, above which, on the steep mountain slope, is a triangular forest of firs, the only trees visible; these serve to protect the village from a grim, white-looking glacier on the mountain-top. Then we entered a tunnel, cut into the solid granite, admitting the road into a pass, which for solitary and savage sublimity, surpasses, for some miles, any thing we have yet seen. This is the place of the "Devil's Bridge," over which we passed. It seemed to be one of those gloomy, desolate spaces, into which his Satanic majesty might have retired when expelled from heaven. The bridge is built on the top of a more ancient one. Gray and naked granite rocks rise into snow regions on each side, their awful heights rent and jagged as if tempest-scarred. A foaming torrent roars and rushes at their base, by the side of which, descending in numerous zigzags, passes the route, the road being characteristic of him who despised impossibility; and the scene, for miles, stamped with gloomy savageness and sublimity characteristic of the Devil, who is the hero of the whole pass, and next after him Napoleon, whose name I had almost written Apollyon. In one place is a vast isolated rock, the "Devil's Stone," he having dropped it out of his claws, when rather hotly pur-

sued. But at length we came into a pleasant valley, the country of Tell. Here are the mountains on which he taught his son to scan a thousand fathoms depth of nether air, where he "was trained to hear the thunder talk, and meet the lightning eye to eye." Here is a chapel erected near the spot where the noble Swiss hero lost his life in attempting to save a child from drowning in the stream, neither of them being ever afterward seen; there is Altorf, old and quaint; the town in which he lived; and a monument and statue, very old, in the market-place, indicate the spot where he shot the apple from his son's head. Some skeptical, contemptible scribbler, who wants to apply mathematical demonstrations to historical declarations, asserts Tell to be a myth, as if national traditions were ever, or could be, entirely truthless. But the blue and lovely

LAKE LUCERNE

is in sight. In one of the fairy steamers plying on its smooth surface, we pass by scenery which seems chief of all the lovely creations of God. Mountains begin in verdure, the little waves kissing their feet, corn and wine grow around the base. You see the wheat, and oats, and grass regions higher up; then comes the oak, the pine; then mosses; higher comes the bleak and jagged granite; and beyond all is a throne of glaciers and snow, where the clouds rest. Childhood, youthhood, manhood, hoary age, simultaneously stand before you. Every part of the slope of the mountains, in which cultivation is possible, is ornamented with a little cottage, a square of wheat, or a meadow. Little villages, apparently the abodes of happy contentment, rejoicing in the delicious climate; the blue lake, the sheltering mountains, look at you from among flower-gardens, as you pass. Here is a pretty, little, fairy-like chapel, commemorating the spot where Tell rowed Gessler's vessel to the shore in a terrific storm, then shot the tyrant, and freed his

country. The hills all look romantic, and seem to breathe of happiness, freedom, and Tell. Grandeur and beauty, sublimity and repose, seem here to meet and mingle. You are silent from heart-fullness, at the completeness of beauty; and if the Grimsel would seem a fit place for one whose last hope was shivered, here would be the place to feel the first impulses of reviving hope, and pronounce that this chequered world-scene works itself on to beauty and harmony.

Lucerne, September 5th. But before me now rise four old towers, high in air, connected by the huge stone wall, yet in a perfect state, surrounding the land side of Lucerne. The deep-toned bells of the Cathedral are ringing out their evening chimes, as they have done daily for many years, to the many snow-capped peaks of the Alps visible in the distance, and to the listening, throbbing waves of the lake, the sweet child of the mountains. Near the town, on the north, is the forlorn-looking, many-pointed, and lofty Mount Pilatus, on which an angry cloud is ever resting. Here, local history says, Pilate, the wicked governor of Judea, retired in remorse, after permitting the legal murder of Jesus Christ, till life becoming intolerable, he threw himself into a lake on its summit, and left his name and evil aspect to it forever. On the southeast is Mont Righi, as cheerful and pleasant-looking as Pilatus is dark and sad. The hotel on the summit of Righi is clearly seen, and the sides of this high, isolated mountain are cultivated and humanized. Pilatus is a mountain of bad reputation; out of it come storms and tempests, and there ghosts and magicians abide; but Righi has a good reputation among his fellow-mountains. Between them lie many peaks that have the snow-shroud on them. The environs of Lucerne are very lovely: there are meadows, wheat and vine-fields. The town and Canton are Catholic; the former contains about nine thousand inhabitants. There is a very pretty monument here to the mem-

ory of the brave Swiss guards of Louis XVI., who fell at the Tuilleries, defending the French monarchy, in 1792. The design is a lion, cut in a solid rock in a mountain side, wounded to death, yet grasping the French colors. The design is Thorwaldsen's, the great Swedish sculptor. Switzerland consists of twenty-five Cantons, or States, some of which consist of a single city. There are, in all, about two million, five hundred thousand souls, of whom about one million are Catholics, the remainder Protestants. German is more generally spoken than French. There is scarcely any nobility, as a class, in Switzerland. The government is not unlike our own. There is a new election of Deputies every three years, one Deputy for every twenty thousand persons; there are a President and Vice-President; a Council of State, three members from each Canton; a Federal Council of one hundred and twenty members, similar to our House of Representatives. The regular army of the Swiss Confederation consists of about seventy-two thousand men, with a reserve corps, to be called out when necessary, of thirty-six thousand men. Switzerland, though a republic and free, is in many parts greatly tyrannized over by superstition. Still, many of the cities, as Berne, Zurich, Geneva, Lucerne, Lausanne, etc., present a prosperous appearance. But the age of great peoples is not thoroughly established yet.

September 6th. But 'tis a morn of exceeding richness and loveliness, and we are off for one of the finest views in Europe, if not in the world. The light clouds are rising from the bases of the mountains, and show underneath the extreme greenness and beauty of the vegetation. Mount Pilatus is as usual robed in dark clouds, like the thoughts that must have haunted the heart of him who "found no evil in that just man," yet permitted his execution. On our left, as we glide along in the light, pretty, little steamer, rises a gray tower, so old, a contrast to the rich, luxuriant

cultivation of the lake side. See how shrubs of annually reviving Nature are mocking it, marking the fragility of the proudest, not self-renewing works of man, growing on it and out of it. But we land at Weggis, on the shores of Lake Lucerne, and prepare for our last Alpine climb. We are assailed by a numerous crowd, proffering their services as guides up the mountain, their prices gradually diminishing as our disinclination to employ them becomes apparent. We go on by a narrow mule-path, through little green meadows, and under apple and pear-trees. Nine weary miles are before us, up a steep mountain. Many persons are ascending and descending, some on foot, some on mules, some borne on a *chaise*, or *char-à-banc*, with handles, carried by four stout porters. The path winds round hither and thither. Here are immense rocks, formed of many smaller pieces, cemented together apparently by melted matter, giving evidence that these are not their original places. The view becomes Alpine and old as we ascend and come to pastures on the hill-sides, where tinkling cattle feed. Many places show evidences that powerful agencies have heaved up these rocks from the boiling regions below the earth's crust. Half-way up, we come to a little, rustic stone chapel, a pleasant, peaceful sort of place, where are most lovely views of the lake below us.

MOUNT RIGHI.

By a Catholic fiction the ascent is likened to that up Calvary, and is divided into twelve stations, representing different assumed events of the Saviour's passage up that mount—a cross and picture marking each station. Rising higher, the pine trees, whose rich aroma scented the air below, disappear: the Alpine pastures alone are around us. Passing several hotels on various slopes and points of view, we attain the summit—the Righi Kulm—when a scene appears which it were folly to attempt to describe, or paint,

or even imagine. The height is about six thousand feet. Twelve or thirteen blue lakes are in the horizon—each one with neat, little Swiss villages, with church spires rising high in air, on their banks. East, extends a vast country, far below, cultivated to the highest degree—with white houses, towns, fields, forests. West, rise hundreds of Alpine mountains—snowy, and cold, and grand—like an army of gigantic white monsters, that had sat in frozen embalmment for ages. The scene is humbling, tranquillizing and devotional. There is God in all grandeur and beauty; and this scene raises the soul to him in adoration. The bells of that old church in the quiet village below are ringing. How grandly comes the sound up here, like an anthem from Nature herself in praise of her Creator. The scene is truly one of extreme interest. You stand on the highest point of the mountain, on which is a raised platform, and by its side a cross. Just before you rises the monster hotel, the three lower stories of which are of stone, the three next of wood. Here many persons of various nations—English, French, Germans, Americans, are constantly arriving and departing—their costumes as various as their climes. Around you, on the summit, is collected a crowd of ladies and gentlemen—their guides pointing out the mountains or lakes—some one reading the infallible Murray, the English guide book—others are talking—and amidst all rises the wail of music: a violinist is discoursing in old German airs—handing round the hat occasionally for voluntary contributions. The ragged clouds of mist are rising out of the valley, hanging over the lakes, and gradually revealing, as they rise higher, the vast snow monsters of mountains, cradling in their cold hearts, glaciers, savage and grand-looking. But the great event is about to take place—the sunset, the glorious sun-death on the mountains. How he wraps himself in his finest tapestry of clouds, which are gilded by even his death-beams. 'Tis beautiful, wondrous—no hurry,

no noise, no excitement—all calm, grand, and god-like. There even the cold glaciers in the desolate sides of the mountain-passes, afar off, seem lit up by loveliness. There, where no flower ever blooms; where no tree grows; where no bird sings; where no man is or can come; where is but everlasting winter—dance the golden rays from ice-peak to ice-peak, and blushes come upon the face of desolation. About two hundred mountains are visible; some of them the highest Alps—the Engelbergen, Finster-Aar-Horn, Schreckhorn, Jungfrau, Blumlis-Alpe, Gallenstock, &c. The view extends into Italy, France, Germany, Austria, and over near twenty of the Swiss cantons. But here is that mysterious, miserable French invention to dine scientifically—*table d'hôte*—which is a fleeting panorama of dishes and servants—soup, fish, potatoes, mutton, beef, chicken-salad, pudding, cakes, fruits—all accompanied with wine. Certainly eating makes “a full man” as well as reading. There is a sentimental German opposite me, who looked as if he might have written the “Sorrows of Werter,” until wine unloosed his tongue. Now how he can talk; what a profusion of Yahs! yahs! What *work* it is to talk German! what a strong constitution it must require! whereas French is as easy as circulating one’s blood. And here is a big Englishman, beset with a conviction of his own importance. It would seem as if he thought he carried the spheres on his shoulders. And here is an American, anxious to have it known that he is one, and looking any thing but well at ease till he produces a proper awe on his hearers by announcing it. Some people are never at ease till others are not at ease. And here comes forth a Tyrolese, in regular costume—hat, feathers, stockings—with his guitar; and he sings to us diners, Ranz des Vaches and many other airs. A plate, however, is immediately handed round to the two hundred diners by his rather pretty wife; on which the guests may deposit something, to show their appreciation

of music. In the midst of the splendors of sunset, several small balloons, inflated with smoke, were let off. Immediately came the inevitable plate, which in Europe follows the slightest contribution to public gratification. The wonder is that a plate was not handed around in behalf of the sunset.

But out from this scene of humanity to the regal magnificence of Nature. The moon is up, and the lovely landscape is underneath its milder beams. There are the great snow-shining mountains—that ice world, so solemn, so soft, so silent—just touching heaven. Mount Righi stands as the advance guard of the army of the Alps; and though not so high as some other mountains, affords probably, on the whole, the finest landscape view in the world. The many and lofty snow-mountains, with their glaciers and granite peaks; the numerous blue lakes; the rich and beautiful country to the east—all afford a combination of the beautiful and sublime nowhere else paralleled. Such a scene of beauty imprinted on the heart is almost sufficient to redeem all its sorrows. But the next morning your memory may be busy in dreams with its youth, or fancy revelling in soft dreams of a future, when a vast, and yet soft sound, invades the entire premises of the Righi Kulm. It is the horn of the Tyrolean, which is sounded till every rag, and shred, and tatter of sleep is torn from the eyelids of all the guests, urging them to get up and see the Righi sunrise—the finest sunrise in any country. You get up from the land of dreams, and walk to the summit, a short distance above the hotel. There is the moon, preceded by Jupiter, and succeeded by the morning star. Crowds of ladies and gentlemen are hurrying like yourself (and they have not all of them quite finished their toilet duties) in the dim, cold, dawn-light, up to the height. You get up and look around; and there is the holy morning in the east, flushing and blushing with the glory underneath. Two strata of clouds

are gilded curtains stretched across the couch of the sun. Far below you are many lakes—those of Zurich, Zug, Lucerne, bathe the foot of Righi; the little, neat Swiss villages of Immensee, Schyss, Kussnacht, and others; the larger town of Lucerne, with its walls and towers; the innumerable white houses—and over all rests a surf-like mist, a spectral sea of fog. The morning is marvellously and unusually favorable. West and north of you, including the entire semi-horizon, are the mountains, looking singularly near and distinct, white and grand in the multitude of snow-peaks and glaciers. Look! the monster of them all, the Finster-Aar-Horn, has caught upon his giant sides an unwonted glistening. One by one, they seem to dip themselves upward—that congregation of mountains—with a new glory. You turn around to the east. There, between two mountain peaks, glitters what is like a star, but brighter and more powerful than any star—the first upward segment of the sun. The great mountains which are higher than the Righi have caught his beams first. They were the last to relinquish and the first to regain; and they give back in beauty what they get. The peculiar, rosy, Alpine glowing is on them. The Tyrolese winds his horn, and collects francs, semi-francs, and sous therefore; the big Englishman explains the mountains; the ladies listen to him and try to talk learnedly. One of them thinks she will not ascend the Foulhorn. After this scene, the German gets into raptures, and wants to quote Goethe; and the soft sunlight gradually comes around all: and the whole immense panorama of three hundred miles is bathed in light and color. The church-spires, far below you, catch the beams—the Jungfrau, the Eigher, the Monch, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Blumlis Alp, the Tetlis—all stand up in their snow-garments of a thousand years, and each lone, old gray peak is kissed by the young morning. They are like a city of vast cathedrals, ever pointing heavenward—all appealing to the

feeling of devotion and sublimity in man as an altar appeals to its God. Lake Zurich, a large expanse of blue water, bathes the foot of Righi, four thousand feet below, and on its further side you see a lacerated looking mountain, which seems, like Mount Pilatus, to have incurred a savage destiny. It is the Berg Fall—all that is left of Mount St. Rosenberg—a large part of which fell down in 1806, filling up a third part of one of the lakes, destroying several villages, and causing the destruction of more than four hundred and fifty persons, five hundred cattle and mules, and transformed a flourishing country into a desert. The like event will some day happen to the Righi—being of the same formation geologically—and it has already tottered:

“Mountains have fallen—

Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
 Rocking their Alpine brethren, filling up
 The ripe, green valley with destruction's splinters!
 Damming the rivers with a sullen dash,
 Which crushed the waters into mist, and made
 Their fountains find another channel—this,
 This, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
 Why stood I not beneath it?”

But we do not wish to predict such a calamity may befall Mount Righi. May it have a thousand years of glorious sunrises and sunsets on its green, grassy summit. Were there a sea-view here, it would be indisputably the finest view afforded on earth.

But changes again. We are now at

ZURICH,

on the “margin of its fair waters.” This is one of the pleasantest places we have yet seen. We have descended into the region of the vine again. Yesterday morning we left the Righi Kulm, taking one last look at its fair and grand panorama, which we hope will remain on mind and heart

forever. We took the route to Kussnacht, on Lake Lucerne. By an ingenious fiction of the Catholics, this route as well as the one from Weggis, is supposed to be the aisle of a church; and at different stations are pictures on crosses representing scenes in the ascent to Calvary, which may encourage the devotion of the worshipers; and at some points are placed very old-looking stone crosses. The morning was most lovely, and the vegetation here, in September, is as rich and green-looking as in one of June's finest mornings in America. The snowy Alps were visible almost the whole way down; and at length we arrived at Kussnacht, a quiet, pleasant old village, where Catholicism is as strongly entrenched as if Luther had never blown the bugle blast of reformation. The population were celebrating the feast of St. Mary. In the Diligence, through a lovely orchard country, we now passed to Immensee, on Lake Zug, where, on a pretty little stream, we sailed to the town of Zug, old, walled, castellated and quiet, situated in full view of Righi and the white-garmented Alps beyond. At Zug we got into a Diligence, and passed over the beautiful and finely cultivated country seen to the east of Righi. It is almost a constant succession of orchards, gardens, pretty and comfortable, though plain residences. The views of snow mountains were fine, in various directions afar. This is regarded as one of the best-cultivated parts of Switzerland. At Horgen, on Lake Zurich, where we arrived in the evening, we took the steamer to Zurich. The view of the lake, bursting at once on the eye, is truly lovely. The banks of the lake are a continued village; and above the houses on the slopes, grows the vine "that cherisheth the heart of god and man." The waters of all these lakes are singularly blue, to account for which, many theories have been invented. Perhaps they have so long gazed on the tranquil blue of their skies, that they cannot reflect any other color. A glance of the eye along the shores, em-

braces one of the finest scenes imaginable: the sloping banks covered with vine-plantations, and the numberless villages sitting on the blue borders of the lake. We are now in a Protestant Canton, where the Reformation took earliest and deepest root; where the first edition of the Bible in English was printed; where Protestant exiles found a home; and where Zwingli lived and preached. I saw the Cathedral in which he held forth. The situation of the town is charming. There are old towers and ancient walls, which latter are about being demolished. The promenades are fine along the river Linmat, which here passes into the lake. On the banks of this river is a splendid old grove, in which are some fine monuments: one to Gessner, the author of the "Death of Abel." The tomb of Lavater is also here. The population is about sixteen thousand. There are many benevolent and useful societies here, and the whole place presents a more progressive and onward appearance than the dull Catholic towns we have lately seen. The situation of the hotel at which we stop, "Baur-du-lac," is very fine. It is in an elegant garden, on the banks of the lake, and from it rise, in distinct view, the great, craggy, precipitous, snowy Alps.

But this rainy, dismal evening, we left the Protestant Zurichers to their quiet, honest life, by their lake, and came by railway, through a lovely, well cultivated country, to this old, towered town of

SCHAFFHAUSEN, ON THE RHINE.

We have seen the Rhine, the kingly Rhine—the word Rhine meaning King. We saw the noisy falls of the river, two or three miles from the town, which, with its gray, high stone towers, seems to be sepulchring up its own past. The country through which we passed seemed to be losing some of the characteristics of Switzerland—the houses with enormous eaves, built of pine plank several

inches thick, and with quaint carvings in front and on the gables, in which the Swiss so much delight—and to be assuming more of that heavy, square, dauby sort of style like the Germans. This town, however, seems rather more French than Zurich. Everywhere the French is the travel language—the language of courtesy, of the dining-room, and of the first address. If any one is in doubt as to your vernacular, he always begins by addressing you in French, as the assumed common language of Europe. One scarcely realizes that the world is old, in fresh, young, joyous, onward and upward America; but in these cities the hand of Time has written age on every thing. The population of these cities is generally stationary or retrogressive; the energy of old has departed; few houses are newly reared; and the object of the people seems to be to live merely, and not to make the most of life, and urge it to its utmost tension as in America. “Sufficient to each day is the evil thereof,” is a saying in practice exemplified.

We visited at leisure the Falls of the Rhine, this morning, September 10th, having had but a slight view of them when passing near in the railway last evening. We went down the river about two and a half miles below Schaffhausen; saw the Cataract from the right side; then crossed in a skiff below the Falls, and in full view of them; ascended a steep hill laid out in walks, and deeply shaded with trees; entered the Castle of Lauffen, built on a rock, almost overhanging the Falls. In a room in the castle, we saw beautiful drawings of the cascades, and fine natural scenery of Switzerland, and the well-executed carved-work in wood, representing houses, castles, and many articles of domestic use and ornament. We saw the Cataract from three favorable points of view in the castle, and saw the rainbows sporting like troops of spirits above it. It does not compare with Niagara, being only about one-third as high, and the water rushing down an exceedingly steep declivity, in-

stead of leaping over projecting rocks, as Niagara. Yet the scene is most beautiful, and there gradually grows on one a feeling of sublimity. The quantity of water is very great, the Rhine being a large and noble river. The vine-clad hills around; the two castles, one on each side of the Falls; the three massive, mossy rocks, rising high in and near the centre of the Falls; the very beautiful little bay below the Falls, in which the river seems to roll round and round, as if to see how the coming-down waters looked, and admire the descent; then the historical feelings connected with the old, fabled, castellated Rhine—the knight among rivers—make this Fall one of the most interesting in the world. Including the rapids above, the fall is about one hundred feet; without them, on one side sixty feet; on the other, forty-five. Indeed, it is a nucleus, an assemblage of waterfalls, a crowd of waterfalls collected at one place, each with an independent beauty. We returned to Schaffhausen, and strolled through this town of the middle ages. Much of the wall, and some of the gates, flanked with enormous towers, are entire. The gates are massive arches of stone-work supporting lofty stone towers, completely fortified; some capable of containing one hundred soldiers; some square, others round; and many of them one hundred feet high. They seem strangely out of character with the wants of the present age, but indicate a great age in the past of time. The middle ages are too much decried. Religion occupied more of man's attention than at present, as is evidenced by almost all the massive churches of Europe belonging to that period. Superstition makes men strong sometimes. On one of the gates I noticed a very old inscription in Latin, on the inside, "Safety to the outgoing;" on the outside, "Peace to those entering." Time is dealing rapidly with these lofty towers; and where they are not preserved for prisons or arsenals, or objects of curiosity, there are great fissures in them, through which one can see into the deep dungeons beneath. We

came to one of these, the largest, almost a town in itself, the

“UNOTH,” OR “MUNNOTH,”

a vast stone-pile on a hill, to which I ascended by a narrow, covered stairway of hundreds of steps. I met a great many very well dressed little boys, attended by grave, good-humored looking priests, part of the castle being now used as schools, which are the modern defenses and fortifications.

Arrived at the end of this corridor, I saw a notice in French, to travelers, importing that whoever wishes to enter should pull the rope. I saw a rope attached to the door then, extending upward more than one hundred and fifty feet to the top of the highest tower. One or two vigorous pulls at this produced a loud “Yah! yah!” at the other end; and, on looking up, I saw a woman leaning out of one of the portholes, and immediately a large key slid down to me on the rope, with which opening the massive door, I entered, and found myself in a tower like a tube with a winding, stone staircase. The door closed behind me, and I was locked up in the Castle of Unoth. Round and round the staircase in the tower I went, and up and up. The walls of the tower are eighteen feet thick; in the walls are port, or airholes, long and narrow, for the admission of a little gray light. Arrived at the top of the tower, I found it expanded into several large rooms, in one of which I found the family of the guardian of the tower, consisting of himself—a large and most diabolical-looking Dutchman—his wife, an intelligent-looking woman, and their daughter, really an interesting, pretty, and well-formed young lady, occupying these elevated and neatly-kept rooms. From the portholes they showed me glorious views of the old town underneath, with its tiled roofs, and the blue Rhine, young as it was a thousand years ago, running through the town. The tower in which I stood issued out

of a vast circular building of stone, the principal part of the fortification, and all around it was a deep ditch or moat. The old lady showed me these various things. She speaking German, of which I understood but little, and I answering in French, of which she understood none. So the conversation was not mutually edifying. The grim, old father glared at me, and the old lady now handed the ponderous bunch of keys to her daughter, and I was about to explore this old creation of Feudalism with the fair daughter of the castle. We descended the stone steps, she preceding, the old people remaining above. We came to several side-doors, one of which was unlocked by the lady of the tower. We entered a lofty room floored with small pebble-stones, the windows were very small and high. Here was a vast collection of arms, armor, battle-axes, lances, and all kinds of warlike implements used in the middle ages, hanging and lying around in the grim apartment, in disused and gory grandeur. From this a door opened on the roof of the castle. This roof was of stone, on which much grass had grown, and it was surmounted by a high wall in old, warlike times, the soldiers standing on the roof of the castle, and being defended, to some extent, by the wall. Through the roof were several circular openings, through which we could look down into an apparently deep dungeon underneath. Descending lower, we entered this dark, immense apartment. It was circular, and had numerous columns supporting the thick, stone-vaulted roof, from which continually fell drops of dampness, rendering the stone floor quite wet. Very little light, and that thin, gray, unhappy sort of light, came in from the holes above. The room was vacant, though large enough to contain, with ease, one thousand soldiers. Half of it was under ground. A side-door, which I had not observed before, was opened by lock and key, revealing a staircase leading much lower down, and apparently into dark immensity. A lantern hung on one side

of the narrow stone descent. With a match, which I had not noticed she carried, my guide lit the candle, and we descended a great distance into the earth, and came at length to a narrow, winding avenue between the foundation-walls of the castle, leading on—on, I knew not whither. The darkness was dense, and the walls were damp and cold. My slightly-formed, fair, young guide led the way, however, and I followed her into this dark, subterraneous chamber. We walked some minutes, I not knowing whether her father, the beetle-browed Dutchman, might not have used her as a decoy to introduce travelers into this place, that he might deal death or robbery on unknown individuals, a deed so easily committed by the powerful resources he had at his command in these subterranean galleries. I had observed my guide grow somewhat pale, and that her hands trembled when we were about descending to this place, inasmuch that she was at first quite unable to unlock the door of the staircase. Most of the Rhine castles, in their long lives of a thousand years, have been stained with blood from “turret to foundation-stone;” and the facilities for secret murders in these dark passages, which lead into each other, and lead no one knows where, are very great. Besides, the disappearance of a simple traveler, who has only registered his name at a hotel, who never comes back, would excite but few inquiries, in a strange country where he is utterly unknown, and he would soon be forgotten—the landlord would keep his baggage—the robber his money—hide his bones, and “there an end.” Threading this long avenue thus in the dark, it is not to be wondered at that I observed every appearance, trod my way cautiously, and felt resolved, if necessary, to sell my life—not cheaply. But my guide was true. To my inquiries as to where we were going, she returned no intelligible answer. But at length she led me to another staircase where I saw a glimmer of the light of heaven, and we soon emerged from the dark

gallery. I gave her a fee, she unlocked the castle door, and it was with a sensation of relief that I found myself out into the fresh, loving air and sunshine, after exploring the damp, dark dungeons of the Castle of Unoth. In this castle a Pope was secreted, during the middle ages, by some of his friends, and the Council of Constance (who demanded him) defied, and no doubt dark and horrid crimes committed which none but God could see. Schaffhausen is in the dominions of the sovereign Prince of Wurtemberg. It has near seven thousand inhabitants.

But we are now in the old Roman town of

BASLE (OR BALE) ON THE RHINE.

'Tis a dull, sad, and rainy evening. From my window I look out on a strong, old wall, over which the green ivy has grown. The Rhine, almost as majestic as the Mississippi, flows by in historic majesty. Here the old walls encircling the city and their numerous towers are almost entire. The place of the moat, or wide, deep ditch, which could, in time of a siege, be filled with water, is now converted into a green, pleasant, fruitful garden. In some places the towers have inscriptions on them, indicating them to be the work of the sixth or seventh century. The war-like works of the Romans outlived the Roman Empire. We have visited the old, red-looking Cathedral, built of red sandstone, in the year 1010; have been in the room where a General Council sat, and where a Pope was elected; and have seen the red marble tomb erected to the learned Erasmus; and have been also in the deep crypt under the church, where repose the remains of the royal family of Baden. This is one of the small city Cantons of Switzerland. It is Protestant, and the splendid churches erected by the gorgeous religion of the Catholics, are now devoted to strict Calvinism, which worships among tombs and vanished glories of a past age. The church, internally and

externally, is a splendid triumph of the noble science of architecture.

We left Schaffhausen, yesterday, at two o'clock by Diligence, passing over the fine, hard, smooth roads of this country, at rather a slow rate. The country was well cultivated, abounding in meadows, clover, and grain. In some places we saw the oats yet unharvested in the fields. Women were at work in the fields as well as men, and their appearance was somewhat suggestive of the slaves on a cotton plantation. Whether their condition was better than that of the slaves, in being lords of the liberty to toil for an uncertain subsistence, rather than in toiling without any anxiety for the morrow, with the certainty of plenty for life, we shall not here discuss. As usual in this country, there were no fences, and but few hedges, all the fields being open and exposed, and not otherwise distinguished from each other, except by the various crops in them. There were few isolated houses; but in the distant valleys we saw numerous villages, the abodes of the agriculturists, and occasionally tall, old turrets, which marked where a warlike castle had been, would rise to view, telling that the past of those fertile valleys had been very different from their present. The usual Catholic crosses of stone stood on the roadside, some with the spear and sponge. After four hours and a half riding in the Diligence, we came to the village of Waldshut, on the Rhine, where we left the Diligence and took the cars for Bâle. This village is on the borders of the Black Forest of Germany. The walls, and gates, and towers in that place looked very old; in some instances utterly fallen down, or incorporated into more modern buildings, and all appearing desolate in their great age. Vines and fruits of all kinds are here cultivated. We at this place crossed the Rhine and re-entered Switzerland, our baggage being previously subjected to an examination.

Bâle has about twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, and consists of two parts, divided by the Rhine, but connected by a wooden bridge. It is principally Protestant, who, as in other European towns, are engaged in a multitude of little manufactures—ribbons, watches, pictures, carved-works in wood, keep restaurants, cafes. Each profession that in America is managed by one man, is here subdivided into a multitude of minor ones, the greater population in Europe rendering every distinct part of any thing a sort of specialty, by which means works of those kinds are generally better than with us. In the city, and near it, are many remains of the old Roman dominion along the Rhine. The view from a terrace planted with trees, back of the Cathedral, and immediately over the Rhine, is beautiful, embracing a part of the Black Forest. Near the Cathedral, or Minster, as it is called, are the cloisters, covered and enclosed places for the monks to walk in and study, in the old times when there was a monastery attached to each church—now used as burial-places for the dead, and also then—dead men's bones and graves being important adjuncts to the Catholic religion. The stone slabs, with the inscriptions in various languages, form the floors, and are placed along the walls, and have dates back for many hundreds of years, and have curious carvings and armorial bearings, telling of dust that was once high in rank. 'Tis a humiliating sight to the vainglorious and proud, and a place of instruction to all. Nowhere has the stern reality, to which we all must come, of rottenness and corruption, the decay and oblivion that must enwrap all, been so forcibly impressed on the mind, as by these failures in attempts to preserve a slight memento which soon becomes mute, mouthless, and meaningless. Let me die and go regularly into dust, and become vegetables, trees, animals, grass, or beer-barrels, and not have the mockery of a monument. But alongside this Campo Santo flows the Rhine, regardless of human excellence or decay.

I also visited the Museum, which is quite interesting, having many fine paintings of the Dutch school, as well as many Egyptian and Eastern antiquities; poisoned arrows; mummies, rolled and unrolled, glaring at you from sockets sightless for four thousand years. Two paintings seemed especially striking: one, a dead Christ, which is truly remarkable—there is the vividness, the reality, the life-death before you; it represents him lying extended, awfully dead, just before the entombment. The other painting is the deploring of the women at the death of Christ, a painting of high merit, on which mind and genius are stamped on canvas for the admiration of a thousand generations.

But for several days during our stay in Bâle I have been quarrelling extensively with the Swiss government, especially the Postal department. I have not indeed been reforming Switzerland, as a certain ambitious young American, who undertook, not long since, to reform Austria—the consequence of which was he became acquainted with the interior walls of a prison—but I have been making attempts to recover my baggage, entrusted to the Post department at Berne, to be conveyed to this point—that, returning from the trip to the Bernese Oberland, I might meet it here. Generally the Postal departments in Europe are thoroughly reliable, especially in France. The trunk being valuable, and having paid for its safe delivery—holding a receipt from the department—they bestir themselves very much. There is much talk in various languages, especially in that unknown tongue which persons use who undertake any other language than their vernacular. Telegraphic dispatches, letters, &c., are sent to Berne, but in vain; the baggage is stolen by some one, misplaced, lost, or gone traveling on its own responsibility. Nobody is to blame of course; accidents will happen; the fault must be at Berne, &c. At length I determined to return to Berne. Passing first out of the old feudal gates in the walls of the

city by a Diligence to a depot outside the walls; then by one of the slow Swiss railways, that scarcely average twelve miles an hour, I arrived near the chain of the Jura Mountains, through which the tunnel not being completed, I cross in another slow Diligence, wending up and down the mountains, affording fine views; thence by railway to Berne—arriving at four o'clock in the evening—the whole distance being only sixty miles. Here nearly the same exercises were enacted as at Bâle; the baggage had been sent; somebody was in fault; the fault must be at Bâle.

But who could discern
Whether at Bâle or at Berne,
Or at Berne or at Bâle,
Was the fault of the mail?

The practical conclusion to be drawn from all this is to carry no other baggage when traveling except a purse and a tooth-brush; or if any other be taken, never to entrust it to the Postal departments on the Rhine. In both cities I had the assistance of the American representatives, who exerted themselves very promptly, but without effect—the trunk being so skillfully and ingeniously lost that no trace, no sign remained behind. Returning to Bâle I had glorious views of the great Alps mountains, in their cold clothing of snows and glaciers, through which I had wandered since leaving Berne the previous time. Some of the views in the peaceful valleys of the Jura Mountains were lovely, and we passed many little old stone villages, nestled for many hundred years in their green solitudes. The scenes were infinitely various—itsself a proof that nature belongs to a system which has eternity for one of its ideas.

In Switzerland, that land of snow mountains, and for playthings cascades and waterfalls, we have been above a month. Its different valleys and mountains, grow very different kinds of peoples as well as plants. Centuries of

the same kind of influences of soil, air, climate and sun have wrought a diseased degeneracy in some of the Alpine valleys which it is painful to contemplate. A continuation of the same kind of influences will infallibly degenerate man. He requires variety. Not useless, therefore, are wars and those great convulsions of the social system. The object of the world is to develop the entire susceptibilities of human nature. So long as we in America continue a restless, roving, migratory sort of people, occupied in settling new lands and territories, and agitated about the respective interests of our various sections, our elections, our parties, we shall continue a great people. So long as the Swiss, the Italians, some portions of New England—whether from love of country, or indolence, or prejudice—are surrounded by a continuation of the same kind of influences, their nature will narrow. Mankind had, long ago, been extinct but for the confusion of tongues, which obliged them to separate into other regions, and form new communities, where the action of new influences might exercise and develop new principles, and renew man himself.

But the great, deep-toned bell of the Cathedral of

STRASBOURG

is sounding out its burden of hours gone to the night air. How grand a creation is that pile of net-looking carved stone-work. It should stand in the midst of an American prairie, as a thing silent, grand, eloquent, and unapproachable—this great cathedral of the eleventh century, that was four hundred and twenty-four years in building, and the spire of which reaches higher toward heaven than any other in the world—being four hundred and seventy-four feet high from the pavement.

We left Bâle, Tuesday, September 14, at one o'clock, on the railway, for Strasbourg. The day was pleasant, and our course lay along the lovely, level, fertile Valley of the

Rhine. On our left rose the Jura and Vosges Mountains, from many of whose conical and dome-like peaks looked down ruins of castles, many of them highly picturesque. I noticed four gray, grim, towers, in one place, standing around the fallen-down walls of the central building. Many of them stand on projecting capes of red sandstone, which slope down from the mountains toward the level Rhine valley. There is along here a curious wall of unknown origin, made of unhewn stones, without cement, called the Wall of the Pagans. Remains of this kind were quite numerous—almost every hill of difficult access having a tower, or a wall, indicating where a castle had been; and at the base of the hill is generally a small village. We are now in La Belle France, having entered it a mile or two from Bâle, at a small place called St. Louis, where our baggage was examined and our passports demanded. The latter were not altogether in form; but after a little inspection of them and us, they were vised by a special commissioner of police for the United States, and we were courteously permitted to pass. The country around our route looked very beautiful indeed. Long avenues of the graceful poplar and the green willow met the eye. Tobacco flourished finely—the sugar-beet, also, and fine fields of clover and grass, in square plats, were interspersed with fields whence the golden wheat had been lately reaped. In some of the towns were manufactures of cotton prints and stained papers for rooms. We are now in the Rhine Valley, with its glory and its garniture of castles, furnishing a gallery of antiquity and feudal association unsurpassed anywhere on the earth.

This morning, September 15th, which is a delicious and lovely day, we employed a guide in order “to do Strasbourg.” These guides are generally, or very often, idle individuals “loafing” about interesting places in the traveling season, and very ready, if they see an individual gazing at any thing curiously, to proffer him some information—ex-

pecting to be employed as guides. Often they are drunken, ignorant and unreliable; but they know the localities. We went into the great cathedral, and saw its forest of stately Gothic pillars—some of them as large as an ordinary sized church—rising high and supporting the roof and tower, like giant oaks, on which rests heaven. Here Catholicism yet worships in all its glory. At one end is the great clock, which can do almost any thing. It calculates eclipses; gives the equation of time; shows the motions and appearances of the planets; has a perpetual almanac; shows all the holy days of the Catholic Church; makes many moral and religious suggestions by means of an automaton: and, in short, is a wonder, almost a miracle, of machinery.

At twelve o'clock, a large brazen cock, near the top of the vast establishment, flaps his wings and crows thrice, heard all over the church; the figures of the Twelve Apostles march around in a circuit; the figure of Death strikes the hours; and the whole clock becomes almost animated. I ascended the tower of the Cathedral to the platform, more than three hundred feet high. The great spire, visible as a thing of beauty, "cleaving the sky," long before one reaches Strasbourg, extends like a woven work of stone and iron, gradually tapering to the top, where it terminates in a cross about one hundred and seventy-four feet higher. The ascent can be made by a slender stairway of stone and iron nearly to the top; but it is a feat more to be admired than imitated, as several persons have fallen down, and some have precipitated themselves, overpowered by that singular feeling that impels one to leap down when one is at a great height. It is the highest church spire in the world, probably also the grandest and in the most perfect taste. The view from the platform is truly grand; the city with its two walls, one of square stone, the other inside wall of earth, terraced and planted with trees; the houses red-tiled;

the streets; the throbbing human life below; the level valley of the Rhine; the hills of the Vosges; the Black Forest, all in sight. But chief of all is the wonderful poem of a church below, a lace-work in stone, with its infinite forms of columns, its numerous statues of different centuries, and the complete combination in a whole of exquisite beauty and grandeur. The church enjoys the unusual distinction among European churches, of having one family of artists, under whose superintendence the works were carried on. Erivin of Steinbach, his son, and afterward his daughter Sabina, whose remains are interred within the church. The nave of the church was begun in A. D. 1015. In a chapel adjoining the church, we saw many most ingeniously carved works formerly belonging to the church, but some of which were broken at the time of the first French revolution, when the brass of churches was used to make cannon, and the iron was melted to form balls, when all churches were desecrated and worship ceased. There is here also an old plaster-cast of the architect of the church, in a posture delightful to persons phrenologically given, as it represents him standing erect, looking up, as if watching each stone as it was placed on the edifice, in profound thought, and with his finger on the organ of constructiveness. I saw, also, the inside of the ancient clock, the present one in the Cathedral being made in imitation of the old one. The old bronze cock of great size is here. It had done duty as crower on the top of the clock for three hundred years. It will never crow or flap its wings again. It is of very singular and ingenious mechanism. In another church, now used by the Protestants, we saw the beautiful tomb of Marshal Saxe, the great hero warrior of the reign of Louis XV., the work of twenty-five years, by the French sculptor Pigolle. It is very expressive and grand, and, in some respects, rather better than that of Napoleon at Paris. There is a fine figure of the Marshal in the most command-

ing attitude, descending to the tomb; the coffin is represented in black marble; Death is at one end, a bony, horrid figure, opening the lid; France is represented by a female figure weeping and attempting to drive death away; the symbols of the defeated nations, Austria represented by the eagle, England by the lion; and others also are cowering and shrinking beneath his glance; all in immense, massive marble, and wonderfully expressive. In the same church we saw also an embalmed body, in excellent preservation, of a celebrated knight of the middle ages, which, with the body of his daughter, also embalmed, though not so well preserved, had been found in the crypt of this church, where they had lain four hundred years.

Strasbourg is very strongly fortified, and contains a garrison of six thousand soldiers. The population is about seventy thousand. The walls are modern, and some of them are mounted with cannon; and alongside of them are the artillery corps, going through, all day, with the process of loading and discharging their pieces so as to give them skill. Soldiers, in armed bodies, are constantly met in all the streets and hotels. They are the finest and largest-formed and bodied part of the people, and probably tend to perpetuate the race physically, and keep the nation from degenerating. We were in the arsenal, which contains fire-arms for one hundred and fifty-five thousand men, and nine hundred and fifty-two pieces of cannon; also in the cannon, bomb, and mortar foundry, which all looked as if the extermination of mankind was a flourishing business. The letter "N," for Napoleon, is stamped on every thing—gun, cannon, and bomb. The Emperor governs too much, he lets the governing hand be too plainly, palpably, and frequently seen. He not only has the French people in chains, but he shows them the chains. He lays on the recollections of the first Napoleon too thick. The principle of belief was astounded by the first Napoleon's actions; and as

actions in their effects, never die, his exploits seem to require after ages for their full notoriety.

One of the streets here is called the "Fire street," in consequence of a tremendous bonfire made here in 1348. The Jews having been accused of poisoning the wells and fountains, two thousand of them were burnt here at one time. This was the terrible Christianity of the middle ages. Though Strasbourg is in France, it seems to be rather more of a German than French city.

But here we are this evening, Wednesday, September 16th, at

BADEN-BADEN,

one of the fashionable watering-places of Germany. It is a pretty place, the houses, which are principally hotels, being large. The city contains about six thousand inhabitants, and is situated on the slope of hills descending from the Black Forest. It is much cleaner than the abominable old French and Swiss towns, in which thousands of noxious scents, each one a distinct nasal horror, meet you at all points. We left Strasbourg at two o'clock, in an omnibus for Kiel, crossing the Rhine on a bridge of boats. Entering the territories of the Grand Duke of Baden, our passports were demanded and luggage examined. The officials are instructed to do these things courteously, and there is little or no trouble if they are met in a corresponding manner. We got on the Duke of Baden's railway at Kiel, and arrived here about five o'clock in the evening, passing over the fertile valley of the German side of the Rhine. Much of the land was in meadows; and we saw the peasants, women as well as men, the former in rather singular costumes, busily employed in the fragrant haymaking. Tobacco, beets, cabbages, and even corn, though the latter is short in stature, and small in production, are cultivated. Many of the houses are almost covered with the vine, protruding its

rich products in red globules; and the ivy, which is a great institution in all this country, clasps all the old walls and ruins, all fleetly passing before the vision as you flit rapidly through the country. Baden-Baden, or the Place of Baths, the name being repeated to distinguish it from another Baden, is probably the pleasantest place in Europe, in summer. The railway comes up to it in a valley between two high hills. The waters are thermal and have a slightly acidulous taste. They are used both for bathing and drinking. Promenades and carriage-drives are numerous among the green, sloping, shady hills. The roads and streets are kept remarkably clean. Large and elegant buildings, with stately colonnades, in which are paintings, statuary, are erected, in which to promenade, converse, drink of the waters, look at the pretty and finely-dressed women, and gamble. The latter is practiced to a far greater extent than I have ever seen anywhere. Two large *faro-tables*, also *rouge-et-noir*, are nightly crowded, both by men and women. Splendid devils in the form of women, outside jewelry, diamonds, richness of all kinds; inside harlotry and unhappiness, here congregate. I saw several women here exquisitely beautiful, and with all the air and intellect and grace of damned angels about them. Fine music, dancing, diversify the scene; the air is soft, pure, exquisite; the scenery romantic; the views of castles, ruins, etc., interesting; the waters invigorating; and Baden-Baden is a paradise for lust.

But it is morning, one of the rich, clear mornings of mild September. From one of the high hills or mountains of Baden look down the valley, and on a past of more than a thousand years, the old walls of a gray castle. We are on our way to it by one of the winding roads through the forest. How clear the air, and how green the fir forest, and how the thick mosses carpet the entire earth, and the aroma of the pines comes gratefully to the senses. Up, up through

a dense pine shade in the Black Forest of Germany. English carriages, with pretty, unhappy, romantic-looking ladies within, all going to see the old ruin *der alten schloss*. We came at length near its gray, high walls looking down on us from the garment of thick ivy, grown almost into a tree. Its roof is all gone, and time has knocked down all the upper parts of the walls. Yet more than a hundred feet remains. You climb stone steps, and ascend walls crumbling into decay; you pass doors leading into subterraneous abysses. You get on the wall. Below you extends a vast scene of forest and rock. But you are only one-third of the way up. Here is another part of the castle attached to the solid rock, you mount it, its walls twelve feet thick, and you ascend the third or highest part, for it is equal to three ordinary-sized castles, growing on the mountain rocks. What a view! Twenty or more of the villages of the Rhine valley, with their red-tiled roofs; the great Rhine himself; the Schartz Wald, or Black Forest, with its supernatural associations, are before you; and around are the vast walls, halls, courtyards, reception-rooms, roofless, all ruin, and nothing alive but the ivy now in bloom, on which the bees are feeding; trees, pines, beeches, chestnuts, hundreds of years old, growing out of the walls, and taking root in what were the private rooms of feudal lords and royal ladies. The elements have conquered what the battering-rams could not. The slow march of time has humbled, leveled, brought to dust, what the fierce tide of war essayed in vain. From this ruin a path leads through the fir forest to high rocks which look as if they were a castle petrified. They are deep in the forest. Some of the rooms in the old ruin have been roofed, and there is now kept in them a restaurant, in which the weary climbers, ladies and gentlemen, may indulge in wine and eatables, on rustic seats under the shades of the castle, and the pines. Little is known about this castle, except that it was long the residence of the

princes and margraves of the house of Baden. Nearer the town, on a hill above it, is the new castle. This is celebrated for its horrid dungeons, *oubliettes*, or chambers of forgetfulness; inquisitorial racks; images of the Virgin, which condemned persons are required to kiss, and immediately find themselves grasped in the arms of a monster, with arms of iron spikes, or else at once fall down into regions of darkness, there to starve or drown. Having sufficiently "supped full of horrors" in the Castle of Unoth, I did not care to explore those of this castle. The grounds around are beautiful; terraces and carved stone ascents; aged trees, and shady recesses among the vines and the dark ivy. But the castle itself seems to charnel up a wordless past.

We are now in

HEIDELBURG.

Yesterday we left Baden-Baden by railway for this place. Our course lay along the level valley of the Rhine, which, except in some portions, did not appear to be so fertile as in the parts previously passed. It was chiefly in meadow, but the grass was short and thin. Every effort appears to be made by the farmer here to procure manure, which, with skillful cultivation, is doubtless their principal reliance, as the natural fertility of the soil has been exhausted for a thousand years.

The hills of the Black Forest, where arable, were clad with the vine, and occasionally surmounted by a picturesque ruin, the tower of an old castle belonging to some of the numerous old dynasties once reigning and warring in these valleys, but long since extinct. Heidelberg has about sixteen thousand inhabitants, near three times as many as Baden-Baden, though not near so pleasant a place. Baden-Baden has numerous promenades under shady, old trees, and enjoys a fine, warm climate, and, by consequence, great freshness and vigor of the vegetation, which are

thought to arise from the same causes that produce the sixteen hot springs in that town. In these Heidelberg is deficient. It is situated on the river Neckar, within a few miles of its entrance into the Rhine. Heidelberg possesses a great ruin, probably among the most remarkable of the remains of the great, dead middle ages. I have been slowly over, under, and through this majestic, kingly pile, which now bears about the same relation to its past that a mouldering skeleton does to life. It is of immense extent, and contains innumerable rooms of all sizes and shapes. It is roofless, except in part. Ivy, of two hundred years growth, (now in bloom) that lover of, and feeder on, ruin, clings in luxuriant profusion around it, drawing its sustenance out of the red sandstone rocks of which the castle is built. It stands on the slope of a mountain, cut into numerous terraces, planted with rare old trees, and adorned with arbors. Above and below the castle extends an old, thick wall, also ivy-grown, in which are many secret caverns, and, in some parts, concealed fountains, whose cheerful gurgle contrasts strangely with the lonesomeness and decay of the present. The garden is excellently kept, and mocks, with its annual renovation, the grim, hoary ruin which looks down on it, and which shall never again resound to the tread of lordly knight or lofty dame. Arches and walls, towers and statues, bearing dates of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, look at you, eloquent with ruin; carved images of mail-clad heroes stare at you from walls open to the wind and rain, and where trees have taken root and flourished. It is too old even to be haunted; and it has nothing to do but await the leveler—Time. The day was truly pleasant, and over all the ruins rested the soft sunlight. Many persons were wandering dreamily about the ruins, some sketching them with pencil seated in the shade. The French, many years ago, bombarded this castle. General Tilley, in the Thirty Years' War, reduced it. Its past is renown, its

future, decay. Each of these old castles is supposed to have a quiet, melancholy, tutelar genius, who inhabits it, and preserves it from further decay. Many of its walls are sixteen feet thick. Winding, narrow roads ascend to it from Heidelberg, from which it is distant about fifteen minutes walk. You go up a steep, stone-paved ascent, and soon come to a terraced garden with many old pear and other fruit-trees, and you enter the castle by what were perhaps formerly subterranean passages, passing into large halls, floored with pebbles. A lady who lives in, and lets out some rooms in the castle to persons ambitious of such a ghostly residence, takes you around, unlocks the gates, shows you the way up the ruined tower, by dangerous staircases, and gives you the names of the various apartments. It is all built of thick, massive stones, some of which are cracked by the French cannonading. It was struck by lightning about one hundred years ago, and terribly damaged. In one of the cellars we saw the great tun, the largest in the world, still entire, capable of containing two hundred and eighty-three thousand bottles of wine. It is thirty-six feet long, and twenty-four in diameter. By its side stands a dwarfish figure in wood, the Count Palatine's jester, who, an inscription states, was in the habit of drinking fifteen bottles of wine per diem. This was in the days when high revel kept court in these lofty halls. From the terrace, a large stone platform, extends a most superb view of Heidelberg, its old Cathedral, also of red-sandstone, the bridge, the river Neckar, and the high mountain on the opposite side of the river, on the top of which stands also an old tower, and between which and this castle, existed, in old times, a subterraneous communication, passing under the town and the river. This must have been some five or six miles in length. I was assured of this by a student here, who had explored it for some distance. It is certain that many of the hills on which these old castles stood, had generally strange and remote passages,

known only to the proprietor, by means of which escape might be had, and relief obtained, in time of danger. Above the tower extends a lofty mountain. Pursuing a path up, I reached an eminence on which a Swiss cottage has been erected, offering wine and other refreshments, and, at the same time, one of the most enchanting prospects in Europe. You look out from the narrow valley of the Neckar, and the great, level Rhine valley, the river itself, and countless villages and cities on its banks, among them Mayence, with its towers and spires. Below you is the picturesque ruin, and still lower, the old town and the river, and around are mountains tower-crowned. It is almost as fine as the view on the Righi, except that there are no snow mountains in the landscape.

Heidelberg has the oldest college in Germany, and there are many literary institutions and many students. The Reformation here took root, and excited many contests with the Catholics in regard to which party should possess the old cathedral. It was at length settled that each should have half. The cathedral was then divided by a large partition. Protestantism worships at one end; in the other Catholicism—the Protestants pitying the ignorance of the Catholics: the Catholics decreeing that all heretics are damned necessarily. On the door of the Catholic church of the city, Jerome of Prague—afterward burnt for his faith at Constance—nailed his defense of Protestantism. What heroes Protestantism had when it was young, and fresh, and new, and its preachers had for their reward martyrdom and not money!

We are now off, however, on the railway, for

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

We are now in the Rhine valley, which, along our route, appears in good cultivation. The peasants are raking the hay into rows; some gathering the blushing apples into

bags; others denuding the tobacco stalk of its broad leaves. On the right are hills and mountains, which are covered with the vine, or where cultivation is inadmissible, have a vesture of dark firs, above which rise frequently the antique towers, telling of feudal chevaliers' domination—some of the views picturesque and striking in their mournful decay of ages. Unprogressive village after village is passed—for here population is stationary—the old die, the young enlist or go off; and perhaps no change takes place for centuries, except what is old becomes older, the castles grayer, the cathedrals more solemn-looking. But we enter the city of Frankfort-on-the Main, thus called to distinguish it from Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in Prussia. It is a free city, a small, independent republic, which, with three other cities of Germany—Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubec—procured, during the middle ages, the privilege of self-government. Frankfort has about seventy thousand inhabitants; and some streets have the bustle, life, activity, and appearance of some American cities—streets crowded, houses large, well-built, and modern-looking. But what a change on going into the Jews' Quarter. It looks like an antique, oriental town—narrow streets; houses with ends on the streets, each story progressing over the other, so as almost to arch the street; so strange with those curious gables; so old, so crowded with people—and at the same time it must be confessed and admitted the scents have an indescribable unpleasantness about them, reminding one of New Orleans in June, where each precinct is instinct with a distinct stink.

In a public square you see the statue representing Goethe, the great, "all-sided Goethe;" and you are shown the house in which he was born. The statue represents him as a big-browed, big-headed, big-bodied Dutchman. How *he* came to have such imagination, it would be difficult to tell—unless his liver was diseased. He was, however,

sometimes right in his views; and perhaps his errors have been a cause of others getting right. But his influence and fame have been improperly great. His was an original mind, however; and his works have been the fruitful parents of numerous novels, poems, and those intellectual reveries dignified by the name of metaphysics, in which some complaisant, good-humored people in England and America indulge, when one does not know whether they really are wise or are only trying to be foolish.

Since entering Germany quite a decided difference is discernible in many things. The people are slower, surer, more steady, and not so volatile as the French. There is more honesty, too—more steady, hopeless, hard-workingness. The French are quiet, rather light, but energetic when humored with their own way. The Swiss are somewhat weak and thoughtful, but on the whole rather honest, make good watches, are first-rate guides, and fight well too, when fairly “in for it.” The Germans are dull, grand, and serviceable; the French are quick, ingenious and vicious; the Swiss gentle, affectionate and weak; the Americans are immense at every thing—in their own estimation.

Of course the computation of money is very different, France and Switzerland have the same currency—the principal coins being Napoleons, which are of gold, and worth three dollars and eighty cents; the franc of silver, worth nineteen cents, twenty of which of course make a Napoleon; and the centime, worth near two mills or one-fifth of a cent, one hundred of which make a franc. The sou is of copper, and worth about an American cent. In Germany the silver coins are guilders, or florins—both the same value; and kreutzers, sixty of which make a guilder, which is worth about forty-two cents; the kreutzer worth about seven or eight mills. French Napoleons are, however, taken all over Europe, and the smaller coins of each country given in change.

I entered the Stadel Museum, which has very many splendid paintings and some fine statuary—plaster casts also of originals elsewhere, most of the latter being in an undesirable state of nudity for a mixed company to visit. The City Hall contains portraits of all the German emperors, in full length, and in the costume of each period, for the last eight hundred years. They look very imposing in that dark old hall—those shadows coming down to us along the corridors of time—those shadows now who were formerly actors of the things of history. They were formerly crowned in this city, which then was and perhaps now may be considered as the capital of Germany—the Diet, or general Congress to settle the politics of Germany, being still held in this city. Frankfort, in territory, is one of the smallest states of the Germanic confederation, yet is one of the richest cities in the world. The head-quarters of the Rothschilds are here. They were born here—and the old house, in the Jewish Quarter, with its peaking, projecting cornices, in which they were born, and from which their mother would never remove, is shown. The population of the city is about seventy thousand, of whom ten thousand are Jews, whose grotesquely old part of the city is food for the gazer for hours. These peculiar, extraordinary people, the only example of a preserved nationality in a despised people, seem to be waiting, still strong in the one hope of the coming man; which hope itself preserves them, and gives them that continuity of purpose and oneness of direction that makes them so successful in amassing wealth.

Germany is an instructive lesson to the United States. She could be the strongest power in Europe, if the various thirty-five states, of which she consists, were united under a central government as ours. They are all independent of each other, and a union prevails for political purposes only. As they are never really united on any point, and have no compelling head, they have no influence in the affairs of

Europe. There is no nobility in Frankfort; the Burgo-master is the principal person in the state. Some of these small German states are able to maintain only six horsemen. Nevertheless, each has an independent prince, who rules and keeps a court with the attributes of royalty. These families that govern are those who yet keep above the sea of Time, which has engulfed the proprietors of these numerous feudal castles which remain in decay in Germany, the owners of which becoming too poor to maintain their dignity, in consequence of modern changes, enlisted in the Austrian army, or in that of neighboring powers, and gradually became estranged and extinct, leaving their castles to lapse or decay. The soil is now possessed by numerous small proprietors, who reside in the villages, seldom on their land, the villages being chiefly agricultural, seldom a shop, unless for retailing tobacco, or cigars, in this part of Germany, being found in them. The inhabitants, in addition to their own maintenance, must support the military, who are the instruments of the sovereign in keeping them in a state of subjection.

On the 25th of this month there is to be a meeting of the Emperors of France and Russia, at Stuttgard, the capital of Wirtemberg, not far from the route over which we have gone. Had their majesties consulted *our* convenience in regard to time, we should probably have been present also, and assisted their deliberations. One object of the meeting is stated to be to agree on a simultaneous reduction in the standing army of each state in Europe. This would be vastly advantageous to Germany and France both, as large armies necessitate the withdrawal of many persons from agriculture and other employments, and those who would, if they were not in the army, support themselves, are thus supported by others. But Europe is over-peopled now, and the various kinds of employment are already filled, and it would seem as if a standing army were necessary in order

to take off and kill the surplus population. Emigration to America is a natural and benevolent necessity. Few of these towns increase in population. The surplus enlist in the army, or go off to America or other countries, which thus become peopled with the most enterprising, energetic, and self-improving part of the population, and this country remains peopled by the old, and those who are wedded to "things as they were." Nothing, however, is an unmixed good, or unmixed evil. Convulsion and innovation are often the cradles of improvement. There will be changes effected in the conditions of the peoples of Europe soon. Life is too hard for them. To be able merely to make a support and have no surplus left; to make life one long labor, to have nothing left for soul or self-improvement, do not fill the requirements of an awakening mind. But it will be a silent, bloodless change for the better, effected by the rulers themselves, especially by the French Emperor, who, if events do not hurry him too much, will be the father of governmental reform in Europe. Most of the old monarchies of Europe are chained by the precedents of their antecedents. He is not; he uses precedents and antecedents to rule others, not himself. He rules people through their weaknesses.

We have at length arrived at

WIESBADEN,

one of the best of the German watering-places. It is a clean, pretty place, and its appearance prepossessing like Baden-Baden. The hotels are all good; it is a city of hotels; the servants speak a mysterious sort of language intended for English, very good French, but their German is still better. The names of the hotels are always written in these three languages. Strangers are always addressed, in the first place, in French. Wiesbaden has a number of hot springs, over which hovers a cloud of steam. It has numerous

avenues, public walks, covered promenades, and about sixteen thousand inhabitants. Near it, on one side, are the sloping, dark-wooded Taunus mountains. Outside the city about three miles, by a beautiful road, are some very old ruins, and near them a small, stationary village. These ruins, whose proprietors, in former days, perhaps oppressed the villagers, are a blessing now to the poor inhabitants. English and Americans go there to survey the ruins; spend money—there is generally a cafe and restaurant in an arbor erected near, sometimes in one of the old rooms—you drink wine there, sip coffee, and your fancy can people the gray, grim, ivy-clad walls around you, with whatever scenes you please. Large pines have grown around and on the thick walls of this castle; its name is only known inasmuch as it was the possession of the Count Sonnenberg, who, according to an Englishman present with me, “went out” about eight hundred years ago. Of course, he also said, the village below was “primitive,” which is a favorite word with the traveling English. Of course, he also said, “he had done all those villages,” meaning he had walked through them and stared at every thing. The Grand Duke of Nassau, within whose territories Wiesbaden is situated, is at present here, and we had the honor of looking at him last night at a concert. He wore no ornaments of any kind; seemed to be a quiet sort of gentleman, who had nothing else to do but to be Grand Duke of Nassau all the days of his life, and leave a son who could be Grand Duke of Nassau after him, so that these people might have some one to govern them. He was accompanied by his wife and family—the daughters short and stout, and not near so good-looking as may be seen in many a Pennsylvania farm-house. There was also a prodigiously bedizened individual, probably general of ten horsemen, who procured seats for the ducal family, and guarded them generally. The loyally-minded persons present rose at their entrance and exit.

The population of Wiesbaden is about sixteen thousand. It has a newer appearance than most European towns. There are sixteen hot springs. The water is salt, hot, and unpleasant to the taste. It bubbles up from the earth in abundance and violence, filling a large reservoir, where it is handed out in glasses by pretty girls, free of charge, to the drinkers, who drink in silence and disgust, as they walk in an extensive, covered avenue or arcade, the roof of which is supported by iron columns. Every thing is done to render this place attractively beautiful; walks, gardens, gambling, music, theatres, restaurants, artificial lakes, shops for the sale of ingenious articles of workmanship in shells, glass, coral, wood, ivory, pictures, etc. The Duke's palace, on a hill, is surrounded by tastefully laid-out grounds, and surmounted by awkward-looking statues, and around it promenade his guards with guns. Who wants to hurt the Grand Duke of Nassau, and thus endanger the repose of Europe? Not we, certainly!

But this clear and pleasant morning we leave Wiesbaden, by railway, and, after a little more than an hour, we see rising in the air the Cathedral and towers of old

MAYENCE, ON THE RHINE,

where we begin our trip down the river. We arrive at Castel opposite, and cross the Rhine on a bridge of boats, the same way that Julius Cæsar did two thousand years ago, and we are in the ancient city said to have been founded by Drusus, in the year A. D. 13. Alongside of the town flows, in grand proportions, the noble river. Now 'tis night. How grand the view from my window, which looks out on the river, mystic, silent; the antique bridge, semicircular, gaslit; and the nobler stars of God above all! The wind of coming autumn, however, sighs and thrills along the waters. To-day we strolled through the town of Mayence. It has about fifty thousand inhabitants, and a strong garrison of

five thousand Austrian soldiers, and about the same number of Russians, it being on the frontiers of both those dominions. The Cathedral is a very noble building. The east part is of the architecture of the year 1000, the west of the fifteenth century, and has four towers. Its great spire; its vast flank; its numerous tombs inside, with their long slabs of stone, forming part of the floor, having sculptured figures of the deceased, and their names and inscriptions, some in Latin, some in German, half obliterated by the tread of the walkers; the stained-glass windows, through which the light comes, shattered into numerous colors, shedding rainbows on the graves, all these render it an interesting object. In it are the tombs of Fastrada, the beloved wife of Charlemagne, and also of Frauenlob—the woman-loved, a sort of poet, or troubadour of the middle ages—who was borne to his grave by the women of Mayence.

There we saw, also, the stone of Drusus, the beloved Roman General, an immense assemblage or pile of rude masonry, erected, it is said, over his remains. He conquered in these parts in the days when the Roman eagle spread far and wide over the earth, and built, it is said, fifty castles on the Rhine to protect his conquests. In the Museum of this town, which I also visited, are many Roman remains: portions of marble images of Jupiter and Apollo, and other ornaments of Pagan temples, which have been found near this place. There is here a splendid statue of Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, who was born here, though the discovery was made at Strasbourg. The statue is by Thorwaldsen. There are, in this building, some very splendid rooms, with fine portraits of dead heroes, this palace being the former residence of the Count Palatine. The chief attraction of the Museum (many of the paintings being rather inferior,) is the astronomical clock. This extraordinary work of mechanism is by Nicholas Alexius Johann, and occupied him seven years. It represents all

the planetary bodies then discovered; all the stars visible to the naked eye (more than a thousand); the exact motions of the sun and moon as they occur in the firmament, and this so exactly as not to vary half a degree in a thousand years. The revolutions of all the planets are represented; their distance; size; the revolutions and phases of the moon; days of the month; motions of the earth; the synodic, periodic, anomalistic motions; nodes; in short, it is a kind of miniature universe. There is here also the original model of a peculiar bridge, which, it is said, Napoleon intended to erect over the Rhine, at this place, instead of the present one of boats to be sixteen hundred and sixty-six feet in length; but which, with many other objects of utility, were not carried into effect in consequence of his numerous wars, and eventual downfall. At Mayence are manufactured the fine Hockheimer wines, the best wines the writer has drunk in Europe. This city has fine promenades around it, which are extremely interesting, on account of the numerous towers, churches, and ancient streets one meets with.

But this night, Thursday, September 24th, my head is full of Rhine ruins. This morning, at ten o'clock, we stepped aboard one of the gracefully-built steamers on this river, came as far as Bingen, where we stopped some hours; starting at three o'clock, we arrived at Coblenz, where we now are, at half-past five, passing through the midst of a portion of the scenic, historic, and romantic Rhine. The mountain scenery, through which the river flows, would almost vie with that of Switzerland, only that cultivation has hung over these terraced mountains the clustering vine. The castles also, on every rock almost, are strong works of taste and grandeur on which a thousand years have wrought a history of war, greatness, and decay; and fancy, after their fall, has peopled them with legendary heroes—the gnome, the fairy, ghost or ghoul; and the ivy has sought to bind them up again, but in vain. Many of them

belong to the King of Prussia, who has partially restored some, filling up with new masonry the parts fallen down. Some are black with age and neglect, and all are mournful. The Rhine has a glory of the present and a dream of the past. Thousands yearly go up and down its broad bosom, gaze on these scenes, where the beauty of Nature combines with the mellow hues of long ago, and receive impressions on their hearts as if they were unfolding the leaves of some strange, lost volume of heart history. At Bieberich, just below Mayence, is a very beautiful palace in modern style, somewhat like the western front of the Tuilleries. It is the summer residence of the Duke of Nassau, who owns a considerable portion of the right bank of the Rhine in descending. Lower down we saw Johannisberg, the celebrated vine-clad hill, surmounted by a castle. This was presented to Prince Metternich, in 1816, as a reward for his political skill in partially bringing about the downfall of Napoleon. Its wines are considered the best of all the Rhenish wines, and the value of the product is about \$40,000 per annum. It is an extensive, dome-like hill, the vines growing close up to the basement of the castle. The Rhine near this is two thousand feet wide. At Bingen, which is a town of about five thousand inhabitants, situated at the confluence of another stream with the Rhine, many old towers and castles are visible. Above it, in a beautiful garden, is the Chateau of Kloph. To this I ascended—the view of terraced mountains, the Rhine valley, the ruins, is highly interesting. In the middle of the river is the Mouse Tower. The story goes, how the lord of these parts was cruel to the poor—they were starving, he would sell them no corn though his barns were full of it—how when the ragged, starving wretches entreated and begged him, he at last told them to go into a large, empty barn, and he would supply them. How they went, but then their lord commanded all the doors to be shut, and fire put to the barn, and they were all

burnt up; but immediately issued from the ashes a vast army of rats, who marched in a straight line to the residence of their master. How these rats were the ghosts of the poor people. How they entered the lord's house and began to devour him alive; how they got into his bed; crawled down the chimneys; entered every open window; and how the wicked lord had to employ all his servants to keep the rats off. After *ratiocinating* awhile, he built a tower on an island in the river, to which he retired. How the rats swam the stream, and on the lord's raising the window, surprised at some noise he heard, a sturdy rat got under it, and before assistance could be called, the lord was entirely devoured, nothing left but his skull. Thus far is this story *ratified*.

Nearly opposite Bingen is Rudesheim, around which are made fine wines, and in it stand several old towers; one of a most graceful shape overlooks the river. You want to hear the story of Gisela. Well? How John Bromser went to the Holy Land, in the middle ages, to fight the Infidels, and was taken prisoner while watching to fight a fearful dragon. Whereupon John Bromser made a vow to devote his only daughter to a nunnery, if he should escape. How he soon after did escape, and returning, attempted to offer up his only daughter Gisela. How she was engaged to a gallant young knight, and would not go into a convent, and, agitated finally by conflicting emotions, lost her reason, leaped from the castle into the river—and how her ghost, thin as a moonbeam, and pale as a mountain-mist, still haunts the scene. Take pity maidens for, and take warning, fathers, by the fate of Gisela. Below Rudesheim is the Niederwald, a terraced mountain, and on it, near the river, is the singular-looking ruin Ehrenfels, and on the opposite side, the irregular and picturesque castle Rheinstein. The beautiful little village of Assmanshausen, celebrated for the fine red vines growing on the hills above, is just below Bingen.

Below Bingen these picturesque remains of the old, iron times, when princely robbers dwelt in them, become more numerous. The slopes of the mountains are covered with the vine, wherever vegetation is possible. Walls are built to render the ground supported by them more level. In some steep places, I noticed at least twenty terraces, built up the steep ascent of the mountain, one over the other, presenting the appearance of a giant staircase.

The villages close to the river are as numerous as the castles above them. We passed Lorch, behind which is the Weisser Thal—the Whispering Vale—whence a wind issues, a singular phenomenon, and goes on till it reaches Bingen. Then we come to the Seven Sisters—seven rocks in the Rhine. The tradition is, that there were seven beautiful countesses, who dwelt in the Castle of Schoneberg; they were surrounded by lovers, who long submitted to their tyranny and caprice, but at length determined to force them to choose husbands among them. The girls agreed to have it decided by lot; and on the day appointed they fell to the seven ugliest cavaliers, who afterward coming to claim them, found only their pictures, but heard a loud laughing in a boat on the river, where they saw the seven faithless ladies, who had again deceived them. Whereupon the god of the river, thinking it a fine opening to punish coquetry, metamorphosed them into seven rocks. Coquets, beware! It means, if you keep on refusing, your hearts are turned to stone! At Lorely, the scenery of the Rhine is most grand. Black rocks rise to a great height, almost perpendicular, and the river rushes on like a water storm. Above, on the rocks, dwelt, in old times, the beautiful water-spirit, Lore—to hear whose song omened impending destruction. Ages have gone, however, since she disappeared. The son of the great Palatine of the Rhine was bathing in the river. She saw him, and was about to sing the fatal song which would lure him to destruction, when a

new and unknown sensation seized her. She fell in love with him; and then for a long time she disappeared from the heights; and it was conjectured she had sought the banks of the distant Danube. But in the mean time the young count progressed wonderfully in 'all his undertakings, hunting, fishing, &c. Unseen hands seemed to carry him over stony fissures over which no huntsman would ever venture; his arrows overtook the eagle in its flight. But at length, climbing up a rugged precipice, he saw the beautiful water-sprite. As he was about to approach her he thought of Lore, crossed himself, and drew back. Afterward nothing could divert his mind from the beautiful vision. Mysterious musical sounds haunted him, and seemed to allure him to the rocks. At length, in company with his preceptor, who in vain attempted to dissuade him, he approached the rocks. Lore appeared in her dazzling beauty; both together leaped into the waves; since which time neither has been seen. The line of the Palatine became extinct, the castle a ruin, and Lore has no more been seen on the cliffs. There is on the rocks, however, an echo which repeats a word five times. Further down we came to two lofty and singular-looking ruins on two very high rocks, separated by a vast chasm. They are the Brothers. They look story-full. The names of the castles are Sternfels and Liebenstein; and many centuries past they belonged to the noble Count Bezer Von Boppart, who adopted and brought up with his two sons, Heinrich and Conrad, a relative, a beautiful young girl, an orphan connected with the noble house of Rudesheim. Both the young men, of course, fell in love with their cousin; but Heinrich, the elder, perceiving that she preferred his younger brother, nobly waived all claim, went off to Palestine, and achieved great renown by fighting against the Turks; which his younger brother hearing, became inflamed with love of glory and the tears of his betrothed and commands

of his father having proved unavailing, he was soon on his way to Palestine. His father soon after died; and his affianced spent many days in grief and solitude. The elder brother returned, and after some time the younger also, but accompanied with a Grecian bride, whom he had wooed and won at Constantinople. Thereupon the elder brother sent him a challenge; but, as they stood face to face, about to imbrue their hands in each other's blood, a white veiled figure rushed between—their cousin Hildebrande—who, by frantic expostulations, adjured them to stop. She retired then to the Convent of Marienburg, and was never afterward seen or heard of in the world. The brothers, residing in the opposite castles, held no intercourse; but, after a year had passed, the younger brother appeared suddenly before Heinrich, pale and in deep grief. His Eastern bride had fled with his false friend—a young knight. Thereafter he never crossed the threshold of his castle; and over both of them the gray hand of ruin now lies heavily—and their ruined, venerable towers are prostrated. The two brothers—the last of their race—spent their days in lamenting the fate of Hildebrande. The whole scene along here is a panorama of ruin. Boppard, lower down, is a town founded by Drusus, about the time of the birth of Christ.

Coblentz, where we now are, is a pleasant town, with about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It has a very singular bridge of boats, connecting it with the strong fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on a mountain opposite, which is a very large and picturesque-looking fortification. This city is the capital of the King of Prussia's Rhenish provinces. There are many soldiers here—the fortress having four thousand soldiers. The city is situated at the junction of the Moselle with the Rhine: whence its name, Coblentz—the German of the Latin *confluentes*. I visited the old church near the junction of the two rivers—Church of St. Castel—built about the year A. D. 836, where the sons of Charlemagne

met to divide his great empire into Germany, France, and Italy. It bears the marks of extreme age. In front of it stands a monument erected by the French as they passed through the city on their way to Russia in 1812; on which they carved these words, in French: "The year 1812, memorable by the invasion of Russia." A Russian general, in 1814, placed underneath the French inscription: "Seen and approved by the Russian commander of the city of Coblenz." The old bridge over the Moselle is a very peculiar old bridge of stone, in the Roman style. That over the Rhine is of boats. We crossed the latter, and, having procured a written ticket of admission, ascended to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. It stands on a perpendicular rock, four hundred and eighty feet above the river, by which, as well as by its numerous walls and defenses, and its four hundred cannon, and its garrison of sixteen hundred men, it is rendered very strong. We saw some of the cannon taken from the French at Waterloo, on which are indented the marks of many a ball. It is said the fortress could sustain a siege of ten years, and would contain ten thousand soldiers. The view from the top of the fort embraces a most lovely prospect—the town of Coblenz, in front; the River and Valley of the Moselle; old castles on the Rhine; four or five forts around Coblenz; numerous villages, and distant mountains, clad with the vine, and the great sunny river laving their base. The view is truly superb. The road up to the castle winds around the enormous rock. Coblenz, as well as many others of these towns, has manufactories of watches, jewelry, linen, glass, snuff; also trades in wines, tobacco-pipes, millstones for making cement. The latter is sent to Holland, to be used in the construction of hydraulic works, dykes, &c.

We left Coblenz to day, at twelve o'clock, by steamer for Cologne, and passed through the long gallery of ancient ruins, obsolete towns, and castle-crowned hills—its fine,

grand, and old scenery, on which the eye loves to gaze, and the heart to dream. Very many of the mountains below Coblenz appear cut into steps or terraces, supported by walls, forming small plats of ground, planted with the vine. The crop this year is excellent; no season having been so favorable for many years. Old churches; others recently restored; convents, monasteries in ruins; towers; cities with high walls, crumbling into decay—some built by the Romans—look down on you as you continue your course on the silent, mysterious river. Each had a history of humanity, passions, affections—the diversified drama of life went on in them and was no more. Doubtless in the olden time these castles were the seats of robber-chieftains, waging war against each other; robbing vessels on the Rhine; making prisoners taken in war perform vast labors; excavating subterraneous apartments under churches, by means of which they could arrange artificial machinery for the appearance of assumed spectres—employing all agencies and instruments to accomplish their ends. Further down, the Seven Mountains came into view. We landed at Konigswinter, intending to make the ascent of the Drachenfels, one of the Seven. We procured a guide—one who stated he had acted as guide to the Prince of Wales, who had spent, during the summer, seven weeks in this village, making the ascent of the mountain every day. The “Castled Crag of Drachenfels,” being ten hundred and fifty-five feet above the river, can be seen for a long distance. Its height above the sea is fourteen hundred feet. Our path at first wound among vine fields of the red and white grape; but, rising higher, these ceased, and we came to extensive stone quarries, furnishing the stone used in building the Cathedral of Cologne. Peasant girls met us, offering pretty blue flowers. At length we stood on the top, among the black and grim walls. The view is immense, almost boundless in its beauty. It is regarded as the finest on the Rhine.

The winding river, for many miles; the gray, picturesque ruin of Godesburg on a singular conical hill in the Rhine Valley opposite; many fields of vines on the hill-slopes; fields of wheat, oats, &c., in the valley, and the towers and spires of Cologne and Bonn; while around on the summits of the six other mountains—on several of which may be seen through the trees some remnants of the castle-age of the Rhine. Around are the thick walls of the Dragon Castle—its prisons—its one tall tower. The history has all perished; and nothing is known except that for ages it has frowned over the Rhine Valley, like a vast mountain tooth. A tradition, however, reports that in old Pagan times a fearful dragon dwelt in a cave here, to which human victims were sacrificed. He was the deity to the surrounding heathens, who waged incessant war with the inhabitants of the Assonate Valley, who had embraced Christianity; and in the course of one of their excursions they took prisoner a beautiful Christian girl, whose loveliness inflamed the hearts of two of the most powerful of the heathen chiefs—they waging a war of extermination against each other for the possession of her hand. She, however, heeded neither. At length the Ancients among them stated the gods had forbidden this unnatural contest, and that the beautiful virgin must be decreed to the dragon; that the next day, at early dawn, he claimed his prey: and from their decision there was no appeal. She was led the next morning to the rock overhanging the dragon's noisome den, and there secured. The dragon awoke at sunrise, and advanced with flaming eyes to seize his victim—when she drew from her bosom the cross, the emblem of her faith; upon which the monster recoiled with awe, and, uttering a fearful roar, sprang headlong over the rocks into the flood, whose waters closed on him forever. The Pagan multitude were awe-struck. But Rinbad, the noblest of her lovers, bounded forward, and threw himself at her feet, acknowledging himself a Chris-

tian. The people followed his example; and, ere long, the tumult of war was hushed, and Christianity prevailed among all the inhabitants of the Seven Mountains. Rinbad married the fair virgin, and built the castle on the summit of the mountain, where they lived long and happily. There is, near the summit, at present, a modern monument, erected to the King of Prussia. We now descended the winding but excellent road to the village; drank a bottle of the fine wine of this region, (the Steinberger is the best,) in the hotel overlooking the Rhine; then crossed the Rhine in a ferry boat to the village of Mehlen, where we took passage in the cars to Cologne, having passed over the most interesting portions of the river, the portion above Mayence and below Cologne being but little attractive.

This morning, September 26th, we hired a guide to explore the city of

COLOGNE,

the oldest town on the Rhine, having been founded by the Romans. The guide conducted us first to the great Cathedral, a perfect wilderness of beautiful Gothic German towers, there being five thousand small towers around it; and, when finished, there will be one immense central tower, rising five hundred and thirty feet high. In the inside there are one hundred lofty, large Gothic columns; and the whole edifice will be, when finished, a creation of the marvellously beautiful. It reminds one of some fairy creation of frost-work, so light, perfect, and correct does the whole appear. We heard the great organ, rumbling its ancient music among the numerous Gothic pillars. The music here is celebrated throughout Europe. We entered the "Chapel of the Three Kings," and saw their skulls and remains, which are kept in coffins blazing with gold and gems; and are supposed to be endowed with miraculous powers. These are the "Three Wise Men of the East," which, by a Catholic legend,

are transformed into three kings, and they assert these are their veritable remains. The inhabitants here are great on Eau-de-Cologne and bones. We also saw—paying therefor a small consideration to the sexton—the treasury, a collection of splendid silver and gold crosses, historical and sacred, presents from various popes and kings, and used by various saints. This cathedral was begun in 1249, six hundred years ago, and is only half completed. The middle ages have passed away since then; the Reformation inaugurated and grown old; America discovered, and our young, new empire arisen. The King of Prussia gives annually forty thousand dollars to aid in its work. The people of Cologne raise about the same amount. From this we went to the ancient Church of St. Ursula, where in some of the chapels we were admitted to a view of the skulls of no less than eleven thousand virgins; and also that of St. Ursula herself. The skulls are in glass cases, on shelves, around the walls, and lie on tables under glass covers. There are many of them beautifully ornamented with needle-work, corals, beads, &c., by the nuns. The other bones of the bodies are also exhibited; and we were shown the skull of St. James the Apostle. These objects are all held in the most devout reverence. The eleven thousand virgin story is very romantic. How that in the year A. D. 274 they made a pilgrimage to Rome, were baptized, and, on their return here, the Huns, having taken possession of the city, massacred them all, for two reasons: first, they would not abjure Christianity; and secondly, they would not marry the aforesaid Huns; and how their bones were all found on the spot where this church was afterward built, and miraculously distinguished, and are now placed on the walls of the church for the edification of the “faithful,” on their paying one franc. I asked the guide whether they had not a small bottleful of Egyptian darkness bottled up—it being for exhibition in some of these old cities.

These things, to Protestant enlightenment, may seem ridiculous; yet there is a study of the workings and attachments of human nature connected with all these things which is interesting; and he is too grand a man for the world who looks with utter contempt on beautiful error, when the intellect and the heart have clothed it with storied legend, and the lapse of years has given to venerable delusion the mellow sadness of a thousand associations. Naked, cold, undiluted truth, is unlovely, and is not the order of this world either in nature or religion. There must be something human about it in order to attract regard. Angels may be very admirable things; but the instinct of the human heart is to prefer something that it can invest with something of its own feelings and frailties. Why should not those nations that have a past render it profitable? What is the propriety of applying mathematical demonstration to a tradition? The legend exists for the sake of the legendary-inclined, and it has its own loveliness. The whole man is not reason; the whole tree is not fruit—it has its leaves and flowers. If people have a taste for bones; if their devotion is increased by a relic, it shows their personal attachment to and their credence in the person and principles connected therewith. Religion is a creation of the Deity; but the mind of man is also a creation of the same divine power, and the two modify each other. Protestantism has never flourished among southern nations, nor Catholicism in northern ones; and where a form of it, as in Russia, prevails, it is divested of its imagery. Southern nations invest religion with a drama, a drapery of its ideas, which is Catholicism. It is not so learned, but is more affecting and effecting. We also saw in the Church of St. Peter—what was really worth seeing—the original painting by Rubens, a native of this city, of the Crucifixion of St. Peter with his head downward—a great work by a great master. The scene is so life-like that it haunts you

afterward, as a view of the reality would have done. The expression in the face of Peter is lofty and heroic, but unimpassioned fortitude; a grand old man, suffering and enduring with hope and without hate. This painting is about two hundred and fifty years old. Rubens was born in this city in 1577. Our guide would now have taken us to the Church of St. Gereon, where are the skulls of the six thousand Christian soldiers, massacred at St. Maurice, in Switzerland, by command of the Roman emperor, because they would not sacrifice to Jupiter. We declined, however, having had enough of bones for one session in the sepulchrally, ancient-looking Church of St. Ursula. Here, however, we saw a genuine Roman tower in the heart of the city; the upper part all fallen down, but the lower yet strong. It is constructed of small stones, forming circles and other figures. And near it is a portion of the original wall of the city; all of it as hard as one solid rock. A man is at work on the mortar with a pickaxe, cutting down the work that has stood and solidified for two thousand years. The term Cologne is derived from the Latin *colonia*—this having been a Roman colony. Notwithstanding it produces the most celebrated of perfumes, it is supposed to be the most offensive town in Germany to the olfactory arrangements. It is said the Rhine washes it. Whereupon one wishes to know

“What power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?”

Coleridge asserts he counted three hundred and sixty-two distinct abominable scents in its streets. But here we bid adieu to the Rhine—

“Adieu to thee again, a vain adieu,
There can be no farewell to a scene like thine.”

We leave on the railway for

BRUSSELS,

passing first through a level and admirably cultivated portion of the Rhine valley, with occasionally an old German or Gothic castle telling its own tale of ruin; then we arrive at a mountain region, where are iron foundries and where coal is extracted. We pass through the old cities of Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Emperor Charlemagne is buried, and Liege. We go through more than twenty tunnels in all, and numerous deep cuttings; we enter the flat regions of Belgium, the battle-field of Europe; our passports and luggage are examined and restored to us; and after one hundred and fifty miles of slow, careful, continental railwaying, we arrive at the pleasant, clean, and beautiful city of Brussels, capital of the kingdom of Belgium, looking like Paris, but in general cleaner and more airy. We seem to have left behind the old ruined castles and mouldering cities of Germany and the Rhine, and to be getting into the West of Europe, where mankind are more progressive. It is pleasant, at times, to decline from the stern present and wander dreamily among ruins—ourselves a ruin. It is pleasant to let memory repeople the past, and in old, strange-looking cities, or hoary cathedrals, or among ruined castles on the Rhine, surrender the heart to its dreamings. But life is effort, motion, and the present is as good as any past and even better. The past has had its day, its action, and it should be buried. Countries like France, England, or America, that are active in the present, will leave a mighty past behind; but those countries, as Italy, Greece, or those individuals who dream too much over the past, will leave no past.

Brussels is a sort of miniature Paris. We have been here for several days. As a place of residence, it is probably preferable to any other city on the continent. Every thing is French

again; the harsh German, with its black letters, is gone. The society here is polished, elegant, refined, and enjoyable; the wit, elegance, and agreeableness of Paris without the expense. The hotels are good. The one we stopped at, Hotel Bellevue, Place Royale, is deserving its recommendations. The city consists of two portions, the upper and lower towns: the upper contains the most beautiful streets, the park, the king's palace, the best hotels, the Place Royale; the lower contains the fine ancient churches, antique buildings, Hotel de Ville, narrow old streets, and has the general appearance of an old Flemish town. Much French is spoken in the upper town. The government is one of the progressive monarchies of Europe, diluted with a portion of the popular element. There are, indeed, but few of the governments of Europe that do not listen occasionally to that small, still undertone, but mighty voice of the people at times. The best government is that which is the best administered. But I hear a flourish of trumpets, military music, etc., and behold, there rides out in a splendid coach drawn by four black horses, the Duke of Brabant, heir of the king, with his wife. Her bosom is blazing with diamonds. He looks like a well-to-do, shallow young man, with practical sense enough to get along with a career started for him, and satisfied with "letting well enough alone," though not remarkably gifted. He has the royal air of seeming deep, but is only deceptious, but is not wise enough to be bad. Brussels has, in its centre, a fine park, surrounded by a high iron railing, and admirably laid out in walks planted with fine old elm-trees, and adorned with beautiful fountains coquetting with rainbows when the sun shines. Here are also many statues; and in the evening there is military music, and it is pleasant to walk on the smooth gravel-walks amidst these surroundings. We visited the old cathedral church of St. Gudule, containing the most richly-painted glass window in Europe, almost a glory to

look at it, as the dim, shivered light comes through it; also there is a very splendidly-carved pulpit of wood, the carving of which is admirable, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve—all in wood, and wondrous; there are also old graves and monuments. We also visited the Museum, which contains a great number of very interesting paintings, chiefly modern, but no great works. There is a splendid statue of Godfrey of Bouillon, the great crusader and first king of Jerusalem, representing him in the mailed costume of the middle ages and mounted on horseback. Brussels has extensive manufactories of lace, teeth, and also numerous publishing-houses. It has, in imitation of Paris, fine Boulevards extending around the city, planted with trees, and occupying the place of the old fortifications. It has also fine botanic and zoological gardens. The king is at present absent in Germany. The population of Brussels is about one hundred and fifty thousand.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

To-day we have been over the celebrated battle-ground of Waterloo, where Napoleon entered on and went down in his last dreadful battle, and where the Duke of Wellington won a victory to his own astonishment. The distance is about twelve miles from Brussels. Coaches, with four horses each, leave Brussels several times a day, during the summer, for the battle-field. The charge is seven francs, including the carriage-service around the field of battle, and the fee to the guide. The road is paved the whole distance (and probably all the way to Paris, distant one hundred and fifty miles), and passes through a beautiful, undulating country, with numerous avenues of elms and poplars, and occasionally small, brick villages. The country looks like a garden—on the left you have the Forest of Soignes. At length you enter the small village of Waterloo, and, further on, that of Mont St. Jean, and you are in the

rear of the ground occupied by the Allied Army, and the coachman shows you the brick building where were the Duke of Wellington's head-quarters. But a gray-headed and gray-bearded man, with erect step and military cap, comes out of one of the houses. This is Sergeant Munday, the only guide who was actually in the battle, and he will fight it over again for your instruction. He was three times wounded, and lay all night in an unconscious state, on the field of battle. He shows his scars. He is a thorough British soldier, but probably impartial, and his accounts seem a verisimilitude of fact. Here we are on the field of battle then. It is a beautiful and well-cultivated region, of slight undulations, long depressions and elevations, and about midway between hill and prairie.

The Belgian is sowing wheat there. Some are plowing, some harrowing; women are spreading manure; there are green hedges, a few rows of young trees, a few clusters of woods, one or two farm-houses, some few monuments to mark where some distinguished English officers fell; a very large artificial elevation, two hundred and forty feet high, on the summit of which is a statue of the Belgic Lion—the elevation being very much like a large Indian mound in an American forest. And this is Waterloo now, where Lord Wellington, knowing it would be glory for him to come in contact with Napoleon, either for defeat or victory, stood on the defensive, with the view of protecting Brussels behind him, and met the attack of one whose star went out here, because it is not given to man to be successful beyond a certain point, and because other destinies were waiting to have scope. The guide now shows us where the British line was placed, and where the artillery were stationed; and where the French were, and where the Prussians came up, on the British left (of course, on the French right), and shows how Napoleon was obliged to extend his line of battle to meet the Prussians, thereby withdrawing troops from, and

weakening his centre. And then he says he wishes to correct an impression, which some have, "that the Prussians were of no use to them." He says, impressively, "they were of use," and that "he is the last man on earth to detract from the French, for no troops ever fought more bravely." The Duke had most clearly the advantage of position—having selected his own ground; and he had previously been heard to say, that if he ever met the French, he would like to meet them here. The French being the attacking party, were thus obliged to yield great advantages of locality; and the English infantry, when obliged to retreat, could occupy a position in a hollow, which the Duke called his "friendly hollow way," while his artillery fired over their heads, at the pursuing French. This battle has been so often described, and the British have so repeatedly won the battle on paper, that it would seem consummate folly to say any thing further about it; their writers having every thing their own way, Britain has covered herself with glory in consequence. But how the *British* could have won the battle does not clearly appear, since they admit having only twenty-three thousand British soldiers on the field, the rest of the Duke's army being composed of continental troops, who, according to the guide's declaration, corroborated by Lord Wellington's dispatches, were running away every half hour. That the British troops behaved with most admirable and indomitable bravery, there can be no doubt. In the history of the world, there never were braver troops at defense than the British, except the Romans; the French are best at an attack; Americans are best at a tremendous, exciting charge, or onslaught. It is said, during the battle the brave conduct of the British troops frequently extorted the involuntary approbation of the Emperor, who knew what bravery was, and who knew that it was requisite to sustain the terrible attacks he ordered. The guide declared in answer to a question, that

up to half-past four o'clock Lord Wellington's whole army seemed in process toward an irretrievable and appalling overthrow; that the French army had advanced, the English fallen back, and he showed us Napoleon's three positions, or head-quarters; first, when the battle began, which was at nine o'clock; secondly, about two in the afternoon, nearly a mile in front of the former; thirdly, a half a mile or more, nearer the British ranks. At half-past four o'clock Bulow, with thirty thousand men, the advanced corps of Prince Blucher's army, made his appearance on the French right, and began to plow the ground with cannon. This division of the Prussians was repulsed, and obliged to fly into the woods, by a detachment sent against them; and at the same time, Napoleon extended the French line so as to embrace their operations, thus weakening his centre—it being his object to make the old Imperial Guard to advance there. Yet, the arrival of the Prussians had the same effect on the English army, as if, according to the words of the guide, each man had received a "stiff glass of grog." The Duke, at this time, had all his reserves in action. But up to this time, the reserve of the Emperor had not drawn a trigger, and were fresh and impatient as pawing steeds. This shows where the advantage was at this time, and justifies the declaration which it is said burst from Napoleon, that despite the whole Prussian army and Lord Wellington united, he had sixty chances in his favor to thirty against him. The Old Guard never had been beaten, and wherever and whenever they moved in battle, had carried irresistible victory. Napoleon caused them to pass before him, harangued them coolly in the moment of battle, in a small hollow, told them they carried the Empire with them, and would have led the charge himself but for the vehement dissuasions of Ney. This unconquerable body of men—the Old Guard—advanced to the long eminence on which the British line was placed, when the sudden apparition

of an armed body of men, rising apparently out of the ground, where they had hitherto seen nothing, threw them into a panic, and was the true cause of Napoleon's losing the battle. It is true they partially recovered, fought bravely, and even made an impression on the British line, and nearly all perished in battle; but their useless heroic bravery was wasted in individual effort and disorganized attack. The guide showed us where the charge was made, and where the Duke ordered his men to lie down flat on the ground, and thus, concealed by the eminence and smoke of battle, await their coming. As to the Duke's giving the celebrated order, "Up guards, and at them!" in those precise unmilitary words, the guide manifested considerable incredulity. A successful attack at this point would doubtless have retrieved, as Napoleon intended it should, the discouragement resulting from the arrival of the Prussians. The Old Guard died on the place where they made their first error; and having gained most of Napoleon's battles by attacking in the crisis, they now lost him his most important one. They died with the Empire they established. "The Old Guard die, but surrender never!" was their reply to Lord Wellington's almost entreaty to surrender. One of their number, in revisiting the scene in years afterward, stated to the guide that the sudden appearance of the English affected them as if they had been supernatural phantoms. Yet the glory of the Old Guard was full. From the lips of the Emperor was never heard a syllable of blame. They disappeared from among men; but often, in countries far remote, would sit down, and with flashing eye and heaving bosom, tell of the deeds of him so long a captive at St. Helena, till only death freed him. Murat asserted the result of Waterloo would have been different, had he commanded the Old Guard. The guide now showed us the road, up and down which the Duke rode all day, under fire all the time of the French artillery. That part of the

ground, however, has been greatly changed, in consequence of the soil having been carried to erect the great mound on the field of battle, which is surmounted by the Belgic Lion. There is, near this, a Waterloo Museum, consisting of numerous swords, pistols, cannon balls, coats, and many other things found on the field of battle—some belonging to Napoleon. These are for inspection, but not for sale. The guide now led us along the British right, where we crossed a depression in the ground, and entered the orchard and gardens of Hogoumont, the possession of which was of the most vital advantage to the Duke. It consists of an ancient brick castle, built more than two hundred years ago; its garden is surrounded by a strong brick wall, in which the Duke caused holes to be made for the muskets, his men being protected by the walls. This was a strong position. On account of a forest being in front of the wall, the French were not able to bring their artillery to play against it. The guide asserted that here the French fought most bravely. They rushed up to the port-holes, and attempted to pull the muskets of the British out of their hands, through the holes; and the marks of balls everywhere on the walls attested the murderous nature of the conflict. The disputed possession of these grounds was the only real advantage the Duke had, up to the time of the arrival of the Prussians. The French at one time got possession of the chateau, and set it on fire, though part of it had served as a hospital for many wounded persons, whose shrieks ascended above the roar of the battle; a chapel adjoining was also on fire, and we saw a crucifix with the lower part burnt off. Near this were several black marble monuments, erected to the memory of some who wished to be buried near the place they had so well defended—among whom was Major Cotton, the brother-in-law of the guide. But for the strength of this position, it is probable the battle would have been terminated before the arrival of the

Prussians. Its possession would have enabled Napoleon to outflank the English. The English, even when partially dislodged from it, could retire into an adjacent valley, and permit their artillery to fire over their heads. Here then, on this field, went down the Empire of the first Napoleon. The dynasty and the man were conquered for forty years, and he was caged and starved in St. Helena. But though a troop overcame him then and there, he has overcome them at the last. The Duke of Wellington led a life afterward of glorious ease and inaction, and finally died, leaving no results of policy or government behind him—nothing but the reputation of a brave, skillful, and fortunate General, and a doubtful victory at Waterloo. Napoleon died, assassinated by a climate in a hot, unhealthy island, and left results—a dynasty and its ideas—that now rule more potently than if he had conquered on this ground. The man and the army were conquered, but the dynasty has arisen out of their ruin, greater than if the Napoleonic destiny were littered out by the descendant of the Hapsburgs. The old Napoleon abused and exhausted his destiny. So confident was he of success in this battle, that he never ordered Marshal Grouchy to meet him, because he judged it unnecessary. The guide stated that the Emperor's force consisted of seventy-one thousand men, all veterans, and near three hundred pieces of cannon—a force amply sufficient, in Napoleon's estimation, to beat Lord Wellington's ninety thousand. All he required Grouchy to do, was to keep Blucher beaten—Napoleon having defeated him on the 16th. To Grouchy was assigned the hard task of following Blucher (the old devil, as Napoleon called him), who was probably, after the Emperor, the first General of the age. Napoleon had accomplished two of his three principal objects—to get between the Prussian and English armies, and to beat the former. It appears there was an understanding between Wellington and Blucher, that the latter

was to be on the ground at two o'clock. Having out-generaled Grouchy, he was, however, kept back by the badness of the roads till half-past four. Napoleon had no time for maneuvering in this battle, nor did he attempt any. But adieu to Waterloo, and all its beggar bullet-venders. We return through the old Belgic villages, the ragged, cheerful beggar boys of which, as the coach passes, perform all kinds of upturnings, and evolutions, and exposures, for a sou, and thus passes the glory of the world. The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday, the 18th of June, 1815.

But this pleasant morning we leave Brussels, the cars flitting rapidly through green, unenclosed, level fields, cultivated to their utmost power; villages with spires of churches mounting high in air; here are also small stone or brick towers, around which fly the great and singular-looking windmills, the motive-power to raise water or grind wheat, in this level country. We are in

ANTWERP,

the old, Flemish, declining town on the Scheldt, once with two hundred thousand inhabitants, now about ninety thousand, celebrated for its fine docks and fortifications, constructed when it was an appanage of the Napoleonic empire, he intending to make it the rival in commerce of London, to which we expect soon to embark. But first a walk of a few hours through this old town of the fifteenth century. Here our guide shows us one of the gloomy, ugly-looking prison convents of the Jesuits; here are the inquisition-rooms, with the iron collars on the walls, that were thrust around the necks of the unfortunates; here are also the beds on which they were stretched and tortured. Things are changed now. Belgium is a Catholic kingdom, but in no place in Europe is there to be found the Catholicism we read about in the middle ages. What singular, old-looking,

Flemish houses these are, with the ends toward the streets, tapering upward toward the roof, and with high, narrow, numerous windows. Some of the ends are of wood, and quaintly carved. Here also is the many-storied palace of Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, when the latter kingdom embraced also these provinces. It is black and strange-looking, with its carvings and projections and gables—of a quaint age and style of architecture—Moorish, Spanish, and Gothic. Near it is, in modern style, one of the palaces of the present king of the Belgians, that fortunate, unfortunate man, who married the only daughter of George IV., King of England. She died. He was elected King of Belgium, when the Allied Powers reconstructed Europe at the downfall of Napoleon, married an archduchess of Austria; she died in 1850, leaving a son (Duke of Brabant,) and two other children. But here we enter a back court-yard, surrounded by walls, of an old church, and what a scene it is of sculptured saints and prophets standing all around, gazing in devotion on a tomb further on, cut out of solid rock. You look through an iron grating and you perceive the *fac simile* of a body dressed for the grave. It is called Calvary, the exact representation, it is said, of the reputed sepulchre of Christ, at Jerusalem. But here is another place, no less than Purgatory, representing the departed, surrounded and devoured by flames in agony, they raise their eyes and hands beseeching the prayers of the church. It is all carved in wood, and is truly striking. The walls around, and the pedestals on which the statues stand, are of cinders cemented together. Near this is the Cathedral church, with its spire rising more than four hundred and sixty feet high, a wonder and a miracle of beauty. This is probably the most beautiful spire in the world. There are its singular chimes, consisting, it is said, of ninety-nine bells, playing a mournful, religious air, high above, yet heard amidst the din of human life below. We

visited some of the numerous and splendid churches of Antwerp, with their fine paintings by renowned masters—Rubens, Vandyck, and others. Whole pulpits of extraordinary carved work, with great adornings of saints, birds, fishes—these, in some cases, represented as listening with devout and ludicrous attention to the speaker—nets; also statues, all carved out of oak, and exceedingly beautiful and perfect in attitude and expression; also finely-carved marble allegoric scenes, tombs, etc., where repose the dead amidst glorious surroundings. The views, in some of these churches, are of the most splendid and beautiful character, and well calculated to impress the mind strongly. The lofty columns that support the immense vault or nave (all being in the form of a Latin cross); the richness of the paintings; the numerous side-chapels, with their tombs; the carved columns of marble; the stone floors, (there being no pews or seats,) on each slab of which are engraved the name and epitaph of the deceased who slumbers in the vault below; all are in the highest degree interesting to one that reflects on the messages of the eye to the mind. But the chief attraction of all is the canvas where Rubens has stamped the immortality of his genius. He died in this city, and we saw his tomb, with one of his paintings, which he painted for that purpose, hanging over it. He died in 1640. It is surprising what great-hearted men the four great painters, Raphael, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, Rubens, and Murillo, were. But great genius is always god-like and noble. Rubens, the warm-hearted and friendly; Raphael, the divine and elevated, who seems to have dwelt with Madonnas; and Michael Angelo, the universal-minded; and Murillo, the simply great and soul-like, were all great men. Rubens' works are more numerous in Antwerp than any other place. The "Descent from the Cross," in the Cathedral, is regarded as his greatest. The "Elevation of the Cross," and the "Assumption of the Virgin," and

the "Scourging of Christ," are paintings over which the eye and mind long linger, being most extraordinary delineations, and startlingly real-like. The body of the Saviour, in the "Descent from the Cross," the face and expression of Mary in the "Assumption," and the face of Peter, (in the painting at Cologne,) have probably never been surpassed. They dwell on the mind like a solemn, intense memory, which time has rendered painless, and we at once recognize the unfathomable depth of the genius which depicted the scenes.

Antwerp has considerable commerce, manufactories of black lace, bleaching and the embroidery of lace. The long duration of the Spanish domination here, has left traces in the dark beauty and grace of the women. The great Bourse is a modern building in the Moorish style.

LONDON.

But changes again. It is the evening of October 1st, and I am one of the two millions and a half of human beings whose hearts are now beating in London. High in the air shines the moon over the great city of multitudinous streets and palaces, where human life goes on, and there rolls the Thames as it has done since the world began, with its artificial forest of masts. Humanity is a great thing, and man is mighty. In the course of our ramblings we have come hither also. Yesterday, at one o'clock, we left Antwerp, stepped off the continent of Europe, and descended the broad Scheldt in the good steamer Baron Osy. The great spire of the Cathedral, that pretty, mathematical thing of stone, columns, fret-work, tapering upward till lost in the clouds, was the last thing visible, fading underneath the horizon, as we passed seaward. The country around the Scheldt is level and marshy, but high embankments protect it from overflow, and several old, Dutch cities, unaltered for centuries, may be seen on and near its banks, and the

ancient-looking windmills are flapping their broad wings in the wind in all directions. For here air is not to breathe merely, but to turn windmills. But the Scheldt expands into the North Sea, and we lose sight of the continent of Europe, and our course is westward toward our native land, and the sea is around us with its white waves again. About two o'clock this morning, we entered the mouth of the Thames. But soon a fog came over all things, and forbade our further progress. This was a peculiarly English fog, dense, awful, damp, and execrable. "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still," but certainly not with all thy "fogs." Our vessel had many English on board, and it was pleasant to hear again the accents of our native land. Englishmen speak English, but with not the same accent Americans do, or rather, we speak English, but with very little accent. When we sat down to table on the steamer, behold, *tables d'hote* were no more! There are lacking, however, the continental ease and politeness on the part of the servants. John Bull is awkward and unpolished, though a good fellow at bottom. But instead of being polite himself, he will unfold to you a lecture on politeness. You miss French everywhere, and it is, indeed, a sort of returning home to come to England. The language and intellect are the same, the literature is common to both, and there is a home feeling in the hearts of true Americans for England. They are not, in general, so quick and active as we, nor can they accomplish so much in so short a time; they are slower and more old world-like, but more fixed and steady, and not so wild and reckless. American as I am, "and a quarter over," I think England is the most respectable nation on earth, in all past or present time. The feeling they have for us is somewhat similar to that a parent has for a wild, successful, irreverent boy; they rather take pride in our success, though they do not admire the means. There is a warm place in the heart of Old England

for us yet. Blood is thicker than water. We have taught them to respect us, however, but yet, like the aforesaid parent with his boy, they do not know exactly what to make of us, and are willing to own us if we act creditably, and reject us at once if not.

After awhile the fog cleared off, and we began to see the level, green banks of the Thames, with the hills in the distance, and on them many home-like English houses. We passed numerous ships—we saw the yet unlaunched *Leviathan*, the monster among vessels, lying on the stocks close to the river. At Gravesend the custom-house officers came on board, examined every particle of baggage, lest articles forbidden by law might be smuggled into the country; but not a word was said about passports, which are not required in England. This was done very courteously, and the baggage continued in possession of the officers till we landed, when it was delivered to us. We passed Greenwich, the celebrated hospital for disabled seamen, and we now entered a second fog—worse than the first—the peculiar fog smoke of London. We were gliding through a multitude of vessels of all nations, on a something called the Thames, presumed to be water, yet yellowish, and unlike any other water. The intense human life of a vast city began to appear on the shore. We at length landed near the historical, white-looking Tower of London, going back for its origin into dim ages. We drove through the winding, crowded streets, to Morley's Hotel on Trafalgar Square, which, having a central situation, is convenient for travelers. In front are several fine fountains, several lofty monuments, one to Lord Nelson. Of course it is useless to attempt a description of London. It produces the impression on one of a silent yet busy power. British energy sets in motion a vast and varied life here. Our ride was through what is called the city toward the West End, passing under the Temple Bar—a huge, old gate across the street—the only gate re-

maining of the old fortifications, then along the Strand. It is a human living ocean of individual souls in action. There is the intense but more sustained and less speculative American energy; there are the palatial streets; the river, half sea and half river, with its ships; the memories of the by-gone; and more than all, the historical associations that link it with such men as Newton, Scott, Byron, Shakspeare—men who belong to no clime, but are the common property of man—who once trod these streets and gazed on these scenes. The city, however, is somewhat dingy, and does not present the lightsome, gay, and elegant and rather enjoyable appearance that some cities, Paris for instance, have. The people all seem workers, intense workers, as if life were made for labor, and as if money-getting were the necessity and condition of existence.

To-day, October 2d, I walked about this great astonishment—London. I entered St. Paul's Church, the largest Protestant church in the world, and only exceeded by the Catholic church of St. Peter, at Rome. It is the best place to visit first, in order to ascend to its summit, so as to have a view over the whole of London. It covers near three acres. In the interior it is of course immense, but neither so strikingly beautiful, nor so interesting as many Catholic churches which we have seen. The service, which is read three times every day in the year, is in a chapel, occupying but a small part of the interior. There are no paintings, nor any ornament but tombs. That of John Howard, the Philanthropist, seems in the best taste. We ascended to the Whispering Gallery in the dome, where the slightest whisper at one side is heard on the opposite side; then to the Golden Gallery, three hundred feet high, requiring five hundred and thirty-four steps, whence the view embraces the whole city and the hills around London; the Crystal Palace, twenty miles off; the Thames, advancing and receding with the tide; its numerous bridges and boats; the

mammoth city, with its streets, squares, large churches, etc. We descended into the crypt underneath the church, and saw the grave of Benjamin West, the eminent painter, a native of our own country, and also that of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of this church. The epitaph on the latter is an instance of the ridiculous closely following the sublime. "Reader, he is the builder of this church, and lived more than ninety years, not for his own, but others' good. If you seek his monument, look around you; and go and see Sir J. Sloane's Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where his *watch* and other relics may be seen." The remains of Lord Nelson are here also, with the simple inscription, "Horatio Viscount Nelson." The body of Lord Wellington lies here also, enclosed in wooden coffins, the tomb, which is to be a very splendid one of red granite, not being yet prepared. It has not been the custom to bury "any man of blood," or any soldier, in Westminster Abbey for some hundreds of years, or else the noble Duke's remains would have rested there. I had seen, only a few days before, the battle-ground of the Duke's glory, and how great the contrast of the life there, to the death here. The two that warred on that field, now sleep quietly enough. The feelings inspired by St. Paul's Church are very impressive. It is in the heart of the great, noisy, busy city. Without is the world—within are repose, and death, and silence. This great church cost near eight million dollars, and was seven years in building. As a whole, however, this church is not beautiful. The British can write and fight, but neither build nor paint; and in beauty, taste, and elegance, St. Paul's, notwithstanding the impression produced by its great size, is inferior to many churches on the Continent.

In the course of the day, some business carried me to the West End of London. Here are few or no shops, not much noise; the grand and stately residences of the English

nobility—the finest nobility in the world—are here; and the general air and appearance of every thing is so intensely aristocratic, as almost to devour one's breath. Here wealth is entrenched, enshrined, and worshiped—birth, breeding, and Norman descent. Here family dignity must be kept up; marriages are but a method of doing it, and the inner heart-world supplies a dole of human sorrow more severe than the necessity of daily toil imposes on the lower classes. Here tamely and regularly-begotten families live and prosper, on such places as Grosvenor and Berkely Squares—large spaces, five or six acres in extent, embellished with trees and fountains and statues—have houses, looking out on the square, all of brick, with steps descending from the street into the basement story, which is also well lighted. To be begotten and born, and of Norman descent—these constitute all in life desirable in these regions. Money will come by inheritance, marriage, or a pension.

The excursion of William the Conqueror, and his sixty thousand robbers, in the year 1066, has been one of the most successful fillibustering expeditions on record. Seeing a fine opening in the disorganized state of England, they came over from Normandy, founded the present dynasty, and the principal English families. A titled nobility will, however, ere long, become one of the obsolete ideas of the middle ages—unless civilization should retrograde, and new dark ages arise. There is scarcely any nobility in France; the new dynasty there looks with an evil eye on hereditary pretensions older than itself. The day will come, if it have not already, when monarchy and its correlative, a titled aristocracy, will exist in England only on sufferance. We have, however, in America, a curious, contemptible thing, called aristocracy, existing neither on blood, birth, or breeding—but often on bacon—whereby it appears that somebody, or some bodies, are better somehow than others—

though how it came about, does not distinctly appear. There is, in America, the finest opening the world has ever seen for the creation of an aristocracy founded on moral conduct, refinement, and manliness of manners, intellect, etc., for the simple reason that, historically, we can have no other foundation. The Puritans were never any great things, except religiously, at any rate, in regard to blood; and as to the cavaliers and adventurers generally, who settled in other regions, the less investigation into their origin and causes of emigration, probably the better. Honor should be individual, necessarily; and ascending to a renowned ancestor to find it, is a confession of the absence of personal, or at least unasserted claims. There is, doubtless, an attraction of mind or feeling to body, and the physical organization may carry with it some portion of the mental or moral qualities. But American aristocracy is a weak, lame, puny thing. We should respect our grandfathers while they live, and when they die, write *Requiescat in pace* on their tombs; and as to any thing further back than a grandfather, few, except most rash and reckless persons, admit of their ever having existed, except inferentially. "I am the Hapsburgh of my family!" said Napoleon to the Austrians, who wanted to find a princely ancestry for him. If every man in America were to aspire to be the founder of a family, instead of the scion of one, we would indeed be a race of heroes; and as for ladies, it is better to be the mother of a hero, than the descendant of a Howard. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

To-day (October 3d), I have further been an atom on this great fevered sea of London—this monument of man, developing all the susceptibilities of human life. We went through the two Houses of Parliament—which are not yet fully finished—passing along the grand staircases, lobby-rooms, princes' apartments, etc. The work is all of the most exquisite, intricate, and rather delicate Gothic work-

manship, adorned with all that intellect can conceive or wealth furnish. The House of Lords is probably one of the most splendid rooms in Europe. Here meet the great, dull, proud men, and say little or nothing. What occasion have they for the effort of greatness? They have it already. They can only be dull, and keep what they have. The carved work, the painted, historical windows, illustrating scenes in the deep mine of English history, are exquisite. The Chair of State for Victoria, with that of her son, the Prince of Wales, on the right, that of her husband, Prince Albert, on the left, are of the most gorgeous description. The House of Commons, in the same building, is larger, and adorned in almost as rich a manner. Altogether, these houses are far more splendid, intricate, and beautiful, than our Houses of Congress; but the style is not so massive, large, and enduring. The delicate Gothic is used here, admitting of ornamental profusion. The stone of which these palaces are built, is, exteriorly, English stone—interiorly, Caen stone, from France; the latter being easy to carve in, and durable. The chapel of St. Stephen and the old Hall of Westminster were also visited. The latter is a splendid old room, of the eleventh or twelfth centuries, with a most singular and ancient ceiling, supported without pillars. It has witnessed some of the most remarkable scenes in English history. Cromwell was here installed as Lord Protector, Sir Thomas More condemned to die, the Regicides sat in judgment on Charles I., Earl of Stafford condemned, Warren Hastings tried, etc. These buildings, all included, occupy near eight acres. The front on the Thames is nine hundred and forty feet long, and is extremely beautiful. The old Parliament Houses were destroyed by fire in 1834, and these erected on their site. The largest square tower in the world, called Victoria Tower, arises from these buildings. It does not appear to be in very good taste, however. We also entered Westminster Abbey, which is near the new

Parliament Houses, and is the great burial-place of England's great men and old kings, whose tombs here are so numerous, elegant, eloquent, and ancient; that they neutralize the effect produced by each other. It is England's history embalmed, and its greatness enshrined. The immense size of this building, the great height, the numerous lofty old columns, like a forest of stone, the dim and high painted windows, the numerous, ancient, mouldering tombs of kings, queens, princes, dukes, lords of all kinds and ages, with effigies, inscriptions, armorial bearings, attest the greatness, weakness, nothingness, vanity, of man's efforts to extenuate death. It is in the pure, heavy, religious, Gothic style of the twelfth century, and is in the form of a long cross: greatest length, four hundred and eighty-nine feet; length of the cross aisle, or transept, one hundred and eighty-nine feet. Here the kings were crowned, and here buried.

To-day, I also went through the Tower of London. Its position is close to the river. It seems to be used principally now as an armory, and place for military supplies and stores. One of the guards about, takes you through the Tower. We were shown into a vast hall, containing heroes on horseback, clad in the mailed armor of past ages; all in plaster, however, except the armor, which was the original armor worn by the kings and princes represented by the statues. Here were all kinds of warlike implements, lances, pikes, maces, used in the middle ages. We saw the chamber, or dungeon, in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined twelve years, the execution block on which royal blood has flowed; also, the mask used by the executioner, when decapitating one. We also saw the crown of Victoria, that of the Prince of Wales, and other crowns worn by the kings of England—beautiful, all of massy gold, and glowing with gems; the table-service, also of gold; the baptismal font, several maces and walking staffs of gold, used by

various kings—all beautiful, expensive, useless; but they do well enough to keep up the fiction of a kingly government, with its splendors and proprieties. This Tower has been used as much as an engine of tyranny as the French Bastille was. But it stands strongly and firmly, while the French could not endure *their* State prison. We were shown into one of the prisons, where we saw much carving and writing on the walls of stone, probably done with a rusty nail, wherewith captives had wearily waned out the hours of imprisonment, leaving melancholy mementoes of days that would not pass away. English history is all stained with blood and cruelty. Yet the people are comfortable under their government at present, and attached, with a home feeling, to the Royal Family. In matters of government, the English people of the present day are “slow to wrath,” and they are wedded to ancient ideas. Were it not for these considerations, they would escape from the thralldom of a dull, ancient, useless monarchy, suited well enough to the middle ages, when the right had to be enforced by might. Their monarchy, peerage, and old things generally, will run themselves out soon. The age demands less government and more work, and begins to ask, what is the use of a Royal Family, and all the cumbrous, expensive machinery of such a government? This is not from any default in the government, for it is, perhaps, better than any they would establish, but from a tendency in human nature to get tired of one set of things, and wish for something newly energetic. We were shown the White Tower, which was built by William the Conqueror, about 1079. The flooring of many rooms is hard, polished, gray cement. In some apartments, there is much massive timber, and there are some oak carvings, indicative of high antiquity. One of the towers is called the Bloody Tower, because the two sons of Edward IV. were smothered, or murdered in some way, in it. Devereux Tower is where

the brilliant Earl of Essex was privately beheaded. The walls here are eleven feet in thickness. In a gloomy chamber of the Bowyer Tower is the place where the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. In the Brick Tower was the prison of Lady Jane Grey. In the Beauchamp Tower are numerous records, made by prisoners—some of the Dudley family—imprisoned here as state prisoners. The inscriptions are in the English of three or four hundred years ago. Some are in Latin. Lady Jane Grey is said to have written these words in the room in which she was immured—

“To mortals common fate thy mind resign—
My lot to-day, to-morrow may be thine;”

but they could not be found. In one place are some old cannon, out of which it was customary to shoot stones. There is a great deal of armor here of various ages. Some kinds are made of small pieces of leather, in the form of fish-scales, or flat rings of steel, sowed to cloth or deer-skin. There is also chain mail—introduced by the crusaders—consisting of a number of little rings, which interlace each other, forming a connected garment. Some of the suits of armor were very splendid and costly, so that knights were often killed for the sake of their armor. A battle scene, in which all were mail-clad, even the horses, must have been a grand affair. The plate or flexible armor, composed of steel or iron plates moving on pivots, adapted to the motions of the body. There are also specimens of the fluted kind of armor. There is armor here also of movable splints, and some kinds overlaid with gold. There are full suits of tilting armor. There are also specimens of the various kinds of arms—halberds, lances, battle-axes—all showing what a different thing war then was from what it is now. There are also, in the Tower, secret passages, torture-rooms, dungeons, etc. The fatal block and axe are

here. Many great men and kings—Irish, Welsh, and Scotch heroes, have been imprisoned here. The noble Wallace; Queen Anne Boleyn, and other wives of Henry VIII., imprisoned here and beheaded. The last of the Plantagenets of whole blood here perished—the daughter of the murdered Clarence. Brought to the scaffold, she refused to lay her head on it: “So do traitors use to do, and I am no traitor!” said she. The executioner dragged the gray-haired, noble lady to the block by her hair. St. Peter’s Chapel, built about the year 1100, is the place where the remains of these unfortunate prisoners—beautiful ladies, lovely queens, and noble men—all lie mouldering namelessly away. The records of the Tower of London are, without doubt, darker than those of the Bastille. The Tower has also been used as a Royal residence, and splendid Tournaments were held here in the chivalrous ages of Europe. Nuptial celebrations of great queens were held here, who afterward were captives in its dungeons, and died upon the block in its courts. The whole space within the bastion walls of the Tower is about twelve acres.

To-day, Sunday, October 4th, we have partially lost sight of the continental Sunday. Some of the shops are open—the omnibusses all run—many of the railways—but in general the day is kept as in the United States. On the Continent, that country of crucifixes and the Virgin Mary, there are very many fine churches, much church-going, great devotion, some honesty, but no Sunday, except at Geneva, Zurich, and a few other places. In very many towns on the Continent, in all, probably, where an English consul or minister is resident, there is a clergyman who performs the service and reads a sermon, being supported by English residents at the place, and partly by English or American travelers. In some cases you are obliged to pay before you have the preach—payment, generally about twenty-five or

thirty cents, being demanded at the door. This hearing the English service in remote places is a great gratification to the traveler, reminding him of the scenes of home. To-day I attended service in Westminster Abbey, that "place of a thousand tombs." I heard a sermon on humility. It is the very place for such a discourse, amongst the monuments, effigies, and splendid mausoleums of those who lived in pride and moulder in magnificence. The music sounds well among the stately columns, but the preacher's voice is almost inaudible at a short distance, owing to the vast size, height, and numerous columns. The sermon did not indicate any great ability, but the grand, old English service seemed in keeping with the surroundings. The service is held in one of the chapels. I saw some tombs of old monks, in some of the side cloisters, eight hundred years old. Their manes do not listen now to the masses of old, the Abbey having been originally a Catholic church. I observed a tomb here to the memory of Major Andre, of our revolutionary history. To-day, also, I heard Dr. Cumings, one of the most able preachers in London, and the author of some valuable works. Many go to hear, to laugh at and with the renowned Spurgeon. I did not. The last laughable thing recorded of him is, that his wife having brought him twins, he gravely remarked—

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more."

Though the evening was rainy, the house, which is not a large one, was crowded. The doctor administered some heavy blows to the Romanists and Unitarians, but gave, also, a most impressive and plain, practical elucidation of "Christ and him crucified," which, he said, was Paul's one idea—and he took occasion to eulogize men of one idea, when the idea is a magnificent one—said they are the great successful men of the world. The doctor uses plain lan-

guage, and is doubtless an able, good, and useful man. His style is plain and strong.

To-day, Monday, October 6th, we leave London to visit Windsor Castle, the winter residence of the Queen. It is twenty-five miles from London. We pass by railway up the river, starting from the station at Waterloo Bridge. The land on our route is well cultivated; nearly level; has numerous villages, orchards, and market-gardens. Women are at work in the fields; and the general appearance of the country and houses is old, comfortable, and pleasant. We cross the Thames, which, when the tide is down, appears but an inconsiderable stream. Here are some pleasant villages, such as Twickenham, long the residence of Pope, the poet; and Richmond, with a royal palace, with which many historical associations are connected. Queen Elizabeth died there in 1603. At length we arrive at the old castle, part of which was built by William the Conqueror, and it has been the residence of the Royal Family ever since, a period of eight hundred years. It stands on a hill, with the village of Windsor at the base of the hill. As usual, we are immediately beset with guides, who want to show us the grounds and point out the different parts of the castle. Having procured a ticket of admission in London, from persons authorized to grant it, immediate entrance is given. The Queen is absent now in Scotland, being expected here, however, on the 14th of this month. We enter the chapel of St. George which belongs to the castle. We are shown, as usual, many graves—some six hundred years old—monuments also which are very beautiful—those of the Duke of Beaufort, and that of the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV.; the vaults, also, where repose the ashes of George III. and George IV., and other kings. There are some very exquisite paintings here, a fine organ, and the old, carved wood-work appears the best and most intricate we have seen. These productions of art are, many of them,

from Italy. We were shown where the Queen and Royal Family sit during service, having a private passage from the castle to the chapel. From this we went through many apartments of the castle—one of the Queen's servants, in grand livery, conducting us. These rooms are very splendid, though not near equal to those of Versailles, or the Tuilleries. They have, however, some very fine paintings, principally portraits. The audience-chamber is a very large, fine room. We also ascended the tower, and saw below, near the village of Windsor, on the green banks of the Thames, Eton College, "whose distant spires and antique towers crown the watery glade."

"From the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way."

All the scene is very suggestive of Gray, the poet. Buried among the trees, in the distance, is half-seen the spires of the church of Stoke Pogis, where he is buried, and where he wrote the "Elegy in a Country Church Yard," which has wreathed immortality with his name, and his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" is so admirably descriptive of the scene as to be immediately recalled to mind. Harrow on the Hill, where Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel were educated, is also clearly seen; the Crystal Palace, that creation of iron and glass, sparkles in the sunlight more than twenty miles off; the large park, also, of four thousand acres, where are, it is said, ten thousand deer; the meadow of Runnymede, where the "barons bolde" compelled King John to sign the Magna Charta—all are visible. Indeed the scene on a fine day is wondrously beautiful, and historically interesting. Windsor Castle is not so high as some castles we have seen; yet the buildings extend over a great space of ground, and the part built by William the Con-

queror looks very old. There are state dungeons here as well as in the Tower, which are not shown to the public. We saw also the Queen and Prince Albert's, and the Prince of Wales's horses, which are a collection of small but apparently high-blooded animals, better lodged infinitely than many of their subjects. The state-carriages are of many different kinds, but are plain. We saw the place for the riding-school of the younger children of the queen. One cannot much admire royalty on this view of it in its surroundings. The mind must dwarf when it has nothing to do—when every thing is done for it. The glorious satisfaction of self-labor for one's-self is taken away. Every thing is already done for them, and life must often seem monotonous, and weary, and useless. The outside glitter is often at the expense of the inside peace. It is said when the queen is here three hundred and twenty-five domestics are required in the castle. The queen's mother—the Duchess of Kent—lives in a place within sight, rejoicing in the uneuphonious name of Frogmore. To see the castle and also to see the horses requires a special ticket of admission. Whether the latter feel themselves honored by being objects of curiosity we did not inquire—perhaps because their answer would certainly have been *Neigh*.

I have also visited Thames Tunnel, which is a mile or two below the city. You descend by a long, winding staircase, into a deep crypt in the river, and you see the vast gas-lit tunnel before you, with its shops, music, promenaders. You pass entirely under the river to the other side, and ascend by a similar winding staircase. This subaqueous passage is lined with shops of all kinds, and resembles one of the low, narrow, arched streets to be seen in some European cities. The air, however, seems close and unpleasant. It is well lit with gas, day and night, and forms a very pleasant promenade. The charge for passing through is only one penny, or two cents. It consists of two walls or arches,

both alike: one for carriages (which are let down by machinery) to pass by; and the other, by which to return—alongside of which are raised places for foot passengers. There are about fifteen feet between the bed of the river and the top of the arches.

The form of London is nearly an ellipse. It is said to contain two hundred and fifty thousand houses, thirteen thousand streets, squares, etc., and more than two million five hundred thousand inhabitants. The distance around the city is thirty miles. It is probably not so large as Rome in the days of Augustus or Trajan—or ancient Babylon and Nineveh. The origin of London is by some traced to gods and demigods—to one Brote, a descendant of Eneas, eleven hundred and eight years before the Christian era, which of course is absurd. Laertius mentions it under the name of Londinium. King Lud is said to have repaired it; from which it was called Ludstow; which name became London. Others derive it from *Lun*, which, in the old Scandinavian language, means a grove—and *Den*, a town. London has about five hundred churches at present. There are six or seven bridges across the Thames. Over one of them—the Blackfriars—there have been counted, in one day, in summer, passing, one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons. There are four or five great parks; some of which contain five hundred or six hundred acres, beautifully embellished with promenades, drives, fountains, statues, columns. There are more than thirty hospitals, exclusively for old women; more than one hundred for old persons of both sexes. It is calculated there are expended in charity, in this way, nearly four million dollars annually in this city. About fifteen thousand vessels arrive each year in the port of London. London alone employs about five thousand; and there are at least twelve hundred found always on the Thames. London is truly a vast place. You will pass through streets in which there is a surfeit of

splendor; and strong, stately, and substantial wealth has left its trace on every thing. You will continue your walk and encounter scenes of entire and squalid wretchedness, where humanity lives in filth, and breathes in noxious air. You will then come upon streets full of commercial life and business—shops blazing with jewelry and works of art; then you will come upon streets, quiet and silent, as if in the country. In some places the heart of London seems throbbing, in others it is silent. Within a stone's throw of where religious service has been celebrated, twice a day, for a thousand years, you will find heathendom, Sabbath-breaking, and utter godlessness. You will be accosted in the streets by prostitutes, who excuse themselves on the plea of bitter necessity, for bread. An aged, starving prostitute, begs a penny for bread of you—when the next person you meet spends one hundred dollars per day; or the next person, perhaps, is a lady, over the refined glass of whose face never, perhaps, passed a troublous thought of the base pottery of humanity about her. She is porcelain-china and they are dull, earthen clay. But it takes all sorts of people to make up a world; and there are varieties enough in this great, old, noble, but withal a little slow and cautious nation.

But we are now in

EDINBURGH,

the capital of Scotland. It is a holiday, or rather a fast day, a day of humiliation and prayer, on account of what they call the "Mutiny in India." The great British Empire would seem to be crumbling away—there is not enough centre power. The streets here are full of promenaders, and seekers after amusements. The churches are all open, however, and I have, to-day, heard a good old Scotch sermon, from the pulpit in which John Knox formerly held forth. From the hotel at which I am staying (McGregor's

Hotel, Princes' street), the view is fine. From an immense rock, three hundred and eighty-three feet high, looks down the great Edinburgh Castle of Scotch history, now a strong fortification. It is a highly picturesque object, in this picturesque, uneven city of hills and hollows. Holyrood Palace, I have also seen; and how many memories of the past, of Scotch history, are therewith entwined!—how much of the beautiful, unfortunate Mary, daughter, wife, and mother of kings! This city is interesting, old, and remarkable. The uneven appearance of the ground—in some places, high, abrupt, precipitous—admits of great variety in the aspect and height of the buildings. The hill on which Lord Nelson's monument is placed, affords a most enchanting prospect of the wide frith, its solitary isle, its antique fort, and then the hills beyond, among which, though invisible generally, is Loch Leven and its Castle. The population of this literary city is about one hundred and sixty thousand. But I must go back a little, and say how I got here, for though I was not spirited away from London by magic power, I came by means that the dark ages would have regarded as stranger than either magic or fiction.

We left London yesterday, at half-past seven o'clock, on the Great Northern Railway, departing from King's Cross Station. The weather was truly pleasant, and we passed over the beautiful and well cultivated scenes of "green and merrie England" with great rapidity. The railway fares are much higher than on the Continent, over six cents per mile, first-class, which are the only cars fit to travel in—the second-class being worse than the continental third. The land prospect was agreeably diversified, and pleasantly interspersed with woods, hedges, and cultivated ground. Much of it was almost as level as an American prairie. The scenes had an indescribable appearance of comfortable age, repose, and tranquillity, that I never saw anywhere else; an old English feeling arose in the mind when con-

templating it. There is something in the solid comfort one sees here, of which Old England may well be proud. There are churches, mansions, villas, and gardens; all look settled, comfortable, established, and old. Many of the places we passed are renowned among the annals of England's great men, among which are the residence of Sir Bulwer Lytton, the former residence of Dr. Young, Lord Holland's seat, etc. Part of the route was through the fenny districts of Huntingdonshire, where of late years an extensive system of drainage has been adopted. The process of mixing the under clay soil with the top soil has been found of great advantage. This is the region where the Stilton cheese is manufactured. Passing Huntingdon and Peterborough, we entered Lincolnshire, much of the land of which is on a dead level, and was formerly boggy, though now the most productive land in the kingdom. We then passed Boston, a company from which settled Boston in the United States, saw the Ouse and Trent rivers, entered Nottinghamshire, where the climate is drier and the face of the country more elevated; much clover and wheat are raised. We then entered Yorkshire, the scenery becoming wilder, and arrived at the ancient town of York, distant two hundred miles from London, in five hours after leaving the latter place. York has attractions in its ancient walls, gates, Roman inscriptions, and its fine Cathedral; yet, being indifferent to exploring them at present, we continued our route. We then entered the County of Durham, more bleak and barren, yet with pleasant hills and vales, appropriated to the growth of corn and pasturage. Many of the hills being composed of the blue or mountain limestone; parts also being celebrated for coal mines, some of which extend twelve hundred feet below the surface, the seams or strata of coal extending, horizontally, for many miles—each stratum from three to eight feet thick. Many places have also lead works. One of the old towns through which we passed is called

Washington, that family having originated in this part of England. We then entered Northumberland, the most northern county of England, once a distinct kingdom, particularly distinguished for its agriculture and its coal mines—the latter were first worked in A. D. 1260; but only since the invention of the steam-engine, by which the water is pumped out of the mines, have the strata been rendered thoroughly available. Some of the shafts are eighteen hundred feet in depth. We reached Newcastle-on-Tyne, about sunset. This is a remarkably black-looking place, of large size (eighty-eight thousand inhabitants). It has a large Castle, standing near the line of railway. The latter crosses the Tyne over a splendid viaduct of iron, fourteen hundred feet long; thirty-two feet below it, there is a common roadway or bridge. The Tyne is navigable to the German Ocean; the coal-fields around are, by some, regarded as the richest in the world. Within the town are many remains of the old Roman wall, which was built to connect the two seas, and protect England from the attacks of the Scots. The country now appeared more hilly, especially on the side next to the North Sea. About dark, we entered Scotland at the town of Berwick-on-Tweed, glimmering in the gas-light, and disclosing a fine view of the broad Forth, looking like a sea, over which lay the white moon-light. Near this is the scene of part of Scott's *Marmion*, and others of his works. The shimmering, creeping sea, appeared frequently in view among the high hills, as we passed along. Many beautiful seats, ruins of castles, etc., are along the route; the country becomes more hilly and rocky; and at length, after a ride of four hundred miles through England and Scotland, we entered Edinburgh, in about eleven hours after leaving London.

Few sights could be really more beautiful than the appearance of the opposite side of the city and Castle, when seen at night, from Princes' street. The gas-lit dwellings rise one

above the other, like an amphitheatre of houses. Some of them are twelve stories high. All sorts of historical associations cluster in this city—things of kings and great men, and famous writers, lords, and earls. The monument to Scott is very fine. It rises two hundred feet high, occupies a conspicuous situation, and underneath it (it has somewhat the appearance of a continental church spire) there is a fine statue of him and his dog—the latter looking up affectionately to his face. Scott is the great interpreter of those feelings which arise, naturally, in the mind when surveying the scenery of Scotland with a poetic imagination, full of the memories of the past. It is somewhat like a pyramid, and has niches in it for statues, illustrating his works. One, in looking at it, feels the great power of genius over man, and how it extends down the corridors of time, like a mighty twilight, when its day of life is past. There is now, out in the street, a regular old Highlander, in full costume, with his plaid and gown, playing on that old, droning instrument, the bagpipe. It would seem here as if it was a ragged, torn leaf, out of the days of Wallace and Bruce. But no! the old times are gone; this is the age of railways, and commerce, and manufactures; the old castles are curiosities, the abbeys are antique, the monks have mouldered, and the grand times of lords and ladies and knights, and high chivalrous feelings, are over and “done gone.”

To-day, Friday, October 9th, I made the ascent of Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, from which there is one of the finest views in Great Britain. The height is eight hundred and twenty-two feet, and the view comprehends the city, castle, sea, and a grand view of cultivated land, and sea-dashed rocks. Much of the view, while I was there, was obscured by a fog, driven by a wind rushing through the valley, between the summit and Salisbury crags, like an upward cataract. Near this is the scene of part of Scott's “Heart

of Mid-Lothian." Ascending the hill, I passed near an ancient ruin called St. Anthony's Chapel. We also entered to-day, Holyrood Palace, so closely entwined with Scotch history and Scotch romance. The building is old-looking and partly empty, and would seem to be an excellent opening for ghosts. One large room contains the portraits of one hundred and ten manufactured likenesses of Scotch sovereigns. But the rooms of chief interest are small, old-looking rooms, connected with Queen Mary, Lord Darnley, her husband, and Rizzio the Italian. We saw her dressing-room, needle-work done by her when a happy girl in a French convent, her bed also, and other things, unchanged for several hundred years, all looking very, very old, and the rooms very dull and dusty. Lord Darnley's armor and boots were also shown; his dressing-room; the room in which Queen Mary with Rizzio and others were at supper, and from whence Rizzio was dragged, while clinging to her garments and imploring her protection, and murdered. The place in which he was finally dispatched with fifty-six wounds, and the floor, evidently deeply discolored, or destained by something said to be his blood, is shown; and the partition, also, which Queen Mary caused to be made in order to conceal the ineffaceable blood. The guide who conducted us seemed to believe the story about its being impossible to remove the blood. It is a historical problem as to whether Queen Mary was accessory to the death of Darnley, which happened soon after that of Rizzio. Rizzio was probably in the employ of the Pope, and may have been Mary's confessor, in the disguise of a musician; but the absurd jealousy of Lord Darnley had probably no real foundation. When informed of Rizzio's death, she said she would now dry her tears and study revenge. This, with her subsequent marriage to Earl Bothwell, the instigator of Darnley's murder, have been thought strong evidence against her. But if she were guilty, her crime is almost

lost in the magnitude of her misfortunes. Darnley was a weak, unenergetic character, and probably his conduct at the murder of Rizzio, lost all her affection for him, and perhaps others chose to act for her and interpret her wish by action without any direct agency of hers. The evidence for and against her is nicely balanced. Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," is thought to have proved her innocence. But, like most historical puzzles, the doubt remains after the proof is clear. We also saw the ruined Abbey of Holyrood, close adjoining, and much older than the palace. This is indeed a royal ruin. The roof is all gone, some columns of the aisle yet remain, and many old, ecclesiastical grave-stones, some of which are utterly undecipherable from age. 'Tis a sad place now, yet it had a past of glory in old days. We saw the place where Queen Mary knelt at the gorgeous ceremony of her marriage to Lord Darnley. We also saw the apartments of Lord Breadalbane, where are some splendid rooms and fine paintings, amongst them a Satyr, by Rubens. Lord B. is the principal officer of the Queen's household. She is expected here in a few days, and preparations are making to receive her in this palace. I also visited, to-day, (having a ticket of admission for that purpose,) the interior of the great Castle—the ascent being a long one up the mountain rock. There I saw in a small room without windows, in the centre of the rocky building, the regalia of Scotland, the crown, sword of state, sceptre, etc. These have no wearer now, the crown of Scotland being merged in that of England. It is a singular circumstance in history, that in the son of the unfortunate Mary, James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, merged the three great dynasties of William the Conqueror of the Norman line, originating in A. D. 1066; also the Anglo-Saxon line of Egbert, originating A. D. 800; and the Scottish line of kings originating from Alpin, A. D. 831, all concentrating in James I., and of course also in

Queen Victoria. Several brilliant lamps, kept burning all the time, cast a light over these valuable jewels of Scotland's old days of independence, and a guardian keeps watch over them. The crown is of the purest gold, and consists of two circles or rims—the under one much the broader—and are surmounted with knobs or pinnacles of gold, tipped with large pearls. The under rim is adorned with twenty-two precious stones, between each of which is interposed an oriental pearl; the stones are topazes, amethysts, emeralds, rubies, and jacinths; the smaller circle is adorned with diamonds and sapphires alternately. Of course the crown is hollow, like many of the heads that have worn it. The various vicissitudes these regalia have undergone are very interesting. There is said to be a subterraneous passage extending from this strong, rocky fortress, under the old town of Edinburgh, to Holyrood Palace. I saw the room Queen Mary occupied in the Castle; the small room, not more than eight feet square, in which James I. was born; and the window from which he was let down in a basket, from a great height, when only eight days old, to escape the destruction intended for him in these violent times, by the Scotch Puritans. The view from this window is strange and beautiful; the rock is, at this place, two hundred and fifty feet high. There is here also a very fine portrait of the Queen, that most beautiful woman in the world. It indicates a kind of intellectual, affectionate softness, dignity, and refinement, one rarely sees in man or woman, yet there is warm blood underneath. There is a prayer here by Queen Mary, in black letter. I also saw, on the top of the castle, the great, barrel-like cannon, Mons Meg. It is made of strong iron staves or sections, hooped in its entire length. It is thirteen feet long, and has a calibre of twenty inches. Stone balls were shot from it to a distance, it is said, of three miles. The view from the forti-

fications where Mons Meg is placed, is one of the finest the eye ever feasted on.

To-day I have been over the domain of the great Magician. I have been at Melrose, Dryburgh Abbey, and Abbotsford. I left Edinburgh at seven-and-a-half o'clock, by the North British Railway, and proceeded thirty-seven miles, to the village of Melrose, in the centre of which is the ancient Abbey, which Sir Walter Scott has rendered famous by the beautiful lines so well known. It is a mere ruin, roofless and crumbling, and ivy-grown—a place of ancient graves, six hundred years old, with exquisitely carved work, some of which yet exists in a perfect state, only rendered more haggardly life-like by time. There are statues in stone of monks, prophets, apostles, and nuns, and singular pieces of ancient carved work, representing various devices—some representing the ivy twining around a column; others, different kinds of vegetation blown about by the wind. I noticed a cauliflower, in stone, of most marvelous exactness. These sculptors of the old, monkish times, must have been imported from Italy; and some of them were, perhaps, priests, who spent their lives on a single work. The old guide of the ruins, who had been with Sir Walter Scott, spoke Scotch with such intenseness as to be almost unintelligible, pointed out every thing, and enlarged on the beauties with all the ardor of one expecting a sixpence. He showed us the grave of David I., the founder of this Abbey, one of the kings of Scotland, who died about 1124, and was buried here; also, that of Michael Scott, the great Magician of several centuries ago—the slab over his body, which was broken in the attempt to get at his book of magic which had been buried with him. Some of the tombs were of black marble, with old, singular, half-obliterated inscriptions and warnings. Jackdaws in great numbers flew around the ruin, which the guide said were supposed to be the ghosts of the monks that still clung to

the ruined habitation, where they had their pleasures of old, ere the zealous reformers battered down these Abbeys. He showed where Cromwell's cannon had wrought destruction. As a ruin, this Abbey is perfect. It seems to have been built originally of red stone—but now almost gray—and in some places black, and much of it in the embrace of the ivy. It is the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, remarkable for his wealth—about half a million of dollars per annum—and his vices, which are as great in proportion. I walked through the corridors and up the stone stairway, and looked at the clearly and sharply-cut carvings—the windows arched and ornamented—and the loveliness of the whole pile of intellectual stone was superb in that clear, autumn air. The gratitude of the guide was greatly excited by a shilling, and I departed in a cab, which I hired, to Dryburgh Abbey, four miles further along the Tweed. Much of the scenery was very beautiful. The three Eildon hills were on the right, in their garment of heath, and the Tweed raved on the left. The hedges gave place to strong stone fences. I passed several old villages with their ivy-grown walls. The hills and vales seemed to be rich and finely cultivated. Leaving the carriage, I was ferried over the Tweed, and a short walk, following the directions on several guide-boards, importing "To the Ruins of Dryburgh Abbey," conducted me to a small lodge, or cottage, where a placard informed me the keys of the Abbey were kept. A bonnie Scotch lassie—quite pretty, but rather plump—now came out, and led me through a park, or orchard; and after following her some time under the trees, through the park, I came upon the most extensive and mournful ruin I have yet seen, except that of Heidelberg. All was genius, destruction, and ruin. This Abbey is seven hundred years old. At one side stands a yew tree, which my guide said is supposed to be as old as the Abbey. It is green and beautiful in its fadeless verdure; but the Abbey

moulders. We walked through the ruin, saw its fallen down gateways, its dungeons, its broken statues, its urns—once supposed to have belonged to the Druids. Trees had grown among and on the walls, instead of their old adornments of pillars. I never saw the ivy so luxuriant anywhere. The old Abbot's graves were all around, with their effigies crumbling. The old Abbeys seem to have consisted, generally, of a central and beautiful church, in the form of a cross, and to it were attached buildings for the monks—dormitories, cells, refectories—corridors and cloisters for the monks to walk in, read and exercise, and also teach schools in. Doubtless, they all deserve decay. At length we stopped in a chapel, yet retaining part of its stone roof, and stood before three graves, with monuments of red granite, plain and strikingly simple. The ruin had come home to the ruins, and slept among them. They were the graves of Sir Walter Scott, his wife, and only son. Here rests a man not inferior to Shakspeare, and consequently superior to all the rest of the world, in the true delineation of character. As people will read novels, they had better have good ones, and those of Sir Walter Scott are creations of historical human nature. The scene is most suitable and solemn. Let him rest here on the Border, and let the pile crumble about him. His genius, and its great gifts to mankind, have more immortality than the walls that number centuries of age. But we retrace our steps. Here are hedges of the box-wood grown into trees, inside the church, and the monks moulder away beneath the now nameless stones, despite their whole array of stone-sculpture, saints, and epitaphs. Returning, we pass near the mansion of the present Earl of Buchan, the Abbey belonging to a part of his ancestral domains. We give the Scotch lassie the expected fee, and return to Melrose. Our guide made a most serious error in chronology, by informing us that a beautiful monument in sight, on the banks of the Tweed, was erected to

Sir William Wallace, "who fell in the battle of Waterloo." We now visited Abbotsford, three miles from Melrose, in the opposite direction. Arriving near it, we turn down a road between walls, and all at once Abbotsford, that "romance in stone," with its gardens, its walls, trees, terraces, and the Tweed flowing through a meadow, came in sight. It is the shrine of genius. The family being absent in the Highlands, the house is, on certain days, open to the public. An old woman, one of the domestics, authorized to show the house, is reading, in a small apartment in which the path terminates, "Peveril of the Peak." The building itself is Gothic, and is a sort of Mosaic of Scott's favored memories, having in one place a carved stone, from Melrose Abbey; in another, one from some old castle; in another, a chimney-piece, an arch of a window, or something of the kind, from other places—so that it is a memento of many ruins, and of much history. We were shown into Scott's armory, abounding in all sorts of armor—some used by Bruce, Wallace, and others—presents to Scott. There were several large two-handed swords—relics of many old heroes and battles—all full of traditional history. In the midst of this, an Englishman who accompanied me, demanded to know how much this house cost—whether it could not have been built for thirty-five thousand pounds? I could have flayed him alive on the spot, and roasted him as a barbecue. Sir Walter Scott had but to retire into this room, and be with the most striking reminders of those persons and times that he writes about. We were now shown into his study, where he wrote those immortal works. It is "as in his time," according to the old woman. Here is his chair, his writing-desk; here are his books, and many presents made to him by those whom his works had delighted. A chair we noticed most beautifully carved, made from the wood of the chair on which Sir William Wallace "was done to death, by felon hand." The next room is a large library

with some twenty thousand volumes, containing also many fine presents. There was an immense writing-desk of ebony, which, with six ebony chairs, were presented to Scott by King George IV. Also, an Album, which had belonged to Napoleon. Some fine busts are also here, by Chantrey; a fine one of Scott, and one of Wordsworth; a striking picture of the head of Mary Queen of Scots in a charger; also, a full-length portrait of Scott's only son, who died a few years ago, returning from India, and with whom died the title conferred by George IV. on Scott, there being no male descendant to inherit it. The house and grounds belong to Mr. Hope Scott, a wealthy barrister-at-law, who married a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart—the latter a daughter of Sir Walter. There are about fifteen hundred acres in the plantation, five hundred of which are in cultivation, the rest in woods and ornamental grounds. On the side next to the Tweed the views are fine, comprising a full view of that river, to which you descend by a terraced hill, and then cross a fine meadow in which the mowers are at present at work. There are also meadows beyond the river, and then there are the Eske hills. The produce of the estate is in oats, barley, beets, turnips, hay, and is said not amount to more than five thousand dollars, which scarcely pays the expense of keeping up so large a house. The hedges around the house are of blackthorn and holly; the latter is particularly fine. The house is not built on any regular plan, or style, and thus is interesting on account of its irregularity—and the stones built into the walls taken from various ruins—thus rendering the walls chronicles of the predominant tastes of Scott. Here he died in 1832, of partial paralysis, induced by his superhuman intellectual exertions to pay off the indebtedness he had contracted as partner of a publishing house, which became bankrupt. It is said, in the two years after 1827, he, by the sale of his "Life of Napoleon," and other

works, paid to his creditors the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. After his death, the debts were all paid. But Abbotsford itself would have been sacrificed, but for the liberality of his creditors, who settled it on his descendants. So that the fortune realized by the sale of his works, and the title also, are both gone. Scott had sought to restore his health in the mild climate of Italy—a government vessel having been chartered to convey him there. However, his mind became a wreck while away, and he returned to Abbotsford only in time to die. When they brought him in, a wandering consciousness returned to him. He said, “I begin to be myself again; I know I am at Abbotsford.” He soon died. He was a great, good, kind gentleman. The domestic who attended us, spoke in the most affectionate manner of his suavity and kindness to all sorts of people. I returned to Edinburgh; and when I got into the double-sided city, perched on two hills, gas-lit and terraced, with the great Gothic monument of Scott himself (his dog by him looking affection), in marble, sitting like a white ghost beneath it, between the two cities, I felt that the life of Scott was not, after all, a failure, though the fortune is gone and the title extinct.

One of the interesting places in Edinburgh is the Gray Friars’ Cemetery—the oldest in the city—having numerous ancient monuments, where Time and Decay have mocked at the efforts of man to perpetuate a name. Some of the monuments have been gorgeous and grand, but all is obliterated now. The American custom, in many places, of placing a simple marble grave-stone, is in much better taste, and will last longer than these proud, intricate monuments. One of the monuments commemorates, in bad poetry, the martyrdom, as they call it, of eighteen thousand Scotch Covenanters. In this cemetery are buried the remains of some distinguished Scotch writers—Robertson, the historian; Allan Ramsay, the poet—Mackenzie, the author of the “Man of

Feeling." In the cemetery near Carlton Hill I saw the monument over the remains of David Hume—there being evidently more Christian faith in his epitaph than in his life. I also visited Leith, the port of Edinburgh, besides many other places—the capital of Scotland being really one of the most interesting cities we have seen, and famous for its literary and charitable institutions, as well as its historical associations of the past.

But we are off again. We are now at

STIRLING,

thirty-six miles west of Edinburgh; which latter place we left at four o'clock, passing over a well-cultivated, fertile, and beautiful country; and on our way we saw that great battle-field of Scotch history, Bannockburn. The battle was fought between King Robert Bruce and Edward King of England, on the 24th of July, 1314, and resulted in the defeat of the English. There is shown here a large limestone, on which the Scotch king planted his standard in this battle. Stirling was the ancient capital of the Scotch kings, and is one of the oldest historical cities. It has a population of about thirteen thousand. It is much associated with the romantic days of Bruce and Wallace, who, near seven hundred years ago, fought battles near its walls. It has an ancient castle on a rock, three hundred and fifty feet high, which is kept in a state of defense, like that of Edinburgh. From this castle—which is famous for its past history, and also from a high hill in the rear, on which executions in old times took place, and near which is at present a most gloomy and ancient cemetery—a view is obtained of most rare and singular beauty—comprehending the fertile vale of the river Forth, which stream makes many windings through lovely meadows; the dark, heathery Grampian Hills are seen; those of Ochil, in the distant, and romantic Highlands; the river Forth—the scene is at

once imposing, picturesque, and splendid. The town has some dirty, narrow, ancient streets—others more modern. John Knox's pulpit is shown here. Much of the architecture here is in the quaint, monastic style.

But we are now at

ABERDEEN,

far in the northeast of Scotland, about latitude 55° . Yet the verdure of the fields and woods continues, and the weather is nearly as mild as September in the Middle States of the Union. We saw the haymakers at work in the fields to-day, and many wood wild flowers yet stand up in their loveliness. We have come from Stirling by railway to-day; distant one hundred and thirty-eight miles. This is the first city I have ever seen built almost entirely of granite, which is here extremely abundant, and of a gray, hard, polishable quality. The views to-day have all been very interesting. Our way lay along the Vale of Strathmere, which lies between the Grampian Hills and the sea. The frothy waves of the latter, whitening up to the bold, bluff, rocky shore, are seen for many miles, as we glided rapidly along in the cars; and some sails were also seen in the misty distance. The slopes and knolls of ground were in fine cultivation—grass, turnips, potatoes, beets—and the peasants, women as well as men, were profiting by the pleasant weather to preserve the produce of their labor. Several gloomy, massive, ivy-grown stone ruins, remnants of the strong old war-times, were seen, roofless, and much of the upper part of the walls fallen, contrasting with the modern, tasteful residences of the gentry of the present period. We passed through some villages and cities known in history, romance, and song—Perth, Montrose, Dundee.

We have been several days in Aberdeen. It consists of Old and New Aberdeen: the former on the Don; the latter on the Dee—near their entrance into the North Sea, about

a mile and a half apart. Union-street, in New Aberdeen, has a handsome appearance. I have seen the tombs of George Campbell and James Beattie, both distinguished and learned men, who resided here: the latter a good poet; the former wrote a good translation of the Four Gospels. Old Aberdeen has a singular and massive old cathedral, destitute of ornament and architectural grace; and it is gloomy within and without, in consequence of the numerous mouldering tombs. The people here have a *furor* for church-going—are generally Presbyterians, which system is established in Scotland. They appear to be a good, moral, mercantile sort of people—with miserable hotels, however, and many dirty, filthy streets, defiling the air with stenches innumerable. The sea views here are fine, with the vast, restless waves, rolling on the long sand-beach, and the rough, coarse, heathery hills near it are wild, beautiful, and romantic. Over the Don extends a very old bridge—Bridge of Balgownie, Balgownie being the name of the laird on whose lands it is placed—said to have been constructed by Bruce. Byron, who lived here with his mother in his youth, alludes to it in “Don Juan:” that when a “wife’s ane son and a mare’s own foal pass over, down ye shall fall”—an old prophecy concerning it. It is of a single arch, and the waters below black as ink—and the whole place very dreary. This is near Old Aberdeen. The principal street of New Aberdeen is more than a mile long—has high, fine granite houses and some large churches on each side of it. Other parts of the city are very uneven, the hills being connected by bridges. There is a castle or garrison of armed men; and the many-colored, many-coated Highland costume is very frequently met with in the streets, being worn by many admirers and amateurs of ancient manners.

The language here, as also at Stirling, is strongly Scotch in accent and phraseology, and not at first readily apprehended by an American ear. The Queen’s summer resi-

dence, Balmoral, is about forty miles from this, toward the source of the Dee. She is expected to be through this city this week, on her way to Edinburgh, where she is to remain one night at Holyrood Palace, then proceed to London. On Wednesday she visits Lord Aberdeen, lately prime minister, whose Highland residence is about twenty miles from Aberdeen. The Queen is much respected, as one who governs her own family well and economically, according as economy is practiced among kings; and nationally she has the wisdom not to undertake innovations, but to adopt them if insisted on by the people. Her daughters are said to be all intelligent. Lady Alice, the second daughter, speaks four languages fluently. The eldest son, the Prince of Wales, is said to be a dull boy. The government of England is essentially an aristocratic one. The monarchy would be but a mockery without the concurrence of the nobility. Aberdeen has about seventy-two thousand inhabitants.

But we are off again "on our winding way." We left Aberdeen at eleven o'clock, by the Great North of Scotland Railway, our course being toward Inverness. We rode fifty-three miles to Keith, passing various castles and old villages, and Highland residences of the English nobility. The Queen is expected to pass this way on Thursday, on a visit to the Earl of Aberdeen. As she has not excited our curiosity very strongly, we decline stopping a day to see her majesty. We saw some fine country in passing, and some mountains covered with brown heath. Some of the villages looked unprogressive enough, and primitive very, with stately, towered castles in ruins. Occasionally we had fine views of the North Sea. At Keith the railway ceased, when we got into a coach, by which pleasant and rapid conveyance we went to Nairn, having fine views of the country. We passed through the extensive domains of the Duke of Richmond, who inherited the possessions of the

popular Duke of Gordon, having married his daughter; the Duke of Gordon having no male heirs, the title is extinct. There is a fine monument in granite to the Duke of Gordon, in the principal square in Aberdeen. The view of the ancient Scotch castle, with its high gate in front, is very fine. It is surrounded by park-grounds, from the trees of which it rises in turrets and battlements, a thing of old. The villages through which we passed, on the Duke's place, present an appearance of neatness and cleanliness to which other villages which we have seen, are strangers. The Duke's extensive grouse-hunting grounds, embracing the slope of a heathery mountain, are visible for some miles. In these regions many of the peasants have been, during the last few years, transported to Canada and other regions, to make room for the hunting-grounds and sheep-pastures of the nobility.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The domains of the Earl of Fife were next entered, where the villages are much meaner and the population more degraded. The houses were, in general, small, stone, thatched cottages, having, in their appearance, some resemblance to American negro quarters, but not so comfortable-looking, nor did the inhabitants appear so happy. In one of the fields I noticed a gang of twenty-five women, hard at work in the fields, when it was nearly dark, with a man standing by, apparently an overseer. American slavery elevates the subject of it from an inferior to a superior condition. The slave is many degrees higher—socially, intellectually, morally, industrially—than his ancestor in Africa, but this kind of service perpetuates the degradation of a class, who, in intellect and moral endowment, are perhaps equal to their masters. This service degrades or continues a career of degradation; but American slavery elevates, by

a practical impartation, by contact with a superior race, who impart civilization to the blacks—Christianity in return for manual labor. It gives the results of centuries of civilization; all the far reaches of great minds; all the inventions of science; it places all these within the eventual contact of a class, who otherwise had continued mere human animals in Africa, insensible to the glorious privilege of being a man. There is evidently a greater distance between the peasants of these soils and the proprietor, than there is between the master and his slave. Both give all their labor; the former receives a miserable pittance, called his wages, in return, and with it receives contempt, aversion, neglect—no further attention or interest—all is done when he gets his wages; he may sicken, die it may be, uncared for; the duty of the master is done when ten cents a day, and less to women, are paid. The slave receives no immediate or stipulated or nominal wages, but gets protection, interested care, and familiar, kindly, benevolent support in old age, infancy, sickness. His wants are all provided and guaranteed to him. He has no thought for the morrow; what mind he has is free—free from the tyrants of want, debt, apprehension, poverty; for no slave *can* be a poor man—having an assurance of an abundant support, no matter what may befall his master—who, if unable to keep him, disposes of his right to his labor to another who can keep him. He never can have any annoyance or uneasiness about support for wife or child. His condition is the natural relation of a superior and inferior race, when in contact, where both have found their level according to laws impressed on their being. The system here is a political situation, where two classes, inherently equal, are constrained by circumstances to exist in a condition foreign to the entire nature of the one party, and only in harmony with the worse part of the nature of the other. Some of our American editors who have for their stock in trade one fanatical

idea; officious intermeddlers in the laws of other States; unprincipled politicians willing to get astride any idea, and who have no rule of right or wrong, except the fleeting, hasty opinion of the uninformed; to say nothing of down-right abolitionists, who are the proper subjects of astonishment and pity only; others whose real goodness and benevolence of heart, magnify slavery into untold horrors—All these would do well to see in that system a progressive and natural civilization and amelioration of a race which, in two thousand years of trial, have shown themselves insusceptible of improvement by any other means. Whereas the European first, second, and third-class caste system of individuals of the same race, separated by mutual aversion, is an unnatural system, which can only continue by grinding down the inferior till he become the moral and mental slave of the superior—a despotism more degrading than the physical servitude of the South. The contact of the white and black races, elevates and improves the latter, when in a state of slavery only; the contact of those races in the North, does not improve the negro. A kind of compulsory interest is felt for him by the master, when he is his property. The distance between the great lord of the manor, or the elegant and refined lady of the boudoir, and the serfs on the soil, is so great, that an approximation is regarded with horror on one side, and with cringing, hypocritical sycophancy on the other. The slave has an interest in his master, as the latter has also an interest in him; there is a bridge of ownership, only repugnant in name, on which both may meet; in the English system there is no place of meeting, nothing in common, nothing but rack-rent. But this is rather a digression.

After some miles, we entered the obscure, old-fashioned Scotch town of Elgin, from which Lord Elgin derives his title. He is understood to be a poor lord, who engages in diplomacy, accepts foreign embassies, governor-general-

ships—a kind of graceful condescension on the part of those whose acres are insufficient—practiced in other lands, not a thousand miles from the Federal City—whereby the government receives their elegant attention and deliberation for a consideration. There is here a very ancient ruin, formerly a Catholic priory. It is within five miles of the North Sea, near the mouth of the river Lossie. Further on, we come upon the reputed scenes of parts of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," the town and Castle of Forres; the place where Macbeth is supposed to have met the weird sisters on the blasted heath near the sea; and also the castle in which King Duncan was murdered. The scene is of the strange, somewhat dreary, dreamy order; surging waves, bare, bald rocks, Scotch Highlands on the left, heathery hills; furze, carse, moor. In this region there are many curious, ancient, sometimes rudely-carved stones, called Druid stones, on some of which they are supposed to have offered human sacrifices. They have in them little channels to collect the blood. There are stone piles or pillars, commemorating treaties with the Danes. We soon reached Nairn, where the railway is resumed, and we soon arrived at

INVERNESS,

seventeen miles further, the capital of the Highlands, in the back and north of Scotland. It is situated on Moray Frith, an inlet from the North Sea, and also on the beautiful little river Ness. This is the limit of our excursion north—being about latitude 57°. Around are mountains, from some of which are fine views. It is a lone region in the rear of Scotland's Highlands, yet it is the scene of many incidents in the real history of—and also in the shadows of history—romance. There are about twelve thousand inhabitants.

It has a good old Castle, picturesquely situated, on a high

rock, near the river; houses in which Cromwell, Duke of Cumberland, and Charles Stuart, the Pretender, lodged; a Tolbooth or prison, in front of which is a stone called Clach-na-Cudden—a Druid stone, on which, in their solemn, fearful rites, they sacrificed human beings; the channels in the stone, made to receive and collect the blood, still remain. The history of all the horrors of this stone is mute as that of an Indian mound in America, and very properly so. The world can very well spare the dark, lost, ghostly legends of Rhine Castles, the horrors of secret inquisitorial tribunals, and the miserable details of Druidical superstition. This place was formerly noted for its smuggling.

To-day I visited the celebrated battle-field—that of Culloden—about five miles from Inverness, on a desolate moor, nearly level, and admirably calculated for military evolutions. The views around are lovely in the extreme. East, rises a most desolate-looking, barren, heath-covered mountain slope, to which the Pretender's army fled, after the battle in which he lost his kingdom and crown. West, is the Frith of Moray, extending till it is lost in the distant, dim, cloudy North Sea, and heaven. It has numerous inlets retiring among mountains—little playthings of water—as if tired of a sea life, they had came out to look up and *reflect* about sunny mountain sides, and set up for a sea of their own. There are villages on the banks of the Firth, and two forts—one on an island, which protects the approach to Inverness. There is Lake Beaully, a beautiful sheet of water among the hills, connected to the Firth by a strait. On its banks is the seat of Lord Lovat. But beyond the Firth or Frith, and all around toward the West, rise the great, diversified, and peaked Highlands, with vales innumerable. The long and narrow ones are Glens, the wider ones Straths. I counted near one hundred distinct peaks, of most picturesque shapes. On the moor where the young Pretender, Charles Edward, stood, is a vast heap of stones,

called Culloden Cairn, said to have been, formerly, one hundred feet high, now about twenty. There is a large, circular, turf wall, inside of which is a trench, in which the killed were buried, and outside of which is a circle of pine trees. The battle was fought on the 16th of May, 1746. It is magnificently described by Campbell in "Lochiel's Warning." The young Pretender, after this defeat, died at Rome in 1788. His brother, who assumed the plain name of Henry Benedict, and was made Cardinal of York, being the last male of the royal house of Stuart, died also at Rome, in 1807. The present representative of the Stuarts is Francis, hereditary Prince of Modena. Parts of their bodies repose under the dome of St. Peter's Church, at Rome. On this field, Catholicism and the Stuarts were forever expelled from England, Protestantism and the heirs of the Orange family firmly established to the present time. The young Pretender was, to a great extent, ignorant of the art of war; or, at any rate, no match for the Duke of Cumberland, who led the army of the Protestants. The Highlanders, who were very good adherents to the Stuarts, fought with gallantry. On the moor are several of the miserable stone and turf huts of the Scotch peasants. The inmate of one of these, a young man, showed me some bullets, plowed out of the ground; also, a map of the field of battle. But my attention soon left the battle-field of Culloden, and became fixed on the miserable dwelling and the degraded, poor man before me. The cabin was very low, built partly of stone, and roofed with turf, and looked truly like an earth-hovel. The floor was of bare ground, and every thing within looked utterly cheerless and comfortless. Many negro cabins are palaces compared to it; and there were many similar ones scattered over the desert moor, whose dwellers extract a scanty support from the thin soil, for which they pay a pound, or five dollars, rent per acre. The peasants—in cheerfulness, apparent happiness,

intelligence, and capability to return intelligent answers—seem far below the generality of negroes. The negro is happy, careless, and indifferent to the future. He has no provision to make for himself. At worst, he has but incessant toil. These have incessant toil, and all the anxiety of the future of self-providing superadded. The negro is always a large child, careless about the future, and confident in it. America seems to these people a kind of far-off blessing, not intended for them; they have not the means, or the energy, to go there.

There is a splendid mansion, the property of the Laird of Culloden, proprietor of these grounds. Forbes is the family name of the Laird. It has parks, lawns, flowers, gardens, and the usual accompaniments of elegance and wealth. In it Prince Charles rested the night before his unfortunate battle.

We are now, this evening, October 14th, at Oban, an almost classic spot, in the midst of the Scotch Highlands. It is small, Scotch, romantic, and remote, with many lakes near it, such as Loch Aven, Loch Oyle, and most irregular and picturesque mountains around, heathery and rocky. Around this was the home of Lochiel, whose family name was Cameron. Here might the muser and dreamer muse and dream for many a day, amidst scenery infinitely varied, bleak, bare, and almost grand as Switzerland—lakes with lovely, soft names—glens, wild, savage, and sweet—castles, old, ruinous, legendary.

We left Inverness this morning, at seven o'clock, in a pretty little steamer, to navigate the Caledonian Canal, and the lakes which it connects, toward Glasgow. This is a celebrated route; but, unfortunately, a Scotch mist and rain enviously shrouded many of the beauties from our view, or patched the mountains over with ragged shawls of semi-transparent exhalations. The lakes are long, narrow, and deep. From Inverness, a canal leads into Loch Ness, then

into Loch Oich, then into Loch Lochy, then into Loch Linhee. Those who are courageous enough to undertake the pronunciation of these names, had better first have their jaws insured. The water in them is almost black, and on each side rise high mountains, bleak, bare, rocky, mossy, and covered with a thin, brown grass. Some are almost sublime in their long and regular slopes. We passed Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain—four thousand four hundred and ninety feet high. We saw some white, cloth-looking snow fields far up, and near his summit. The glens, leading up from the lakes, looked wondrously green and lovely. We saw the walls of several strong old castles that “seemed only not to fall,” and the Captain told horrid stories of the Earls of Glengarry, Lochiel, and other strong, old marauders, hating and warring against each other. One of these narratives was too horrid to be made the capital stock-in-trade of a nightmare manufactory. The scenes along these lakes are more bleak and stern than those of Switzerland, but not so varied and beautiful. In Switzerland, the lake water is a deep blue, and the lower parts of the mountains there are rendered fresh and verdant-looking by the vine; the higher parts have the more useful grains and grapes, while their tops rest in snows and glaciers, like youth, middle, prime, and hoary age, all united in the same. Long reaches of brown mountain slopes, almost bare, but yet on which a few sheep were grazing; and some water-falls, but none like those of Switzerland, and such scenery beheld at the close of a fine day in Autumn, is well calculated to excite those legendary impersonations with which Scott has fascinated the world.

We are now in Glasgow, the fourth city in size in the British Islands, containing three hundred and fifty thousand busy, commercial, cotton-manufacturing inhabitants. We staid at Oban, in the heart of the Highlands, last night. It

is on a pretty little bay, an indentation of one of the lakes. We left it this morning in the steamer, and came down the long, narrow, canal-connected lakes, barricaded by lofty mountains, around which floated the dim drapery of the mists. The country appeared wild, desolate, remote, and old—heath, and moor, and Scotch villages alternating in the landscape—long, bare ridges of rocks, against which the deep waters war in vain—all sad-looking in their realms of vastness. The whole western coast of Scotland is a region of lakes and numerous indentations of the Atlantic—of roughness, barrenness, and remote majesty. In some places we emerged into the Atlantic, and saw its boundless, playful waves; some of which, in far distance, wash the shores of our own native land. The Isles of Skye, of Mull, Jura and Islay were on our right. On some of the rocky points are small villages, whose inhabitants are engaged in manufacturing slates. Scott's "Lord of the Isles" and some of the wild weird descriptions of Ossian have their scenes on this coast. We had quite a number of the Scotch nobility on the steamer, returning from a summer visit to their friends who have seats in the Highlands. Others had been grouse-shooting and deer-stalking; others were tourists generally. Lord B., who married a daughter of the Duke of S., was on board with his family. By the Caledonian Canal we entered Loch Fine. Then, by the Kyles-of-Bute, with most enchanting scenery on each shore, re-entered the Frith of Clyde. The blazing red of the night sky—several immensely tall chimneys of manufactories and chemical works—revealed our proximity to a large city; and at length, after passing the strong, rock-built Castle of Dumbarton, of great strength and antiquity, and famous in history, we ascend the river Clyde, and moor our vessel in the harbor of Glasgow. The season being rather late, though the weather is yet warm, we postpone a trip we

intended to make to the islands of Skye and also to Staffa and Jura.

GLASGOW

we have rested several days. It is truly a large business mart; but is not a very interesting city to the general tourist. The West End, like that part of London, is the residence of the wealthy and noble families; and the West End Park, with its numerous terraces, into which a sloping hill has been cut, together with Kelvin Grove and Kelvin River, included now in the Park, are all truly beautiful; and it is not to be wondered that the Scotch laddie sang to his lassie, "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove," for all the scenes and surroundings are of the soft, agreeable, and pleasant character. Glasgow has a large, ancient, and glorious pile of stone—a Gothic cathedral of the twelfth century. It has very high, massive pillars, internally—no paintings, however, or statuary, like the continental Catholic churches. Doubtless it once had them; but since the Reformation it has been converted to the use of the Protestant service. It has some monuments to the dead; and its large yard is almost paved with flat slab stones, telling for a few years the names or virtues of those who moulder away below. Underneath the cathedral are several crypts—gloomy, grand, and impressive—with graves and haunted-looking-like aisles and recesses, through which the dim light hovers like a dangling shadow. Near the cathedral, on a hill, is the populous many-monumented Necropolis—the principal burying-place. It is a sad place—full of death, departed affections, and hopeful regrets. There is a fine monument here to that stern, uncompromising, useful, able man, John Knox, who is deservedly a great favorite in all Scotland. He was the man for the times, the occasion, and the work. In Edinburgh I saw the room in which he is said to have held an interview with Queen Mary, (at her request,) and

to have threatened her with damnation if she did not repent. The Scotch are probably the most moral, church-going people in the world. They take the terror side of religion. Like the Puritans, they would

“Hang the cat on Monday
For killing mice on Sunday.”

I attended church three times on Sunday—found their large meeting-houses crowded—many being unable to get admission. The attention was very good; and one of the discourses, by Dr. McLeod, at the Barony Church, was most able and eloquent, but somewhat encumbered with comparisons. Glasgow has about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The motto of the city is, “Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word.” It was founded about the year 1200. The great battle of Longside, which proved so adverse to Queen Mary, was fought a mile and a half from the city. The queen’s army of six thousand strong was defeated by the superior generalship of the Regent Murray, who had only four thousand. The commercial prosperity of Glasgow is dated from its embarking in the Virginia tobacco trade, and since then the manufacture of cotton. It is said to consume forty-five million pounds of cotton. In steamboat and ship-building it is largely engaged. The “Persia” was built here. There are great iron mines near Glasgow. Buchanan, Argyle and Queen-streets are splendid thoroughfares. Some of the streets leading from High-street have most dingy and antique tenements, now the abodes of squalid raggedness, wretchedness and vice. George Square (in front of our hotel—the George Hotel—a good one) has monuments to Sir Walter Scott, Sir John Moore, and James Watt. One place in the old city, called Rotten Row, looks as if it well deserved its name. The chimney of the St. Rollox Chemical Works is four hundred and fifty feet high. Sanchie Hall street, in the

West End, is a magnificent promenade. The Broomielaw is also an interesting street. Glasgōw has numerous docks. Its harbor is almost entirely artificial. Many of its bridges over the Clyde are noble structures.

We left Glasgow on Tuesday, October 20th, at half-past ten o'clock, for Ireland, taking in our route, Ayrshire, the classic land of Burns, passing through Paisley and other manufacturing places. We reached Ayr, on the banks of the Ayr River, about forty miles from Glasgow. In the car in which I was seated with my friend, were seven or eight persons, one of whom began a game with cards, in which all the persons joined except my friend and myself. Presently, in a remote part of the route, the cars stopped, and the conductor, with scarcely a word of explanation, summarily ejected them all; the cars moved on; there was much cursing, and, without doubt, considerable bitterness of feeling on the part of those left behind, judging from the noise made. It proved, however, that gambling and Scotch railways could not go on together. Ayr is a small, old-looking place, the inhabitants being quaint-looking and decidedly strongly grounded in their own peculiarities. It was a *fair-day*, and the streets were crowded by persons from the country. I understood servants are hired and contracts made each half-year, and this was one of those occasions. The population of the place is about seventeen thousand. Burns is well remembered here. If you stop and talk with any old man, he will repeat to you some of his poetry from *Tam O'Shanter*, or other pieces—Burns' poetry being so easily recollected and so naturally arranged. But the young know but little about him, though his portrait adorns almost every public place. A heaven-descended star of genius came into this town and lost itself amidst its mud and filth, in the person of Burns. The "two brigs" over the Ayr are here yet. You walk across them, thinking of the poem which has immortalized them to all ages.

The old one is quite narrow. On it sit several beggars—old, blind, ragged—muttering blessings on any passer-by who bestows a half-penny in her small, covered tin cup, with an aperture for the money to be put into. You put into it a sixpence, an incredible amount for her. She is blind and can neither see nor find it. The crowd of ragged children around her say: "O, grannie, you have a sixpence!" She says: "No, no, only half-pennies are for the likes of her!" She finds it, and puts it into her mouth for safe keeping. It has given her more pleasure than a donation of a thousand pounds would give some persons. She is happy for that day, and it is a day to be referred to in the future. "God's blessing be on ye, and mine too be on ye, whoever ye be, though I can never see ye!" she mutters. The Ayr here becomes the "lengthened, tumbling sea" of which Burns speaks. But we hire a cab and proceed to the cottage birthplace of Burns, three miles from Ayr. The country is beautiful, well cultivated, with numerous small fields enclosed by whitethorn hedges, and the whole slopes to the Irish Sea, which is near, and presents its white waves breaking on the shore, and its *beyond* of invisible distance. But here is a low, one-story, straw, thatched, clay and stone cottage, two rooms of which are in use for retailing liquors, and the third is in use as a stable. A placard in front informs you that here Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet, was born, January 25th, 1759. You enter, and look upon the early home of Burns. Here is a nook in which stands a bed now, not the one on which he was born, but which occupies its place. The old lady, who keeps the shop or beer saloon neat and clean, shows you the localities, and you write your name in the visitors' book, where you see the names of many Americans. You drink some ale, and you look at the capacious fire-place, around which sat Burns when a boy, and you think of the earnest, poor, unfortunate, too much tempted, and genius-gifted Scotch

poet, whom his countrymen admired, courted, were proud of, considered as an ornament and honor to their country, and made an EXCISEMAN of him; after his death and ruin, built monuments all over the country to him, one-half of the expense of which would have placed above the reach of misfortune him whom they starved while living. The diamond was lost in the dirt of the dunghill, where it was as a lost star. Scott was honored, courted, knighted, enjoyed, at one time, an income of £13,000 per annum; he failed in business; he was honest, and undertook to pay the debt with the hard-wrung blood of his brain; he failed in this; his creditors settled the estate of Abbotsford on him and his heirs. Scott was not the equal of Burns in natural genius. Scott had fortune, genius, position, family, blood. Burns was a plowman, yet "half dirt, half deity." But is there not as much immortality in "Highland Mary," as in "Ivanhoe"? as much in "Tam O' Shanter," "To Mary in Heaven," the "Cotter's Saturday Night," as in "Guy Mannering," "Waverley," or "Rob Roy"? A little further on the road, stands the old church, "Kirk Alloway," "the haunted kirk." It is roofless; all the wood-work is gone; the strong, thick, old walls, with the old bell, the home of the iron door, these are here yet. It is divided by a wall into two apartments, each of which is tenanted by a single grave, with moss-grown monuments above them. Around, in the small, old church-yard, are many graves, among them those of Burns' father and mother—the stone erected by Burns, the epitaph also by him. The old sexton, more than eighty years old, leans on his staff and explains, in almost unintelligible Gaelic, the various scenes around. This is the scene of Tam O'Shanter's witch dance, so strangely and horribly described by Burns. Still further on, is a small eminence, all beautified by rich and rare flowers, shrubs, and gravel-walks, surrounded by an ivy-grown wall. You are admitted through the gate by the

gardener, and you walk to the centre of the garden, where you find Burns' monument. It is a neat and chaste temple, in the Corinthian style. Burns is not buried here, but at Dumfries, where he died. In a glass case you see the Bible he presented to "Highland Mary," who was the daughter of the dairyman of Montgomery Castle, and Burns' first love. She died young; the lines to "Mary in Heaven," are to her. There are some Scripture verses written on the fly-leaves, in the handwriting of Burns. There are other mementos of her here. You are now in sight of the great, old, disused, ivy-grown bridge of Bonny Doon. You walk over it, and you rove by the banks of the sweet and quiet little river. The bridge is more than six hundred years old. It is an admirable place to go to for quiet converse with one's own spirit. The ivy covers the two sides of the bridge from one end to the other. You pluck a few leaves of the ivy, and you carry away from the monument, a fresh and beautiful "rose of Alloway," as mementos. The scenery around is truly beautiful; the sea; a frowning, old, knightly castle, whose walls have for ages been looking into it; the well-cultivated grounds and gardens, all doubtless contributed to fan the flame of poetic fervor with which Burns was blessed, or rather cursed—for had the Ayrshire plowman had no such guest in his soul as genius, he had doubtless been more blest, or perhaps more dully happy. But if the lightning sometimes scorches and kills, yet how brilliantly beautiful it is; and if genius renders its possessor unhappy, yet what a glory and a grandeur it can give and create! Though it dies, it dies in light and beauty. Not far from this, resides the sister of Burns. I called on her. She is past eighty. Burns was thirteen years her senior. She, however, looks well, and converses well. She resides with her daughter. I told her I was happy to take the sister of Robert Burns by the hand—that he was highly appreciated in America. She

seemed pleased; said many Americans called on her, more than of the English. She spoke of her brother; said he was always strange—not like other people—but very kind in his disposition: showed me some of his hand-writing in the poem the “Cotter’s Saturday Night,” which she said described her father and his family. It is certainly true that genius is more appreciated in America than anywhere else. Burns, Tom Moore, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, are perhaps more read in America than in their own countries. After a short interview with the old lady in her pretty, neat, quiet place, by the sea-side, we departed by railway to the port of Ardrossan, some twenty or thirty miles up the coast toward Glasgow, where, at one o’clock at night, we started on the steamer across the Irish Sea. The night was pleasant for crossing; and the huge sea-rock—“Ailsa Craig”—the coast of Scotland, with its numerous glaring iron-works and furnaces on the coast, soon faded from view under the sea, and we set foot on Ireland, at Belfast, this morning at seven o’clock.

BELFAST

is a new, pleasant, and flourishing city. The morning is clear and delicious, but somewhat cool, and the dying summer smiles mournfully as the glistening, dried leaves fall around. Yet the general appearance of the country and the fields is worthy the reputation of “Green Erin.” In walking through these wide, splendid, busy streets, I have visited the Botanic Gardens—a grand display of the beauties and glories of the kingdom of plants—many of them in full bloom, soon, however, to struggle and die in the cold embrace of winter, and pine away in the absence of their sun-father. The walks and grounds are in excellent taste, very extensive, and exhibiting great variety—many specimens of plants being from other parts of the world; some from South America, than which no region appears more diversi-

fied in its botany. All of the grounds are gracefully interspersed with the quiet, grand, aristocratic-looking Irish yew, appearing dark and thoughtful, like an aged harper, whose thoughts were of the olden time. The principal conservatory is of iron, with arched roof. The arbutus and cypress are here together, with a fine collection of all varieties of wild flowers found in the British dominions, and all the varieties of heaths found in the Irish bogs. I also visited Queen's College, the building of which is in excellent style, there being a judicious arrangement of brick, bright and red, and polished stone. The officers are very courteous; rooms spacious—some have paintings in them; and the Museum contains many objects of interest to the medical student and the man of general research. I visited also, to-day, one of those institutions from which Belfast derives her glory and prosperity—the flax mills of Messrs. Mulholland, one of the most extensive manufactories in the kingdom, employing fifteen hundred hands, principally girls. The scene is almost terrific—machinery, steam; pretty, delicate, pale-looking young girls; old, horrid, and hateful hags; spindles, noises—all more like a fevered dream than a fact. The women get wages ridiculously small; scarce a dime a day, reminding one of Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

"O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

It is said they have generally five hundred thousand dollars' worth of flax in course of manipulation. The business is conducted with the utmost regularity and system, each room having a distinct department of the process. Belfast is situated on territory belonging to the Marquis of Donegal, to whom nearly all the town belongs, it having been granted to his ancestor, Sir A. Chichester, in 1612, when an inconsiderable place. Lord Donegal's income from it is estimated at one million dollars per annum. In 1821 the population

was only thirty-seven thousand. It is now over one hundred thousand; so that other towns increase rapidly in population as well as some of our American ones. It is on the River Lagan, just before it flows into Belfast Lough, an elongated bay. Much of the harbor is artificial. In America we rely too much on Nature to furnish us with harbors. The difficulties of the port of New Orleans and other places are not to be compared to those at Havre, Antwerp, Glasgow, Belfast, and other places, which have all been overcome by the erection of splendid docks and wharves.

We left Belfast, to-day, at six o'clock, by rail, proceeding toward the north of Ireland, passing many towns, and Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the three kingdoms, full of legends, and with buried cities under its waves; which, according to Tom Moore, are seen by the fisherman when he strays in certain magical moments. We saw it lying darkly under a dim fog. The shores around it are boggy. Stumps of trees and pieces of timber falling into it become petrified. Moore speaks of the "round towers of other days" seen in it. Not far from it is the castle of the O'Neills, now a ruin, only haunted by the banshee, whose wails may be heard when any of the O'Neills die. The line will soon be extinct, as there only now remain the old peer and his brother, both old and unmarried. Their coat of arms is a bloody hand, from a tradition that the first O'Neill was one of a company whose leader promised the province of Ulster to whoever first touched the land. O'Neill seeing another boat ahead of his, took a sword, cut off his left hand, and threw it ashore. There is a tradition also to account for the lake. How that there was once here a deep well, the mouth of which was never to be left uncovered. How a woman, having left her child at home, and wishing to return hastily, left the well uncovered: whereupon it rose and drowned all the country and villages. The country around is in general well cultivated, farmed in potatoes

and kitchen vegetables. We arrived at Portrush, situated near the sea, and hired an Irish jaunting car to convey us seven miles further to the Giant's Causeway. The Irish jaunting car is an unutterable unique. Nothing on earth shall induce us either to praise or dispraise it. The secret of its ways, its conduct, and its peculiarities, must remain unknown to pen, and paper, and people. The road lies along the bold and strikingly romantic northern coast of Ireland—one of the most interesting places, geologically, in Europe. The sea or ocean was very rough, and rolled in vast waves to the shore, striking against the rough, basaltic rocks, and ascending in a snow of spray through the apertures. There are numerous great caverns along the sea coast, into which the water rushes with great rapidity. The Skerries, a series of elevated rocks, in a line, extending some distance into the sea, a mile or two from the shore, presented a grand sight—the maddened waters breaking against them and dashing to a great height. But, at length, we came upon the extensive ruin of Dunluce Castle. This hoary, naked, roofless pile of walls, towers, dungeons, and halls, has gone into a grand decay. The gray old man of the castle comes about to lead you through it. It appears, from the walls and other ruins near, that a town stood here in olden time, and such is the tradition. You are first led among low walls, their upper parts having fallen down. These, it is said, formed the barracks and hostelry connected with the castle—the castle being held by one of the warlike, independent chiefs, who, of old, exercised kingly power within their own dominions. From this you pass over a narrow, arched wall, only eighteen inches thick, extending over a vast chasm. This is the only entrance to the great ruin. Only one person could pass at a time: consequently, it could be most easily defended from attack without—the castle being built on an immense perpendicular rock, one hundred feet high, which is lashed by the sea,

flowing under it through a cave. Here, then, are its walls of basalt; its tombs; its sentry boxes; its vast dining apartment; its halls of judgment and audience: and here is the dungeon, with its walls many feet thick, and whose rock floor is kept ever swept clean by the banshee of the Antrim family, (to whom the ruin belongs,) and which wails whenever one of them dies—a banshee, who is supposed to be a little old-fashioned spirit, about two feet high, that attaches herself to all families of respectable descent in Ireland. 'Tis a most dull, gloomy-looking dungeon, and well might be supposed to be haunted: for, doubtless, murders most foul have been committed in it. The old gray man has himself heard the banshee; and he repeats, like a parrot, dreadful stories which he has read in a book about the McQuillans and McDonalds, who used to own the castle; and also about a beautiful young lady, "with eyes as fair as yours, my girl," to whom it all descended. 'Tis a strange and mournful ruin, whether Danish, Saxon, Gothic, Norman, or Celtic, sitting on a high, gray sea rock.

But we go on to the hotel near the Causeway—employ a guide, and commence walking over the high heathery bluff, the guide pointing out the different places on the coast, and telling the names which have been given to them according to imagination or caprice. The coast is four hundred and twenty feet high—is almost perpendicular, and exposed on the bluff bank toward the sea are discovered, all along the shore, columns of basalt, a black, hard stone; each column separate from yet touching the next, and all the columns with regular angles, tetragons, pentagons, or hexagons. They are generally so close that a sheet of paper cannot be interposed between them. It is said there are sixty thousand columns of basalt visible. How far they may extend into the land, or how far into the water, is unknown. It is calculated that ninety-nine out of every hundred columns have five, six, or seven

sides. There is but one triangular pillar, and there are but three of nine sides. In some places, along this extraordinary coast, a bluff bank fronting the sea, near the water are strata of red ochre, next unformed strata, then basaltic pillars fifteen or twenty feet high, standing perpendicularly, all in perfect regularity and fitness; above this are other unformed strata, then other columns of regular basalt pillars, thirty or forty feet in height—generally, eight, ten, or twelve inches in circumference. The Giant's Causeway proper is a succession of these columns, extending out from this coast toward the coast of Scotland. They stand upright, and you walk on the ends of the columns, some of which are covered by the surges of the sea. There appear to be three different causeways near each other, separated however by fallen, broken rocks. We descended and walked on their irregular pavement, composed of the ends of the basalt columns. No builder on earth, in one thousand years, with all means and appliances demanded, could sculpture the hard basalt into these regular-sided columns, arrange them all in such juxtaposition, and place them thus solidly in the sea, defying its rage for centuries. The basalt, chemically, is said to be composed of about one half flinty earth, one quarter iron, and one-quarter clay and lime—they are Plutonic in their origin, that is, the ingredients have been perfectly melted, and in cooling have crystallized into their present forms. The tradition on the coast is, that a great giant lived on the opposite coast of Scotland, who threatened to whip a great giant that lived on the Irish coast, and said he would come over and give him a regular pounding, but that he did not wish to wet his feet. Whereupon, the Irish giant built this great causeway over to Scotland, and invited the Scotch giant to step over, which he did, and they fought on the Irish coast. The Irish giant proved the victor; but he invited, with true Irish generosity, his now humbled antagonist to settle

in Ireland, as he had now settled him, which he did. Much of it has sunk under the sea; but portions can be traced all the way over to Scotland, where, on the island of Staffa, it forms the magnificent cave of Fingal. On account of the roughness of the sea we could not descend in a boat, and explore any of the numerous caves which open into the beach. The Scotch coast of Argyleshire, with its white rock cliffs, the islands of Mull, and Islay, and Rachlin—the latter a continuation of the Causeway—are very distinctly seen here. With the ocean view, the heath hills and the distant slopes around, the pillared walls of basalt on the beach, the numerous bays, all render the scenery here truly grand and interesting, and no place could probably be more attractive as a summer resort. The guide shows you the giant's organ, the giant's gateway and loom, the giant's chimney tops, the giant's pulpit, the giant's granary, the four sisters, and other places, which have received those names in consequence of the singular arrangement of the pillars.

Leaving the Causeway, we returned to the solitary but very romantically situated hotel near it; dined, and then returned by carriage to Portrush, whence we hired a car to Coleraine, a pretty place on the Bann River, three miles from the sea. There we took the cars for Londonderry—passing near the sea on one side, and a very high and grand coast on the other. At Londonderry, which has a population of about twenty thousand, we remained a night and a part of a day. The town is situated on a slope descending to the river Foyle, which is here a wide and beautiful arm of the sea. There is a fine promenade, which is on the top of the old thick walls, extending around the city, the view from which is Irish and old. The town is remarkable for the gallant defense which the citizens made against James II., and the siege of one hundred and five days which they sustained. The citizens were reduced to

shadows—lived on dogs, tallow, vermin, hides—twenty-five hundred of them died by a famine. A noble ship, laden with provisions, dashed with giant strength against a boom which the besiegers had placed across the stream, but from the impetus ran ashore among the besiegers, who, with joy, were about to board her, when she fired a broadside, the rebound from which extricated her from the sands, and she floated on the other side to the relief of the citizens. The Cathedral is a noble old Gothic building, and there are some monuments to the memory of those who defended the city. Protestantism prevails in all this portion of Ireland. Leaving Londonderry at eleven o'clock, we arrived by railway at

ENNISKILLEN,

at two o'clock, passing on our route numerous bogs, on which lay conical piles of cut peat to dry, and thus become fit for use. The bogs appear to be vegetable matter or roots, mingled with soil. The peat burns well, and is about as cheap as coal. The bogs look like the bottoms of ancient lakes and morasses. We saw many laborers at work on it with spades cutting the peat, which is of various degrees of excellence. It is not, in general, fit for use till after an exposure to the sun of five or six months. The black kinds are reputed the best. Enniskillen is rather a pleasant place in regard to situation; but is well supplied with beggars, and not at all deficient in filthiness. It is between two lakes, Upper and Lower Lough Erne. We hired a boatman to row up one of the lakes, about three miles, to the island of Devenish, one of the four hundred beautiful islands in the lakes. This island consists of a gently sloping hill, having about one hundred acres; and on it are two extensive ruins of abbeys and a round tower, one of the curiosities of Ireland, in almost a perfect state, though its history has altogether perished. The tower is near one

hundred feet high, has a conical stone roof, and is perhaps fifteen feet in diameter. It is built without mortar, and the walls are three feet thick. Inside there is a hollow nine feet across at the base, gradually narrowing to the top; there is no staircase and no entrance, except an aperture ten or twelve feet from the ground. Near it are walls, and ruins, and graves, and broken stone coffins, tenantless of their once-valued dust; also, many other grave-stones, moss-grown, and meaningless in their obliterated lettering. On the brow of the hill, and commanding a prospect of soft and rich beauty is the other abbey ruin, one side of which is all ivy-grown. Its tower stands yet, in part, with its stone steps. The walls around, now nearly all fallen down, must have enclosed an extensive space. What the round towers, most of which converge toward the top, were for, who erected them, and when, are among the mysteries of Ireland's past. There are many theories, the champions of which, as has been remarked, would sooner "die on the floor" than give them up, and would probably die of *ennui*, if the question were at length set at rest. Some regard them as relics of Pagan times, temples of the sun; others, as belfries, reservoirs for provisions, etc. From the hills are seen many other islands, used as pastures, in this beautiful lake; also, the undulations of many miles of surface, all as green now as in June, in America; hedge-rows, remnants of gardens, desolate rose-bushes, and mingled ruin and beauty generally. The places around these ruins are yet regarded as holy ground. Passing along the lake we saw other ruins, with ivy-grown walls, standing near the shore of the lake, in exquisitely green pasturages, all with an air of mournful desolation. Truly Ireland, in soil, climate, and beautiful, soft, and lovely scenery, appears to be as fine a country as I have ever seen. But its common and lower classes are degraded, ragged, mean, and groveling. We, in America, are clearly ahead of all other nations in those insti-

tutions which make for the good of the mass. Here government appears only as a means of advantaging the upper classes. Very many of the common class, with whom one meets and converses here, have relatives in America; their heart is with us; it bounds more quickly at the name of America; it is their land of promise. I have understood the amount of money sent back to their poor relatives, father or mother, by the emigrants in America, is enormous. It is delightful to see an Irishman brightening up at the mention of America. The angel comes upon his face. He straightens himself up as if he heard sweet music from afar, and begins to be aware that he has been, or will be a man; that he belongs to the human race. I have listened to frothy Fourth of July orations, and read articles written by weaklings, to be read by witlings, in our magazine literature—I have never read or seen so great, or so eloquent a compliment to my country, as I have seen in the expression of an Irishman's face at the thought of America. Though he may never see it; though he may live and die in the island rimmed by the sea, yet the mere knowledge there is such a country, doubtless, often in his hours of toil brings the sun-light into his soul, and makes the verdureless human ruin glow. Never have I seen any thing so remarkable as the *man* coming on the face of an Irishman, when he sees an American. The O'Donohue, booted and spurred, and riding over the lake on his white-tailed war-horse—a king come back out of the olden to redeem them all—is an excitable and pleasurable fiction, that may or may not be, but America is a dream and reality both. It gives them just what they want now—a little bread! The damnation is sure of such persons, and hell is greedy for them, who exclude foreigners from a little participation in the large inheritance of American progression, and from “leave to toil” on our broad lands, when these foreigners want to rise from the degradation of despotism, and extract from our

otherwise useless and abundant soil, the mere subsistence which legitimated tyranny refuses them in the land of their birth. The world is large enough for all persons except the covetous. American Know-Nothingism is an unparalleled atrociousness—if it be less or more, longer, shorter, or in diagnosis or prognosis, any thing else than a requirement or enforcement of the intendments of the Constitution of the United States. It is not desirable to have the lower state of European morality superinduced on us; it is not desirable to have them in our official positions—if we are to be mal-ruled, let it be by our own people—with all their romance of antiquity and art. We do not want old-worldliness engrafted on the fresh and vigorous stock of America. We want to educe our own distinct nationality; but at the same time in our plenty we are not going to look at their penury with scorn; in our largeness we are not going to turn aside the beseeching hands of lowness, and deny those a home and subsistence who are what we were.

We are now at

ATHLONE,

in the centre of Ireland, and within hearing of the Falls of the Shannon, whose grand expanse, being the largest river in the three kingdoms, runs through the town. We left Enniskillen yesterday, at one o'clock, by coach, having previously taken a stroll along Lough Erne; the banks of which are reckoned by some, a little too enthusiastic perhaps, as second to none in Europe for beauty. There are views in the distance of ivy-covered ruins, those grand marks of Time's undoings, and of round towers, rising with peaked, pointed tops starward, and a rich, green country, with hills of meads and pastures. We also visited the Earl of Belmore's castle—a large building in the modern style. At the entrance to the grounds is a very pretty little cottage, ivy-grown, the gate-keeper's lodge, who admits you through an

iron gate; and the view of lawn and artificial lake; rich and rare shrubbery; carriage-drives and terraces, and deep, dark parks, with the stately castle amidst all—is very beautiful. From Enniskillen our way lay along several beautiful lakes; also many bogs, and some fine plantations of pasturage; and on the bog sides were many turf huts, apparently dunghill heaps—the most miserable places in which a most miserable and abject race could be supposed to live—windowless, floorless, muddy—the green grass growing out of the old turf of which the house was built, and whose slatternly, ragged inhabitants, looked as if they only desired whiskey and only needed death. We also crossed some dirty, mean, and peculiarly low Irish-looking villages, where brawls, fighting, drinking, cursing, seemed the natural ingredients of existence. The country itself, in many parts, was of astonishing beauty, and only “man was vile.” Arriving at Cavan—a place where filth was securely entrenched—we got into the cars, which took us through a thinly-peopled country, the landlords having ejected the poor inhabitants to make room for sheep pastures, to Mullington; where, resting an hour or two, we resumed our course to Athlone—passing some fine lakes, glimmering in the moonbeams. Arrived at Athlone, we fortunately found a clean hotel, rather a rarity in this part of Ireland, but truly a luxury after seventy miles railwaying and coaching. The towns through which we passed seem like a fever dream. It is not a very daring presumption, perhaps, to assert positively they are human beings, and it is highly probable they are alive; but how they live, or why they live, or were born, do not clearly appear.

Yet there are many things in these old Irish towns that may interest a thoughtful stranger as he strolls about. Here are the raggedest people on earth—ingenious, and grotesque, many-colored raggedness—out of which peers a face with a countenance of sordid, mean, poverty-stamped

expression. The phases of these faces are really curious. Europe has the extremes of man. What wretchedness apparently; what shoeless women and children! As to their heads, they know nothing of such luxuries as hats or bonnets; and frequently there is nothing else but an old torn cloak, half-concealing their shivering forms. Of course you are begged of—and you give; unless you are like an English gentleman with whom I traveled, who never gave any thing, as he said, “on principle”—rather an unprincipled principle! Tenantless and half-pulled down houses are numerous, from which the people have been ejected by the landlord, or his heartless under-lessee—the people wandering off in search of employment, or, if able, gone to America.

Athlone is an old and filthy place. No traveler covetous of cleanliness should perambulate its streets. The Shannon here is broad, and not much unlike the Ohio in appearance. A splendid railway bridge here crosses it. There are extensive fortifications, and a very ancient, strongly-built castle, with walls fourteen feet thick, surmounted with many cannon. The castle is circular, and bears the marks of great age. Other cannon are placed on various fortifications, connected by walls, which, with the river, enclose a beautiful green promenade. Below the bridge, and near the river, is the Abbey of St. Mary. The long side walls of the chapel yet stand, rising from out the old graves inside and outside the ruins. There are yew trees, ivy-grown, gray old walls. On a corner-building, written in stone, I read the inscription, “This abbey was founded in 1210.” The ivy essays to bind up the old walls, and the green grass springs luxuriantly over those who moulder in the mildew of death.

We are in the centre of the bog region of Ireland, and nothing is burnt here for fuel but peat. It makes a pleasant fire, is cleaner than coal; but does not throw out so

much heat. All the Irish here have some representative in America. The condition of the country is said to be improving, but it is still sufficiently horrid. The population has diminished about two millions within a few years. It is probable, however, that those who have been obliged to leave their country by the tyranny and avarice of their landlords have, upon the whole, been much benefited. The lower Irish cannot improve in Ireland. People and nations frequently reach a point from which there is no improvement, while they remain in these circumstances. The negroes in Africa are unimprovable, except by slavery in America, a course through which energizes the race. It requires a new country, with new influences, to break the strong chain which binds them to their old habits. But if they exerted half the energy here which they are compelled to exert in America, they might transform this fine island into a paradise. The prosperity of a country depends on the energy of the people. It is not the mere vassalage of this island to England, nor the extreme heartlessness of the landlords, that keeps Ireland in its present abject state. Other causes, arising from the inertness of the people, have their influence. A people thoroughly under the influence of Catholicism rarely improve. Its effect is to merge this world too much in the other. The Catholic religion has too many worlds,—heaven, hell, earth, and purgatory. The Apostles were not merely devotional men, but eminently practical, working spirits.

But this morning (Monday, October 26th,) is pleasant and cool, and we are on our way in a steamer down the Shannon. After leaving Athlone its banks are low, and somewhat resemble those of the Mississippi, except that in many places there are large quantities of black stones and rocks. The land is in pasturage or meadow, and looks not unlike an American prairie. But it has not the apparent civilization of an American river-scene, though so much

older. Villages are fewer, and most of them look unprogressively wretched. Twelve miles below Athlone we came upon the ruins of Clonmacnoise, or the Seven Churches. These are supposed by some to be the remains of the "early Christianity" of Ireland. They are on a slightly elevated plot of ground, between which and the river extends a marsh or meadow. The ruins are most picturesque and grand, reminding one by their size of those on the Rhine. There are two round towers, one much higher than the other; the higher one being overgrown with ivy—around is a large grave-yard, some of the tombs bear date as old as A. D. 1153. There are many large granite crosses—black and gray with age. The corner towers of some of the churches yet stand, and the whole is a pile of majestic, monastic ruins. St. Kiernan is the guardian saint of these ruins, and the little stone on which it is believed his spirit still sits to cure diseases is shown. He is said to have founded a seat of learning here in 548. The inscriptions on the tombs are in the oldest form of Irish letters. Behind it arise singular artificial earth-mounds, possibly like the round towers, memorials of Pagan times. Below these ruins are those of an immensely strong old castle, in which the last of the regular old Irish chiefs lived—the Macloghlons. It is all in ruins, toppling to decay; nothing but massive, irregular thick stone walls, fallen and falling. The old Irish chief was hospitable—always in debt, in fight, and in liquor—house open to every one, and nothing kept up but the dignity of the family. On the opposite side of the river is a high mound, where you are told at night the fairies dance, stepping gayly on its green, grassy summit: and you will hear a legend about it if you look encouragement. There are mournful relics of the old Pagan and Christian times, and different ages and religions, all mingled together. It is said the early Christians here, as well as in other countries, built

their churches near places where Pagan rites had been held. Around these extensive ruins was formerly a large moat or ditch, part of which is still to be seen. Few ruins that I have seen are so impressive, so desolate as this collection of dilapidated churches on the low banks of the Shannon. Further on you come to the ruins of the Castle of Garry, with its dark ancient subterraneous fortress, into which it is said no one can enter without being followed by a curse; in confirmation of which I was told, three brothers, allured by a report of money being buried there, entered a few years ago—two died immediately on returning to the opening after being in it, the third became an idiot, and can tell nothing of what he saw, and is yet a wanderer about the ruins. One old and high tower is yet standing. Near this I was shown the well of St. Kiernan, with a single tree near it, and a stone written over with unintelligible characters. The well is resorted to by the inhabitants, having, as is asserted, miraculous powers in the cure of diseases. Not far from this is a fine modern bridge over the Shannon, connecting the opposite banks at the antique mouldering town of Banagher, where are modern towers surmounted with cannon, commanding the river. The banks of the river continue low, with numerous bogs, on which we see piles of peat, which being generally cut in May or June, is exposed during the summer to dry. There are numerous boats laden with it, and many small mules on land, with baskets of peat on each side, conveying it for sale. Below Banagher are many Martello towers, built in the time of Pitt, about 1805, when a French invasion was expected. Below this we pass the picturesque, ancient castles in ruins, some of which are nameless; those of Redwood and Torr are particularly noticeable, having large fissures in the walls, over which the protecting ivy casts its tendrils. On account of the lowness of the banks the view extends to a great distance. There are numerous

islands here, and at length the Shannon expands into the Lake Derg, twenty-three miles long, and in some places eleven broad, with numerous islands and high mountain banks, wooded and castellated. At Portumna is one of several locks on the Shannon, a Dublin Company having expended, a few years ago, thirty-five thousand dollars to improve the navigation. Here is the fine seat of Lord Cranmore, fronting the lake, and surrounded by larch groves. The brick castle of the Marquis Clanricarde is just opposite, a mass of ruined walls. In various places further down the banks of the lake into which the Shannon has now expanded, are stately stone ruins, nameless and noteless in history. On Holy Island are to be seen the ruins of Seven Churches, like those of Clonmacnoise—the number seven being a favorite one in ecclesiastical affairs. There is here also a very high round tower, which can be seen many miles along the coast; and here is also an obscure cave, which is the entrance of St. Patrick's Purgatory, the saint having kindly consented to place it in Ireland, as a special favor. The mountain scenery here is very fine—the red and black bogs have disappeared, and the wavy outline of the high mountains surrounds the horizon. The "Devil's Bit" is a singular indentation in one of these mountains. The lake then narrows to a river again; the mountains enclose it. There are numerous castles with soft sounding Irish names—one is called Killala, being that of Brian Boroimhe, King of Munster. At Killaloe there is an old bridge across the river, and the scenery surrounding the old Irish town is truly beautiful. I visited the place where Brian Boroimhe's castle stood. The adjoining seat is now called Bally Vally.

You pass along a road from Killaloe, (where we left the steamer,) on each side of which are high, stone walls; along which extend rows of fine old trees, which, as well as the walls, are covered with ivy. Passing through a pasturage

to a large grove of trees, you come to a high earth wall, outside of which is a moat, and inside a vast hollow space. This is all that is left of the old king's residence: he that fought so valiantly against the Danes one thousand years ago. The old guide tells you the marble and curiously carved work have been carried off. The old guide says that a sword has recently been found here, so large, that a man of the present day can scarcely lift it. He shows, also, where the king's kitchen was—near half a mile from the castle; and says the servants he had were so numerous, that when the king dined, the servants stood in a row from palace to kitchen—passing the dishes along rapidly without changing their postures. I entered the old Cathedral of Killaloe. Adjoining it is the Oratory of St. Molua, said to be one of the oldest buildings in Ireland. The cathedral is almost covered with extremely luxuriant ivy, of the variegated kind. In it, on one side, is a most curiously carved, antique arch, black with age, which is over the resting place of Brian Boromhe's son. In the Oratory is a stone ceiling, apparently close to the roof—the latter being also of stone. The guide showed me a passage, revealing an apartment between them which no one would suspect, where the lovely princess, daughter of the king, was concealed from the Danes. The floor of this most singular looking building resounds to the tread, revealing subterraneous passages beneath, one of which led to the adjoining cathedral; the now walled-up entrance to which the guide showed by turning a secret panel in the cathedral. Around the church are numerous grave-stones, gray and black, long since unfaithful to the trust of affection—name, effigy, all obliterated, and even the once hard blue limestone has crumbled. Departing from Killaloe in an Irish jaunting car, we passed along prospects of natural scenery of delicious loveliness—cultivated slopes of mountains; numerous hedges and earth embankments, serving as fences; numerous bogs, also, with

heaps of cut peat; many houses or hovels of the poor Irish are also along the road. The ordinary negro cabins in the south are palaces compared to them. Turf, mud huts, with wet earthen floors, on which stand sad, barefoot, slatternly women, sickly, slovenly children, in squalid rags and wretchedness—dejected, abject, hungry, hopeless! Out of these miserable hovels they are ejected by the rapacious landlords, who pull down the houses to get rid of them, justly concerned that such sights are a disgrace to their plantations, instead of making efforts to rebuild the houses and ameliorate the condition of the tenantry. Much of the country appears as if it had been depopulated by violence. We met an Irish family, who probably had just been ejected, carrying their all on their backs—young children strapped on their backs, after the manner of the American Indians. Their appearance was the most dejected of any human beings I have ever seen. In this great, vast world, this plenteous, abundant universe, there seemed to be no place for them. Human effort seemed to have become extinct, and manly spirit had become ashes. They seemed ashamed to be; and intruders in God's world, who had nothing except the air to breathe and the wide, dusty road on which to go further—further; on—on! A curse sink their heartless landlords into a resurrectionless damnation! A recent law, providing for the sale of encumbered estates, (to a great extent abolishing the law of entail,) on petition of the creditors and proprietors, has brought much of the land of Ireland into new hands—principally English—capital being at present abundant in England; and it is found that pasturage, the raising of fine beef and mutton for the English nobility, is a better business than agriculture. But sometimes the old Celtic spirit is aroused. Only a few days ago, in this region, a man who had bought some of these lands, and evicted the tenants, was shot dead in his buggy; and many such cases have occurred. One of the landlords,

descending the Shannon in the steamer with us, had property of this description, from which the tenants had been ejected; and it was very evident his feelings were not of the most tranquil description. In a workhouse, among the mountains, near the Shannon, I was assured that more people had died from starvation, neglect, want, misery, sickness, than had perished in the whole British army in the Crimea. The poor go there only as a last resort; the tyranny and the life they are compelled to lead being only one degree better than naked starvation in the open air. The poorer class of Ireland must either emigrate or be exterminated. Ireland can be their home no longer. I have understood this is usually the conversation that takes place: "My father, my grandfather, my great grandfather, lived on this land—paid you rent for it. I am willing to pay as much, or more; only let me stay." The landlord replies: "This is my land. I paid my money for it. I choose to do with it what I please. I want it. You must leave." "Well, I'll hang for you," is generally muttered by the tenant, as he leaves. The old Celtic blood does not always keep down. It murders.

On our route were numerous bogs. I asked the guide where he thought they came from. His answer was—"That in old times they had moved in." Like many more learned persons who make the deluge a scapegoat for every difficulty, he enlarged further on the subject, by saying—"That at the time of the flood the bogs took to moving, and stopped down here." In digging down, many roots or stumps of trees are disclosed, apparently indicating that extensive swamps or forests occupied these places.

On the road near the Shannon we came to an extensive, ancient, massive ruin, on the top of a vast limestone rock. This is Castle Connell, said also to have been a kingly residence in old of the chiefs of Munster. Many portions of the thick walls, especially at the corners, where they are built

somewhat like towers, yet remain—mortar and stone looking as if all had petrified into one solid rock. When last besieged and taken, the castle was blown up by gunpowder, and part of it has rolled down into the plain. The Irish ivy is all over the majestic, massive ruins, and the space between the walls is green and lovely, with the perennial vitality of Nature. It is here that the Falls of Dunoos, on the Shannon, are. We hired a boat with the rower, who took us over the safe portion of the rapids. We then landed on the beautifully cultivated domains of Sir Dillon Massey; and passing an ancient-looking turret, most picturesquely mantled with ivy to its summit, we came to a place from which we had most splendid views of the roaring waters. The rapids are more than a mile in length, and the scene, taking it altogether, and abnegating all recollection of Niagara, is very fine. Around you, on that side, are many walls and terraces, planted with beautiful flowers. Opposite is "Hermitage," the elegant seat of Lord Massey; below you rage, roar and foam the waters through massy, mighty rocks. Foreign rivers cannot, however, move Americans. We deal in much mightier articles at home. Descending to the bank of the Shannon, we walked along a promenade rendered beautiful by artful shrubbery; and at length came to an avenue of trees leading to the right, and encircling a small space like a shrine, in the centre of which is the holy Irish well. It is a deep, walled spring, whose waters are reckoned to possess miraculous healing powers. Here is heathendom in a Christian land. It is a sort of Catholic chapel. Each tree around has images, or sculptures, or crucifixes, and niches, for holy candles to burn at night. Around the spring is a path on which the devout diseased crawl on their bare knees. Each one who comes here is obliged to bring his own bowl with which to drink, and which he must leave when he departs. On the trees hang broken crutches,

which, as they are always cured, their faith being strong, they leave behind. On the ground are shown the places where they lie at night—the places in summer being crowded. The water is rather palatable. Near are the ruins of an extremely ancient grave-yard and church. Our way to Limerick passes through the beautifully cultivated grounds of Lord Clare; but in immediate juxtaposition to the road are the horrid tenements of the poor, who, with their hogs, dwell in the same apartment—the latter, doubtless, feeling himself the most comfortable of the dwellers. Other houses also, which appear to have been just pulled down to get rid of the tenants, who wished to live a little longer in their fatherland, Ireland being no longer the place for the Irish. I understand the emigration, much of it compulsory, from Ireland, at the present time, is enormous. Cheap emigrant trains, crowded, leave every morning from Limerick and other places, where are such partings and weepings as are seen nowhere else on earth. The landlord, if he can get rid of them in no other way, proffers them a ticket to America for the unexpired interest of their leases. Yet a more generous, warm-hearted imaginative people nowhere else exists. The “finest peasantry in the world,” as O’Connell called them, have no home in their own country. Limerick consists of Irish and English town, and has a population of seventy thousand. In Irish town are hovels and huts that look like ulcers on the earth. You meet with the antagonism of every pleasurable feeling, and every sense is outraged, and each stink is a distinct undulation of olfactory horror. It would be pleasanter to undertake a pass defended by artillery, than one of these streets. The wild Irish, in the heart of the city, look at you from their diseased and drink-bleared eyes, with murderous meaning. The women in tattered cloaks, the ragged imps of unhumanized children, the stench, the sights, the moving masses of living hu-

manity, crushed hearts and demoralized bodies, where one would think it agony to live; these are the things within five minutes' walk of the stately streets and princely houses of English town. Limerick was the capital of the O'Briens, who were kings of Munster: Smith O'Brien, who attempted the insurrection of 1848, being their descendant. The Marquis of Thomond was the recent representative of the family; but by his death, without direct descendants, the title is extinct, and the fine estates of the marquis all sold by the Encumbered Estates' Court.

The Cathedral is rather a heavy but still grand old building. It was founded by the O'Briens, and is massive and almost sublime in its proportions, though not elegant. The great tower on the top was used as a fortress for cannonading, by the Irish, when De Ginkel attacked the city. This was the commander who, when attacking Athlone, and summoning it to surrender, was replied to by Colonel Space, who held it for the king (James II.), by firing his pistol into the air, exclaiming: "These are my terms, and when my provisions are gone I will eat my boots." The Cathedral was founded nearly one thousand years ago. Around it are numerous blank and noteless tombs, defaced by age. The trees around are aged and grand. I stood and listened to its chime of bells, consisting of four notes, sad as the wailing of a banshee over an extinct family. I have seldom heard any thing so simply and solely beautiful. It is an eloquent, gentle pleading, a yielding affectionate remembrance—dying dream-like; lonely, wild, and plaintive. The story is told, that they are the treasured work of many years of an Italian artist, from whose native village, where he had them placed that he might listen to them in the evening, they were stolen and carried to Ireland. The artist lost wife, children, friends, all, and his home was devastated by war. He followed his work to Ireland, and hearing their familiar chime suddenly when sailing on the Shannon,

the unexpected gush of memories of youth, and a happier home and time, killed him. He fell back and died while in an attitude of listening. The Cathedral is now fitted up with pews in the Protestant style. Not far from the church stands the most massive, dark, and impregnable looking castle I have yet seen. Many high and old towers, out of which, as well as the church, grow grapes and plants—a botany out of ruinousness, all from very age giving an impressive, antique appearance. The very long narrow windows of the church—its high, dark gray tower, on which a cannon, mounted, did most destructive damage to the besiegers—the black, grass-grown, ruined walls of St. Mary's Abbey, seen in various streets, give this part of the town an interesting appearance. Near all flows the Shannon, across which is the Thomond bridge, an ancient structure, at one end of which is a limestone rock shaped like a chair, on which it is said the famous treaty by which, on condition of surrendering the city, the Catholics were guaranteed the free exercise of their religion, was signed, which treaty was shamefully violated by the Protestant House of Orange, who appear to have been rather more religious than they were moral. The treaty stone may have been glorious in another day; but when I saw it, four dirty, hatless, ragged-scragged, shoeless, Irish urchins were sitting on it, and it was the indication to a grocery or drinking shop. In this part of Ireland, the "chief end of man" seems to be to drink. "Licensed by law to sell spirits," is seen on many houses, as if, by a kind of "legal fiction," that which is essentially injurious could be made right. Limerick has some commerce—fine lace is made here, gloves also and fish-hooks; but curious, interesting, antique wretchedness is more common than any thing else. In English town there are several streets and places near Richmond Square, that are really beautiful, and almost cleanly. But we are off from Limerick. Station after station flies by—

old stone, roofless and tenantless castles on high lonely hills—muddy, miserable, modern streets of Irish hovels, on bogs, where immortal souls grovel earthward in slime and filth, flit by—there are miles of moor, heath, and bog, ridges of mountain then, each higher than the other, appearing in the distance—streams of black water, over which antique bridges are seen. Depopulated, unhappy, beautiful, green, desolate Ireland is seen everywhere, and at length we stop in the midst of the Killarney scenery, naturally a wonder, a glory, and a dream of embodied beauty, far in the southwest of Ireland, one hundred and one miles from Limerick. Killarney is the prettiest, little, glorious creation of lake, island, barren, bare, picturesque peak, waterfall ruin in the whole world. There is a delicious little completeness of beauty about here, which is suggestive of the same kind of feelings as are induced by the sight of some rarely beautiful woman, which almost every one may remember to have seen somewhere. We arrived in the evening, and I had a slight view of the principal lake, with its islands and its mountain ramparts, from the windows of my hotel, (the Lake Castle House,) in a mystic watery moonlight. Next morning, in a walk along the shores of the lake of a mile you meet with a grand ruin, and surrounded by elegantly kept grounds. It is Muckross Abbey, eight hundred years old, sitting in the splendor and grandeur of ivy and age. Around are tombs, ancient and modern; some of the former being low mounds, covered with ivy, said by the guide to be fourteen hundred years old. Here is shown the grave of the last of the MacCarty Mores, old chiefs of Ireland, who founded the abbey, and whose possessions were confiscated in some Irish rebellion, and the abbey itself suppressed in the times of Henry VIII., since which it has remained a ruin. No tree can be more grandly beautiful than the Irish yew. There are two here, one on each side of the abbey, five hundred years old.

In the court-yard is one, said to be the finest tree in Great Britain, planted by the early monks, and coeval with the abbey. This is in the court-yard; its large branches rest on the ruin as if they protected it, and it supported them. It is a silent, magnificent sight, in its stately darkness. The abbey, where the fat, lazy monks, who made getting to the other world their profession in this, lived; the cloisters in which they walked and read; the old church always the principal building, with its form of a Latin cross, its columns, and its crypts underneath, in which the monks were buried, are all here in desolate ruin. The British Empire has wisely thrown off Catholicism. These old churches, priories, and abbeys, with their darkness and mystery—their secret passages, entered by a hidden spring, which made certain massive stones revolve, and the secret of which might be known only to some Jesuit in Italy, who could thus send a minion into the house at any hour, were unsuited to the progressive genius of the British people. Catholicism looks back too much—a healthy religion, as well as government, looks to the present and future.

But we start on an excursion from our hotel in an Irish, one-horse, two-wheeled, five-seated, possibly two actually, vehicle, the jaunting car. We pass through the town of Killarney, which is dirty as an uncovered corner of hell, our hotel being some distance from it on the lake shore. We pass bridges, ruined churches—those of Ag-hadoe on the right. We pass castles of the old times, and Kate Kearney's grand-daughter of more modern times. She offers us goat's milk well mixed with what she calls "mountain dew," or Irish whiskey. She is the grand-daughter of the real Simon Pure, Kate Kearney, who dwelt by the banks of Killarney. The mountain dew is perfectly execrable; but Kate Kearney's grand-daughter, who is not handsome at all, but an ugly old Irish witch-faced hag—notwithstanding her ancestor was remarkable for her beauty—

persists in offering it to you. There are many guides preferring to conduct you through the Gap of Dunloe, which you now enter. The car can proceed no further than a mile or two within the Gap. The rest of the route through it must be accomplished on foot. Having had the "political driver" of the hotel, whom we found an intelligent man, we amused ourselves by conversation with him. His vernacular is the Irish language, as is the case with most of the inhabitants of this part of the island. He says the heart of the Irish people is in America; and it is the place whither they are all going. The mere mention of America stirs the blood of an Irishman to an unwonted warmth, and his eye brightens. Every person with whom I conversed has a relative there; and nearly all have sent remittances home to relieve the aged, who cannot leave, and assist those who can. To raise Irishmen in Ireland to fight against America in the British service is an utter impossibility. It would be far easier to get them to fight against England. They are the finest, best, most warm-hearted people on earth; and the brain ought to be turned to ashes and the heart withered that would turn those generous people—the only friends we have in Europe—from our rich and boundless world-fields of the West. It is said they drink, are turbulent and priest-ridden. But no people throw off the latter influence more readily than the Irish; and as to the former things, other people drink a little too, and are also somewhat turbulent; and some of them do not live a thousand miles from Washington city. It is probable, however, that the Irish drink nearly as much as we do, when they can get it; but we drink much better liquor. The Gap of Dunloe is a narrow pass between bare, rugged, mossy, heathery limestone mountains. The scene is savage, desolate, and almost as sublime as the upper parts of the Grimsel Pass in Switzerland, lacking, however, the enormous snows and glaciers and the roaring Aar. Through the pass, which is four miles

long, runs a small stream, forming, in some places, black-looking lakes, and occasionally waterfalls. The Purple Mountain rises on the left, Magillicuddy's Rocks on the right—attaining a height of two thousand seven hundred and three thousand four hundred feet—the loftiest in Ireland. We ascend, in passing the Gap, for two miles, then descend toward the three lakes of Killarney, having on our right glimpses into the Black Valley—a name quite appropriate to its appearance. Many of the lakes in the Gap have legends attached to them. There is the Spirit Lake, in which St. Patrick confined the last serpent in Ireland, in a box, promising to let it out to-morrow, and where its wailings may now be heard, as it exclaims, “Is to-morrow come yet?” We were attended the whole of our course through the Gap by Irish girls—some of whom were pretty—offering us mountain dew and goat's milk. Their perseverance is commendable, as they were poorly clad and barefoot, yet, despite our repeated refusals, they followed us four miles, having to walk the same distance back, in the hope of selling some. But let them not be despised. It is their only means of making a living, and of getting to America, which name is as sweet to their ears as Heaven. Descending into the plain, we were met by another group of girls—we having, on the bestowment of a small gratuity, persuaded the former group to go back. Those we now met were more smiling in appearance, and somewhat better clad than the former, who resigned only when we approached the domain of the latter. These were really pleasant, graceful, pretty Irish girls, who re-enforced their “mountain-dew” with smiles, wit, and perseveringly followed us for miles, till we drank the “dew,” though with a *wry* face, probably because it was made of *rye*. We now went through the grounds adjoining Lord Brandon's cottage, a pretty place on the lake. Lord Brandon is now dead, and the premises wear an air of neglect. He came here to this solitary place with

his beautiful wife from London. But it seems he did not have her love. He was old. A manly cavalier appeared under her window, whom she *had* loved. She eloped—and left Lord Brandon and his remote paradise. Our boatmen, whom we had previously ordered at the hotel to meet us here, were waiting for us. We were now at the end of the upper lake, and we had some ten or twelve miles to be rowed in order to reach our hotel—the ordinary way of making the trip being to go by land and return by water. The scene now presented was beautiful in the extreme, as we were rowed along the smooth, deep waters of the lake by the strong arms of two brawny, ardent Irishmen. The mountains rose all around in immense masses of rocks, brown with heather, as if bathed in perpetual sunshine. The islands in the lakes being very numerous, are clad in shrubbery of rare kinds—the arbutus, the holly, the yew. The lake appeared to be completely land locked—a thing of loveliness shut out from the world, and reflecting only the skies above and the flowery creations of summer on its sides. We landed on Arbutus Island, and partook of our lunch. This is a sylvan rock in the waters, with walks underneath the shrubbery of Nature's planting. An hour's rowing brought us to a narrow, rapid river, connecting the upper lake with Lake Muckross, the middle one of the three sister lakes. Over the river to an ancient ivy-grown bridge, erected by the Danes, consisting of one arch; it is of stone. Under this the water flows with great rapidity. We were then on a fairy spot, called the "meeting of the waters," there being openings from all the lakes into it. On one side is Dinish Island, consisting of several acres, overgrown with splendid vegetation—the rich shrubbery of this region—and on it is also a beautiful cottage, surrounded by pleasure walks and gardens. The arbutus, even in winter, is a rich glossy green. The waxen, flesh-like flowers, seem cradled in clusters of verdure. It grows

all along the rocky shores of the lake. We passed an awful looking rock, almost perpendicular, two thousand feet above the water, called the Eagle's Nest. The lower part is wooded, but the upper is nearly bare. The nests are reached by men let down by ropes, who deprive the parent birds, in their absence, of their young, and fight dreadfully with the despoilers if they encounter them. Soon after we emerged from the middle lake into the lower one, which is the largest, across several miles of which we observed our hotel, which we reached in the evening, passing nearly thirty islands, some nearly an acre in size, others less. The mysterious, supernatural spirit of one of the ancient Irish chiefs, rejoicing in the simple and solemn cognomen of "The O'Donoghue," is the presiding genius of all this region. Many of the boatmen and guides would swear by all the holy saints and gospels that they had seen him. He appears in various characters—sometimes walking on the waters, arrayed in the ancient Irish costume, in solemn attitude, as if musing on the wrongs of his country; at other times, on a great white horse, making a furious onslaught on his enemies; then again as a simple fisherman, with fishing basket and pole swung over his shoulders. When discovered he creeps into mist, and the lake becomes agitated and angry. All Killarney is a loveliness, and "The O'Donoghue" its dweller. Once every seven years he comes back to his ruined castle, which, as he approaches, returns to its former magnificence. All are reproduced, as in the olden—library, prison-house, kitchen, pigeon-house, leave their forms of rocks and resume the appearance of a thousand years ago. Those who have courage can follow him dry-footed over the deepest parts of the lake to the mountains, where his treasures lie concealed, which he bestows on them most liberally. When the sun has risen, all vanishes away. "The O'Donoghue" recrosses the waters, and vanishes amidst the returning ruins of his own castle; and the library, the prison-house and all

become rocks. On the next day we took another excursion by boat on the lower lake. We passed O'Donoghue's pulpit, O'Donoghue's table, O'Donoghue's hen and chickens, O'Donoghue's library—all these being rocks in the lake which have a certain resemblance to the things after which they are named. But we come at length to Ross Island. This is a large island, having more than six hundred acres all laid out in pleasure grounds, gardens, flower walks and shrubbery; and on one side stands a great high, green-gray castle ruin—Ross Castle, the residence of O'Donoghue himself in former times. It is entirely mantled with ivy, and the crows and other birds fly around the high tower, and build their nests thereon and rear their young. Great as may have been the splendor and grandeur of these castles, they come to the ivy and crow at last. As we came up to the castle an Irish bagpipe player was sitting on the green, who began some Irish airs as we approached. He played, "The harp that once through Tara's halls," etc. These grounds and ruins belong to Lord Kenmore, giving the title of Lord Castle Ross to his eldest son. I ascended the tower to its top. The view of the old ruin below, with its complete investiture of ivy, the waters of the lake with the islands, the mountain boundaries, and the park around the castle, is fine. From this, however, our boatman rows us to a still lovelier island, a still more ancient ruin, and a place of more historical interest—Innisfallen, about three-fourths of a mile from Ross Castle. On our way we passed a huge rock, which is O'Donoghue's prison, which formerly had in it a large cave, in which he confined his soldiers. We landed on Innisfallen Island. It contains not more than twenty acres. It is a sheep pasture; and the soil is of such exceeding richness, and produces grass so excellent, that sheep die of fatness if allowed to remain longer than three months. Every thing was green and beautiful, even in the last days of October. The old ruin of the once

extensive abbey affected youth and prime under its garniture of ivy. Rare evergreens of many kinds flourish. The largest ash trees I have ever seen, one of which grows over the walls that yet remain of St. Finian's tomb—he having been the founder of the abbey, which is said to be twelve hundred years old—nearly four hundred years older than Ross Castle, the age of which, as stated by the caretaker of the ruin, is seven hundred and ten years. Innisfallen is a loveliness—the soft waters, in dimply waves, encircle it; the ruins of the monastery—that singular idea of seclusion in the middle ages—choir, transept, aisle, refectory, dormitory, oratory—all are here in antique decay. 'Tis a spot for unremorseful regret and tranquil submission. Moore says:

“Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well !
May calm and sunshine long be thine ;
How fair thou art, let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine !”

On one end are some rocks, called the Bed of Honor, of which the boatmen tell a legend about the Duke of Northumberland and his wife. Passing about a mile of water, we landed on the base of the “Tomies,” as certain mountains here are called, and saw a most beautiful cascade, called O'Sullivan's, in a wooded and rocky seclusion, playing its water-music to the spirits of the past. On another shore of this lake are the beautiful demesnes of the Earl of Kenmare. From the residence the ground slopes down toward the lake; and the arrangements present every idea of taste, art, and luxurious wealth. The flowers are of all varieties. The gravel-walks are well-kept; and one can be, in a few minutes' walk, in lonely, shady, contemplative dells, or rambling amongst flowers and rich evergreens; or on the lake side, surveying mountains, islands, and ruins.

But we are now in Dublin—a day or two having passed. We left Killarney, and proceeded to Cork, distant sixty-four miles; remaining there a day. Cork has one of the finest harbors in the world; and the shores alongside of it present most interesting and beautiful scenery—ruins, castles, splendid modern country seats. In the city are some fine streets and promenades; and some streets, the dirtiest and most diseased looking places in or out of Christendom, where dwell, and drink, and die unhappy wretches, who, perhaps, never once in their lives inhaled one mouthful of the sweet, pure air of heaven. Humanity has got into a terrible plight in some of these places, and looks as if it had better fail and shut up shop, and stop business at once. The city stands on the river Lee, near some marshes or meadows, which the Irish name of the city (Coreagh) means. Cork is said to have eighty-six thousand inhabitants. It was founded on the site of a Pagan temple, by St. Fion Ban, in the seventh century. Some of the Catholic churches are fine—have worshipers at all hours. Some have old statues of the crucifix before them, to which, with the devotion of ignorance, many were bowing. Some, as we passed, did not know whether to pray or beg. The situation of the city is partly in a pleasant vale, almost perpetually green; occasioned, perhaps, by Ireland's perpetual rain: for Ireland always drizzles. Within five miles is Blarney Castle, ancient and strong-built, in the walls of which is the celebrated Blarney stone, the kissing of which is, from its position in the wall, rather difficult. But it is said to give the most miraculous powers of persuasion—a sort of wheedling eloquence. Having already told a great many things, we shall not tell whether we kissed the stone or not; and no power on earth can make us tell—allowing some scope for imagination and conjecture. The following is one of the songs about it:

"The groves of Blarney,
 They look so charming,
 Down by the purling
 Of sweet, silent streams,
 Being banked with posies
 That spontaneous grow there,
 Planted in order
 By the sweet rock close.
 There is a stone there
 That whoever kisses
 O! he never misses
 To grow eloquent.
 'Tis he may clamber
 To a lady's chamber
 Or become a member
 Of Parliament."

While quoting Irish poetry, I will refer to the latter rather pretty lines about the chimes of Shandon Church in this city:

"With deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think on
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sound so wild would
 In days of childhood
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
 I've heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate:
 But all their music
 Spoke nought like thine."

It is astonishing—or else not—how slightly poetry flourishes in America. Perhaps if an action were brought by America against the Muses to show cause why they had not given us more of the poetic ability, they might rejoin by finding some in the one twentieth part of what Willis

calls his poems; also find a few entire pieces—perhaps three or four of each—in Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier. They could also allege the whole of Poe in extenuation. Of him it may be said, he approaches more nearly the essential feeling of the poetic than any other person—inso-much that he is a poet, even to a “t.” But Longfellow’s wretched mass of diluted stuff in “Hiawatha” and “Miles Standish’s Courtship,” where he tries to make the plain, old, coarse Puritan court in hexameters, as well as the entire train of “female contributors,” would nonsuit the Muses and clear the court, *non die*. Keats’ observation is both true and just, “that if poetry does not come as naturally to one as the leaves on the trees, it had better not come at all.” Poetry doubtless will come to us after a while, when our youthhood and our present shall have assumed the mellow dignity of the past, and the mind, sated with the present, requires the moonlight of memories—the faded, withered wreaths that grew carelessly and unheeded around the soul as she grew up, and ere thought had succeeded to action. When we cease to work and begin to feel, and suffer, then poetry will come from the crushed, withered heart, as the odor from the flower.

We arrived in Dublin last night at ten o’clock, by rail; this day being November 1st. The distance is one hundred and sixty-four miles. The full moon was shining brightly, and shedding her mysterious light on ivy-clasped ruins of abbeys and castles given up to decay; these being as numerous as waterfalls are in Switzerland. The country presented the same succession of fine soil and variegated scenery of hill, plain, bog, and moor and mountain; but the people were not. One would think the country thinly peopled. A true census of Ireland would probably show a reduction of the population by three or four millions.

We saw a few villages—all of which, no matter how

small, filthy or mean—had many houses, on the doors of which was inscribed “Licensed to sell spirits,” as if they were fully determined to be sure of that at all events, and the condition of some way-passengers who got into the cars occasionally, showed that the license was not in vain. We saw, also, a continuation of those indescribably dirty, and forlorn-looking hovels, in which the inhabitants seem caricatures of human beings. Two of the unhappy towns in the midst of the great bog of Allen, are spoken of thus:

“Great bog of Allen swallow down,
That odious heap called Phillipstown,
And if thy maw can swallow more,
Pray take, and welcome, Tullangore.”

Ireland, upon the whole one of the most beautiful countries in the world, is not a pleasant one to travel in. Even the best towns have many parts appallingly dirty. It is true a tourist is not obliged to go into these parts; yet he would see but little of a country, who confined himself to the precincts of his hotel. But beseeching beggars are met everywhere, and their condition is often more eloquent than their words. Some have implored me to buy them a piece of bread. “I’m real hungry,” said one to me this evening; “I have had no food since last night,” and much more of the same kind of talk. A sixpence astonished her. Said she, “May the Lord bless your honor, and keep your honor, and make your honor a happy man.” The beggars avail themselves of the whole storehouse of Heaven to reward you. It is pleasant to give to those that know you not, and whom you will never meet again. There is a peculiar pleasure in bestowing a small gift on the extended palm of a blind man. Most Americans give; but Englishmen do not, lest, as they say, they would be encouraging beggary. This is absurd. Beggary is an institution, and charity is a principle in the heart, which, but

for it, could have no operation. It is best, however, to be one's own almoner, and give discerningly. There are those in these countries that can live in no other way than by beggary—the old, the crippled, and the unfortunate. Giving to them is its own “exceeding great reward,” and in bestowing a small donation from our superfluity, to bring a smile into the face of the blind or the widow, or render their wretched life a little more tolerable, the donor is the donee. Some contemptible sap-headed simpleton, some dog-hearted wretch, may say that beggary is the consequence of actual or former vice; that nobody in any country need be a beggar, and that what is bestowed on them is spent in drink. He had better be sure he never spent money himself for base and unworthy purposes, before he censures a hungry beggar, who might spend a cent or two in creating a little artificial happiness in the midst of his misery and degradation. The excuses that are made are only to conceal the close miserly grasping heart within. Benevolence does not stop to investigate the causes of the distress it sees in sufferance before it, and administer a lecture on the relations of things. Every man has had beggars in his ancestry, up to Adam. Some say, let them go to the poor or work-house. The feeling of being obliged to go to such places is no doubt more degrading, more disgraceful, in the mind of a beggar, than to solicit in person a little charity, or boldly to beg. It would be better to be mistaken in four-fifths of our alms-giving than never to give at all; and some who refuse to give may be denying a debt their ancestors owe to the beggars' ancestors. It is pleasant to the beggar to have a little money, and to buy for oneself the bread one eats. The true charity is to do good as one has opportunity.

Dublin is really a splendid city, almost worthy to be the capital of an independent Irish kingdom. Many of the streets look like some of the better parts of London,

composed of regular, uniform, dark-looking brick edifices. We have spent some days here Clontarf, is near the city, next to the sea. Here Brien Boromhe fought his last battle against the Danes—defeated them, and lost his life in 1014. No traces remain of the encounter. The sea views here are splendid—the hill of Howth projecting a long way into the sea—and the various ruins and bridges around. The Phoenix Park is a very interesting place to make an excursion to—occupying an undulating eminence, planted with trees, and having most rich and lovely prospects of the gently sloping mountains of Wicklow on the south, embracing the “Sweet vale of Avoca” in their bosom. The park has an imposing monument to Lord Wellington. The form of it is a quadrangular truncated obelisk of Wicklow granite, on the four sides of which are inscribed the names of all his victories, except Waterloo, as if the duke’s claims there admitted of some doubt. This is evidently done with some design, as the names of some of the duke’s victories, which are only known to his admirers, and probably were unknown to himself, are on it. The grounds are extensive. There is a monument to Lord Chesterfield. There are many specimens of live animals; there are some white-tailed eagles. Moore’s monument, recently inaugurated, is on a low pedestal. The statue of the poet on it represents him more as a heavy, well-fed Dutchman, than any thing else. This is near Trinity College, and not far distant is an equestrian statue of William III., Prince of Orange, which looks like a crowned wild Indian. Trinity College itself is one of the most interesting places in all Ireland. The building itself is very extensive, and in admirable taste. It contains a museum, in which I noticed an ancient Irish harp, said to have belonged to Brian Boromhe. It is small, and some portions having been lost have been awkwardly repaired. It is interesting on account of its antiquity, and even the suspicion of having belonged to

that stern old Irish king—unlettered, but brave, generous, and chivalrous-souled, gives it value. There are here some of those very singular Druid stones, which are scattered all over the three kingdoms. This one is in the form of a column, two feet in diameter, and four or five feet high, tapering toward the top, and on the corners are inscriptions in the Ogham characters, which is a kind of alphabet of straight lines in various attitudes, representing letters, which some have thought they had deciphered. It is supposed to have been used by the Druids prior to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. There are here some “cromlechs,” or sun-altars. It is undeniable that there was a Christianity in Ireland prior to Catholicism and Protestantism, from some remains here. St. Patrick’s Cathedral, in the older part of the city, is one of the venerable buildings of Ireland, being some fourteen hundred years old. One of the reasons why traveling in Europe is interesting, is because you can trace the different and successive eras and periods of religion and government. You can see how and when they lived and died. In America there are as yet few eras—few revolutions. These grand old Gothic churches belong to the period of Catholic domination, though now used for Protestant service. Much of this building seems a restoration on the old foundation. It is grand as only Catholic churches can be, with its pillars, towers, tombs, and general ghostliness. St. Patrick founded it on the preceding one, on the site of one of the holy Irish wells, where he baptized his converts. Christ Church is also a very extensive, but more modern building, with perishing and dubious monuments to the memory of those who *were* great, but *now* are dust. The Danes are said to have built the vaults; and St. Patrick, who seems to have been a good kind of Saint generally, celebrated mass in one of them. In the Exchange are some statues—one, a very impressive one of Daniel O’Connell, represented as

delivering an oration, and holding a scroll in his hand on which is inscribed "Repeal of the Union." Of late there have been divers demonstrations, placards, and other things, showing very clearly that Ireland—I mean the Irish part of it—would enact the recent course of India, if there were any hope of success. The Celt is not thoroughly united to the English, and cannot be. They are a different people; more fiery, and impulsive; they are quicker and warmer in love and hate; not so cold, calculating, persevering. Ireland groans in her vassalage yet, and clanks her chains as her children are ousted from their soil; but she can do nothing, the fire of independence is burning out: and perhaps it is better as it is. Ireland will become a pasture ground to fatten sheep and cattle on for the English nobility. The Irish will recreate in a new soil—what they cannot *originate* in Ireland, they will find in *progress* in America. From the Western coast of Ireland, (near Galway,) may be seen at times (so they say) the Enchanted Islands—the Irish heaven—where St. Patrick comes back again, and the myth becomes a man. It is an allegory of America, which shares the warmth of an Irishman's heart with the O'Donoghue, the O'Brien, and the gloriousness of the past. And it is a better and healthier feeling. Nations decay and degrade on their own soil, after a term of centuries, but are rarely regenerated thereon. Laborers cannot and should not remain on a soil where they receive but ten cents a day, the women seven and eight cents, (as was the case in Ireland until recently, since which the great emigration and reduction of population have nearly doubled the above rates,) where life must live in filthy mud-huts, and where utmost exertion is barely adequate to get bread, and where the owners of the lands prefer sheep to men. Let them go to the great West of America, where, whatever may be the conduct of unprincipled demagogues, is the only place, either in earth's past or present, where the

mind, the soul, and the efforts of man to better his condition are essentially free and successful. There they will find an Enchanted Island, which does not disappear with the mirage of the morning. The Law Courts of Dublin are interesting to visit. The lawyers differ much in appearance from those of America—having a peculiar costume, long gowns and gray wigs. The judges wear a gilt uniform, and their gray wigs come down to their shoulders. They sit in small rooms adjoining a large rotunda. The presence of so many snowy-looking gentlemen is an interesting sight. The ermine on their wigs is intended to indicate the purity of their intentions—the lawyers being slightly pure, and the judges a great deal more, having larger and whiter wigs. Excepting the frequent recurrence of “My lord,” and “Your lordships,” the method of procedure is very similar to that in America. The judges, however, in proceeding to their rooms, have a stately procession around the rotunda. Dublin has about two hundred and fifty-four thousand inhabitants, and is about eleven miles in circuit. The finest view of it is that on Carlisle Bridge, which spans the river Liffey, on which the city is built, the view embracing the magnificent Sackville street, with its lofty column to Lord Nelson, the quays of granite on the banks of the river, and the thousands of masts seaward. There is a long sea wall or pier extending three miles out to sea. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who resides in this city, keeps up a kind of kingly court here. Some of the squares in Dublin are beautiful—those of St. Stephen’s Green, and the Duke of Rutland’s Gardens in particular.

But adieu to old Ireland with her fertile soil, fine climate, and mournful ruins of the past. The old Irish Sea is trembling beneath our vessel, as we start from Kingstown, the port of Dublin, in a steamer for Holyhead, in Wales, across these rough, narrow straits. There are the hills of Wicklow on one side, and on the other the Hill of

Howth—with its ruined abbey, and its Druid stones, and its ruins of St. Fintin's church, old. But I have a specialty for getting sea-sick, and these short English seas afford a fine opening for its exercise. Four hours and a half of this cumulation of all horrors are endured. The vessel heaves, the sea heaves, and we all heave up. Some are lying on the floor in unimaginable distress, the water dashes over the deck, and all are miscellaneously miserable. But here is the great, bluff, barren coast of Wales, and here is the ancient town of Holyhead, with its piers, breakwaters, and artificial harbor extending out to the sea, and there are patches of sunlight lying on the hedged fields beyond. It is sixty-four miles across the strait. One of the breakwater piers here is five thousand feet long. Not far from this are the Skerries, a light-house on a barren dreary rock, which, on account of the enormous revenue derived from passing ships, was sold by the private person to whom it belonged, in 1835, for \$2,300,000. We are now in Anglesea, in North Wales. The Carnarvon mountains are visible. This is honest, old-fashioned Wales, where the people rejoice in a tremendously long ancestry; in a language without vowels, and in being the true real Britons, whom Julius Cæsar could not conquer.

We leave Holyhead by railway for Bangor. There are Welsh mountains along the coast—bare fields in the interior, or else covered with a coarse grass, called whinege. Here and there rises a ruin, or we cross a lake, or rush rapidly through a superannuated town. Then we approach the Straits of Menai, which the railway crosses by what is called the Britannia Tubular Bridge, a singular and most ingenious construction. Telford's famous Suspension Bridge is a mile or two further off; and then passing through a tunnel we enter Bangor, a pleasant old Welsh town on the straits, with good hotels, and celebrated as an excellent bathing resort in summer. Ensconced in our

hotel we listen to the November winds—November, the most unpopular, best abused of all the months. It introduces us here to firesides and old home associations, all of which are pleasant after the rough sea voyage across the Irish Sea.

I have spent a day in Bangor. The scenery here is very fine—the fields even yet green, and doubtless in summer well cultivated. The Welsh mountains—among them Snowdon, the loftiest peak in Wales and England—are in view; the Straits of Menai also pass near the town. Here is the fine modern castle of Colonel Pennant, called Penrhyn Castle, with its elegant grounds, its parks, seven miles in circuit, fenced with slates; and near this are extensive slate-quarries, owned by Colonel Pennant, whose income from them is stated at \$300,000 per annum. The slates are of excellent quality—some deeply blue, others light purple, and the ordinary uses of marble are usurped by it here—tomb-stones, steps to houses, fences, roofs, are also made of it. But Bangor is chiefly great on bridges—Telford's Bridge, five hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and fifty-three feet high, and twenty broad, is a brilliant iron creation, suspended in air. There are two carriage-ways, paved, and a foot-path between them. The weight of iron in the bridge is six hundred and fifty tons. Four immense stone towers sustain the sixty-four tiers of iron bars on which the bridge is suspended. The other bridge carries the railway through a tube of wrought iron, made of plates riveted together, self-sustaining, and the whole fully as strong and much lighter than solid masses of iron. A continuation of the riveted tubes is carried to a tower in the middle of the strait; thence to the other side. Summer heat lengthens the whole structure one foot. It is so firm that a heavy railway train that I saw passing across scarcely moved it. It is fifteen hundred and thirteen feet long, fourteen wide (for two tracks), and one hundred and

four high. The total weight is eleven thousand four hundred tons. The whole is regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of architectural skill of any age. These two bridges in the air—the foaming angry straits below them, with its rock islands, on which are humble but comfortable-looking fishermen's huts—the hedged fields around, the peaked mountains of the Snowdon range, the bare barricades of hills near Bangor—all give to this scenery an aspect of wild sublimity. In one of the houses here I was much impressed by a singular portrait, a canvass painting, of a man or boy in rags and tatters, and with unshorn beard, and intensely occupied with a book. On inquiring his history, I was told he was the son of parents in the most limited circumstances—had never been at school, nor was taught any thing except the letters of the alphabet; but his passion and talent for the acquisition of learning, especially languages, became so remarkable, that in a few years he was able to speak and read fourteen, and frequently at Liverpool and other places, astonished foreigners by addressing them in their own tongues. He never acquired any property, though some noblemen of the country interested themselves in his behalf; his associates were of the lowest order, his only pleasure appearing to be to ramble about the mountains intently absorbed in reading, books being everywhere furnished him; he did not become dissipated; considerable sums were offered him to locate in respectable families—all of which he declined, and finally died in a ditch, about the age of fifty, his great talent for learning languages being the only part of his mind that was developed; one of those rare instances which Nature sometimes produces of a single talent in excess.

Leaving Bangor I proceeded through North Wales. On the right are the high, steep, bare mountains, those of Penmaen-Mawr—on the left is the sea, and the railway passes over a most lovely and gently slope of cultivated

land between, with neat houses, and some old towns. Here is Conway, with its shattered, battered, ragged, but venerable castle, frowning over the angry flood. It is founded on an enormous rock, and there are eight towers, and portions of it are garmented with ivy. The walls of the city, built A. D. 1284, are almost entire, with round massive towers at various distances, rising grandly in their decaying age. Then there is St. Asaph, with its cathedral, which is cruciform, with a square embattled tower rising from the intersection of the nave and transept; and the whole has a very Gothic and antique appearance. It was first built A. D. 596. We next enter Chester—a kind of remaining Roman town, the railway terminus of which, built in the Italian style, is the largest in England, and now the million of gas-lit eyes of Liverpool glare at us in the misty darkness. We cross the Mersey, and are in the midst of the streets of the cotton commercial city. In old England again, after having gazed on Scotch mists and lakes, and been horrified and stupefied with filthy Irish towns and desolate bogs, and lone hills, where mourned ivy clad ruins of old years, and mute Druid stones. Liverpool is livelier than all these—it is of the busy, bustling present—the healthy human things of money-making and hoarding are here, which are far better than the past things of a thousand years of Time's cemetery. Some one says antiquarians have heads in ruins like the things they contemplate. It is doubtless true, a mental or moral ruin feels a sympathy with a material one.

I have been in Liverpool several days. It has about three hundred and seventy-six thousand inhabitants, standing fronting the Irish Sea, near the mouth of the Mersey River, and is said to be about in the centre of the British Islands. The name is thought by some to be a corruption of "Lower Pool." The site of the city is on a slope of red sandstone. The docks are artificial harbors, extending

five miles along the river. Some of them are five hundred yards long, one hundred and sixty wide, and cover a space of thirteen acres. There are also floating piers. There are twenty-one docks; they will hold fifteen hundred sail, and enclose two hundred acres of water. About two million bales of raw cotton are imported here from America. The city covers a space of seven or eight square miles. One of the finest halls in all England, if not the finest, is here—St. George's Hall. It is six hundred feet long, one hundred and seventy broad, and is surrounded by Grecian columns of most magnificent proportions. The building cost \$1,000,000. I attended a concert here on the organ, which was a poor affair, many thousand leagues behind that I heard at Friburg. St. James' Cemetery, in the centre of the city, in an old stone-quarry, is a very pretty and attractive spot, with some monuments and some tombs in the rocks. Lord Brougham, who is exceedingly popular in this city, is here at present—he delivered an address in the Mechanics' Hall. He appears to be near eighty—has a noble, strong, not handsome Scotch face, and when entering the hall received the cheers with which he was met with some embarrassment; perhaps he recollected that Cicero says a good orator always feels embarrassed at the commencement of his oration. We leave the peat fires of Ireland and here have coal again, and we feel in a different atmosphere—a kind of coarse complaining British energy is everywhere felt around one. They are a great people, but not a lively or a polished people—these English. Their energy is not the impulsive kind of the Irish or French, or of the Southern States of America, but is persevering, cold, effectual, firm. They are rough and self-satisfied in theory, but never admit it. Living in a detestable climate they have become detestable themselves. Yet the Englishman always means well rudely. He is a silent Yankee, who is too proud, sulky, and indifferent

to interrogate you endlessly. He has plenty of blood and beef, and though he is lower in the pleasing virtues than some three or four of the nations of Europe, he is higher in the substantial ones than all of them.

But adieu to Liverpool. We resume our route toward London, but stop some hours in the old and singular town of Chester, once a Roman station, or *castrum*, from whence its name is derived. It has about one hundred and twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, and gives one of his titles to the Prince of Wales, who is Earl of Chester. It is on the river Dee, thirteen miles from Liverpool. The pastures around here are very fine. Here are fed the cattle from which are made the famous Cheshire cheese, which weigh from sixty to one hundred and sixty pounds. The pastures were at one time nearly worn out, but were renovated with bone dust. I walked around the old walls, from some points of which there are fine views into Wales. The top of the wall on which you walk is near six feet broad, and it is said they were built by the daughter of King Alfred. Where the cliff overhangs the river, the height is fifty or sixty feet. I also entered the old Castle, now a place for barracks. It was built by the nephew of William the Conqueror. There is a very curious and interesting old chapel here, ivy-grown, like that at Killaloe. The old guide took us around and showed us the tombs, etc., and falsified history in the manner the guides usually do, who confound various incidents and chronologies. It is probable that ancient history is fully as reliable as modern history. In this newspaper age the accounts of a single recent transaction are often so numerous and conflicting—each person publishing a statement according to his own impressions—that one can scarcely weigh their various verities. In earlier times there would probably be but one account, and that a true one.

We left Chester; and soon after the line enters Wales again, and we pass by some of the loveliest scenery I ever

saw: the Valley of the Dee, the Vale of Llangollen, in Wales, the Trevor Hills, the distant retreating slopes, must always be among the *delicæ* of memory. The view from the great Viaduct embraces a slope of mountains dotted with white cottages of Welsh peasants, with terraces also, the tops of the mountains being serrated and wooded, and sometimes castellated. The Viaduct consists of nineteen arches, sixty feet span, one hundred and forty-eight feet above the river Dee, and is fifteen hundred and thirty-two feet long. The Vale of Llangollen is said to equal that of the Rhine in beauty; and, undoubtedly, some one or two miles of it equals any thing on the Rhine. Some of the names of churches here are not the most easy words in the world to pronounce. The following is a specimen: "Collen ap Givynnawg ap Llyddwg ap Couvrda ap Caradoc Treich-fas ap Lleyrn Merion ap Enion Yuth ap Cunedda Wledig!!!" The Vale of Langollen looks more like a "Happy Valley" than any place I have seen. Our route proceeded to Shrewsbury. Many of these places are interesting in English history, and to us also; for we did not start up fully grown on the 4th of July, 1776, and commence asserting that all "men had certain inalienable rights, amongst which were life, liberty," etc. No; we had an ancestry before that. The men of England—Bacon, Shakspeare, Addison, Pope, etc.—the history of England, up to the time of the Revolution, belongs as much to us as to Old England; and the sacred, classic, and historic regions of England, and the events prior to 1776, are common property—with them and us. It is our own history we read before that time, and America is but the culmination of what began in England—produced her revolutions, expelled Catholicism, enacted Protestantism, and did high-handed and brave-hearted things generally. The glory of England is ours too; though within the last hundred years we have been diverging and setting up for ourselves, by way of letting

our respected mother country "know we are out." She was too slow for us.

Shrewsbury is a real old Welsh town. It has about twenty thousand inhabitants. It is on the Severn River. The great Keep, or Castle, and part of the walls built by an adherent of the Conqueror, yet remain. There are numerous spires of churches; many picturesque old Elizabethan buildings. Our route lay from this to Leamington, a pleasant watering-place, where we abode for several days, passing in our course a number of seats, and castles, in this the finest part of England. Leamington is contiguous to many interesting places. It has a population of sixteen thousand. The shops are numerous and elegant, and the waters have medicinal virtues. Warwick town and castle—the latter one of the most celebrated and best preserved in England—are within a mile. The castle is built on the banks of the Avon—is surrounded by a high, strong wall, and is half hid in rich shrubbery and ivy, out of which its towers rise in venerable aristocratic grandeur. The present Earl of Warwick, who resides in the castle with his two sisters, fair and elegant girls, whom I met riding out, are not descendants of the famous king-making Warwick, whose offspring are not now numbered among the nobility of England. There are two towers, one called Grey's, and the other Cæsar's; a drawbridge, below which is the moat; there are battlemented walls, large windows, Roman sculpture, ancient armor, and some fine paintings within the castle. But within twelve miles of Leamington is Stratford-on-Avon, the burial and birth-place of the greatest uninspired genius of the Teutonic race. The road passes through the town of Warwick, then over a most lovely and green country in high cultivation; hedges, fields, planted groves, and in some places glimpses of most beautiful scenery; the winding Avon tracked by the willows on its banks, the Malvern hills in the distance forming a land-

scape essentially English, and perhaps found in no other country. At length we are in the town, a small one, about four thousand inhabitants, in which Shakspeare was born, April 23, 1564. A stroll along the street brings us to the house—a low two-story ancient-looking wooden tenement. It is at present vacant, being undergoing what are called restorations, that is bringing it back to its former appearance as much as possible. It is a very irregular and exceedingly ugly house. It is understood it is to be enclosed in a glass case, and preserved from further decay. The old caretaker, living near, takes us through the principal rooms—some of which have the names of numerous visitors, including kings as well as commoners, scribbled on the walls and windows; not a few of the names are American ones—one or two of our Presidents, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, Barnum, etc. The latter offered \$10,000 for the house, intending to transport it to America, and exhibit it as a speculation. This aroused all England, and a company was formed who purchased it, one of their number, Sir John Shakspeare, claiming collateral descent from the poet, having bequeathed \$10,000 for rescuing it from decay. Formerly it had long been kept as a tavern. There are about ten rooms in the house. The fire-places are very large and old-fashioned, and by their side we may imagine Shakspeare seated, when a boy, with the shadows of ideas forming within him, which in after life were to develop into glorious written realities. He was the oldest of eight children. Of his early days very little is known, less perhaps than of the early days of any one who has so largely realized fame. His father was once sheriff of this county. The greater part of his youth was perhaps spent in roving, by which means he acquired his extraordinary knowledge of human nature. His education was imperfect; he married young; he was accused of poaching deer on the domains of Thomas Lucy, near Stratford; he re-

venge himself by a satire on Lucy, said to have been mercilessly severe, (his first essay in the art poetic, perhaps); he went to London, became a prompter at the theatre, acted also. It was in London that his plays were written and acted in his own theatre, and he became the favorite of many wits, and his friends were amongst the highest in rank, and even Queen Elizabeth noticed him favorably. Acquiring considerable emoluments he returned to his native place, and died on his fifty-third birth-day. His wife, who was eight years older than he, survived him. His regard for her does not appear to have been very great, as she resided at Stratford during the long period of his residence in London, and he mentions her only slightly in his will. His goodness of heart and honesty were, it is said, remarkable; he was of a handsome presence, and very good company. Without doubt, his dramatic writings surpass those of all ages and countries, in thorough, brief, and true, and consistent delineation of human character, as well as in variety and interest. That kind of writing, however, is not the highest, but in it Shakspeare stands unrivaled. His mother was of a much more ancient family than his father, and was probably a lady of large and varied mind and genuine heart. A walk of three quarters of a mile, through the old village, brought us to the church. This is a large and impressive-looking edifice. Around it creeps the green ivy, and around are the dead of all names and ages, sleeping, some of them, for several hundreds of years, forgotten even by the unfaithful stone to which their names and virtues were entrusted. A noble avenue of elms, with their now fading foliage, leads up to the church. At one end of it is the beautiful Avon, murmuring and meandering through meadows. The stones of which the church is built are gray, and mossy with age. Entering you discover a large interior, and it is well lighted with narrow high windows, some of which have

painted glass. You hasten on, walking on tombstones, flat and smooth—others with effigies and inscriptions, till you enter the choir of this cruciform Gothic church. The sexton unrolls a carpet on the floor, and you see a large, flat, old-looking stone, under which rest the remains of Shakspeare. His wife and two daughters are beside him. The singular epitaph, in its old English spelling and style, carved on the stone, meets your eye, as follows:—

“Good frend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust encloased heare ;
Bleste bee y^e man y^t spares thes stones,
And curst be hee y^t moves my bones.”

At one end of the choir, near this stone, is a small monument to the poet, on which are some interesting lines by Ben Jonson. Shakspeare died in 1616, more than two hundred and forty years ago. The family in the direct line were all extinct in the second generation. One loves to linger around this place. There is a delicate tracery in the old monkish windows, and a “dim religious light” on the antique stained glass, and there is a strange charm in standing near the dust that contained such a mind as that which composed Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth, Othello, the Tempest, with their wealth of wisdom and their world of living; that mind which lived in nor was exhausted by so many characters. The guide now shows you the Visitors’ Book, that you may add your name to the many, now filling several volumes. You see some distinguished names—Fillmore, Van Buren, Irving, Willis, Bremer, and others. But we pay our guide the expected fee, and depart from the regions of the murmuring, meadow-bounded Avon, and from the old church, where sleep the remains of him who is more quoted perhaps than any other merely human writer. We return through the scenes of peaceful, contented, and rather dull and ancient England, to Warwick,

the old town with its gate, towers built on rock; its grey churches and remnants of old walls, and its grand castle rising out of a sea of shrubbery like an isle of Time. An organ-grinder is filling the streets with melody as we pass in the dim dusk of the evening—the old castle, burdened with its past history, its present beauty and adornments, realizing the heroic strains of music.

But to-day I have been over another scene of England—along the fine roads, each one having a fine foot-path bordered with hedges and rows of stately elms—the church bells of Leamington melting into a mere echo behind—all a scene of England's green fields, and especially those lovely, grassy lanes and old hills. It must be confessed that the real Englishman, such as you meet him on the soil, in this the centre of England, is a decidedly rough, boorish, and rather insensate, beer-drinking, beefy specimen of humanity, with but few ideas and no poetry whatever. But here is indeed a grand ruin—the Castle of Kenilworth. A high wall, with several towers, outside of which is a large moat, or ditch, appears to have surrounded the grounds; near the centre of which is another thick and lofty wall, which surrounded the castle: which latter is a mass of walls and stones, carved ceilings, ruined rooms, and ivy. The narrow, arched stone window-frames are many of them entire; and some of the rooms are still pointed out as those which Queen Elizabeth occupied in the days when the Earl of Leicester was in his greatness and magnificence, and thought "his glory was arising." One is also shown as that in which his wife, the unfortunate Amy Robsart, was murdered. The mantle of past wickedness seems resting on the hoary ruin. Yet it is grand in its decay. The walls are yet high, and the court-yards, which the extensive wings of the castle embrace, are large and grassy; but trees grow among the ruins, and grass has found a resting place on all the walls; and desolation and slow decay have intruded into the halls

where once all was gayety and royalty. The castle is uninhabited, though it has had a thousand years of history. Small and mean farm houses are around it, in one of which lives the dull old gatekeeper. In old times it had its chapel, where burnt the perpetual torch lights over the remains of its founder. The castle has been a royal residence—a fortress—and has sustained a six months' siege. There is near it a tilt and tournament yard, in which chivalrous games were enacted in old. The expense of the entertainment which the earl gave the queen, whom he hoped to marry, exceeded five thousand dollars per day. The castle is situated on a rock, and the circuit within its walls embraces seven acres. It was all built of freestone, hewn and cut; walls in many places fifteen feet thick; and it was all covered with lead. Cromwell gave it to some of his officers, who dismantled it and reduced it to ruin. It now belongs to the Earl of Clarendon. During Queen Elizabeth's visit to the castle, in 1575 the festivities lasted seventeen days. There were drunk three hundred and twenty hogsheads of beer: the daily consumption of wine was sixteen hogsheads, and forty hogsheads of beer; and ten oxen were slaughtered every morning. The clock pointed always to two, the hour for dining; and every hour had a new amusement, for the queen's diversion. There was once a lake surrounding two sides of the castle, which has long since been drained, and I walked over the luxuriant meadows now on its site.

But the railway has now brought us some miles further to Oxford, having sojourned in and near Leamington some days. Oxford is a singular city—the architecture of each house indicating a different century; each having its own style. The projecting cornices and eaves of the old cities of the Continent are here. It is the city of colleges, and churches, and halls; the stones of all which are in rags and tatters, for Time has done his work on them. It is indeed an interesting city. You walk among ancient build-

ings; streets of colleges, with grassy court-yards; walks and promenades, surrounded by thick, ivy-grown walls, and laid out in avenues of elms. Here, in one street, is the "Martyr's Memorial," a beautiful Gothic Monument, erected to Bishops Latimer and Ridley and Archbishop Cranmer; and near it is the spot where they were burnt, in the days of Catholic domination, under Queen Mary, when Cranmer thrust the right hand with which he had, in the hope of saving his life, signed a recantation of Protestantism, into the fire and burnt it off, saying, "This hand has offended!" I entered the Bodleian Library, one of the most celebrated in England, having numerous old, new, and rare manuscripts. I saw the lantern of Guy Fawkes, conspirator; the fac simile of the death warrant of King Charles I.; a most beautiful model of an East Indian under-ground palace, intended for summer; many models of ancient temples; some fine portraits; writings in Sanscrit, Arabic, Chinese, and many singular and ingenious works; missals; rare copies of the Bible, ornamented by the monks with illuminated margins. There are also here some rare works: the famous Arundelian Marbles, brought from Athens, and of vast use in chronology. Near this is the Hall, with its historical associations, in which King Charles I. held his Parliament. The antique glass of some of the churches is almost equal in beauty to some on the Continent. Oxford has nineteen colleges, about six halls, which are somewhat similar to the colleges in their arrangements; and at present there are about two thousand students, who are distinguished by their peculiar gowns and square caps. There is more servility on the part of the people here to young and spendthrift noblemen, whose extravagances and follies almost support the town, than in any place I have ever seen. The population of Oxford is about twenty-six thousand. The course of study is but little more extensive, and probably not any more thorough, than in many of our

American colleges. Poor scholars and charity students have vast facilities in these magnificent surroundings, libraries, etc. The wealthy and titled contrive to pass the awkward years between boyhood and manhood here. The Oxford divines are celebrated for their learning. I heard one of them, who appeared to comprehend fully the learning of the Bible without knowing much of its religion.

Back again in London, however, after an absence of thirty-five days, in which, with regular American speed, we have been almost over all England, Scotland, and Ireland—have been in the classic and romantic Edinburgh, among the misty Scotch lakes and highlands, the surges that dash around the Giant's Causeway, in the North of Ireland, and among its bogs and miserable villages; and also in its charmed scenery at the Lakes of Killarney, and among its green and grass-grown ruins. With the facilities now afforded by rapid railway traveling, and a skillful arrangement of our time, we have had enough leisure to carry away a distinct impression of each place. In London again—that city where are miles of prostitutes and leagues of wretches in want, mothers who sit in the cold with their almost naked babes, at the base of temples, palaces, and banks costing millions. I left Oxford at twelve o'clock yesterday. The railway lies through one of the best parts of England—passed the ancient town of Reading, saw its ruins of walls, towers, churches, all of which fled by like a dream “when one awaketh;” also the many green fields, parks, elegant, old, and in the centre of which stand the stately, ancestral homes of comfortable England. Arriving in London at half-past two o'clock, found it foggy, gas-lit, and Lord Mayor's day, and there was a grand procession. The millions of London were in the streets in all their might. London is the most pitiable and affecting presentation of greatness in the world. In the procession were first the Marine boys, then drummers, City Marshal, trumpet-

ers, Sheriff in his carriage and with out-riders; then the city flag, other carriages, footmen, men in armor in the style of the olden, horsemen, ex Lord Mayor, soldiers, City Chamberlain, servants, yeomen, sword-bearer, Lady Mayoress, men in armor, trumpeters, servants, and beef-eaters; Lord Mayor in his state carriage, drawn by six horses. This was the procession, besides the myriads who seemed to have here nothing to eat, and the fog, which really seemed an omnipresent, important personage; it exceeded all fogs in denseness, dreadfulness, dullness. The fogs on the Mississippi River, into which one may drive a nail and hang his hat thereon, are not to be compared to the potential fogdom of London. It is a fog that may be felt. Yet the British seem to thrive on it—to glorify and appetize on it, drink beer in consequence, and consider it an established institution. London is a great and astonishing fact—an *immenseness*. It is an epitome of all human nature in action. I have been in it for a few days, revisiting some places and visiting some new ones. The Crystal Palace, which I have visited, is all a delight. It is about twenty miles from London, at Sydenham. As you approach it by railway, and the grand, extensive, but light and elegant construction appears in sight, you are tempted into involuntary admiration. It is a structure of glass and iron—a frame of iron resting on a solid foundation. It is in length eighteen hundred feet, width four hundred feet; the centre transept is one hundred and seventy-eight feet high, the towers two hundred and thirty-five feet high. You enter by a flight of steps in the south wing, and when arrived at the nave the view is unrivalled. It is a city in glass. When within you are charmed by the variety and interest of its presentations. It covers several acres, and a village may be said to be employed, and derive subsistence within. There are cotton manufactures in the basement. There are all kinds of shops, retailing porcelain, jewels, pictures, and

industrial displays, insomuch that you seem walking through a street in Paris or Brussels. There are trees and plants of all kinds and climes; there are reservoirs of water, in which aquatic plants survive; rare mosses; there are giant specimens of trees from California, and flowers of all hues of loveliness, the air here being at all times kept at a uniform temperature. There are restaurants here for first, second, and third classes of people—elegant concerts also, and theatrical rooms, in which fine bands perform each day. I heard a splendid concert given the day I was there. The productions of the vegetable kingdom to be seen here are very beautiful and strange. You have summer birds sporting and singing around on evergreen boughs. You have lakes of water, specimens of mankind of all races, Egyptian and Chinese halls, whose statuary, and inscriptions, and sphynxes, and numerous works of art, copies of old works, make you think you are in some restored temple of the past. The statuary—some copies, others original—are from all countries, as also paintings and drawings, all of which are exhibited in the best light, in the long and lofty avenues for promenading. The building itself is almost as great a wonder as its contents. It is four or five stories high, and seems a wondrous combination of iron frames, into which are set long, narrow glass plates, more than realizing an Eastern or Arabic dream of romance, and uniting wondrous lightness and elegance with solidity and strength. There are two towers of the same materials as the palace—some seven or eight stories high, which are principally used as fountains to supply the jets of water in the grounds around; these latter are adorned with terraces and flights of steps, cascades and colonnades, shrubbery also, and miniature crystal palaces. The ancestors of the British built massive towers and castles, with walls twelve or eighteen feet thick, which descend to the present age as objects of mouldering majesty and wonder. But

here is a direct contrast, wonderful in its apparent unsubstantiality—a vast hot-house—but no clangor of arms, no heavy portcullis, no dungeon keeps are here. It is a scene of peaceful, elegant life; crowds of ladies and gentlemen promenade or listen to music, or admire statues—all is practical, modern, pounds, shillings, and pence, useful money investing. It is truly astonishing how much can be got for a shilling, the price of admission. The world changes as it grows older. The great old thing called earth casts up things of many kinds as it progresses onward, and there is a constant giving out from the womb of the unknown to the world of the known.

I have revisited Westminster Abbey, that most impressive monument of grand death, where the lofty windows let in decomposed light that falls sadly on the gray and antique monuments to the dead of renown. It is a sad place, but death is probably *less* to the dead than to the living. *They* may wonder at our regard for perishable dust, and rejoice in the riddance of a body to us so dear, even in death. The monuments in the Poets' Corner—those in the gorgeous chapel of Henry VII., where repose the Kings and Queens of England, with their armorial ensigns above them—the long aisles, the “dim, religious light,” the air of solemnity, the silence so greatly contrasted with the noise outside—all make Westminster Abbey one of the most impressive places on earth. The arches are all Gothic, like two raised hands clasped in prayer. The old monks understood the power of external surroundings as incentives to devotion, and the production of that peculiar, grave, ghostly superstitious Virgin Mary sort of feeling in which they indulged.

I also visited the Zoological Gardens, which are in Regent's Park, and which, besides the more common animals of such places, contain some very rare ones. Some of the animals are in rustic cottages, in the style of the countries

they come from. Elephants and torrid-zone animals are in cellars, which are kept warm. The birds are of very numerous kinds; the exotic plants are extremely interesting, and a walk through it is almost like a rapid transit over many countries. I also traversed Regent's Park, Green Park, Hyde Park, St. James' Park, in which is all the loveliness of greenness, even at this season of the year, and in which are elegant equipages and promenades, and along which are the palatial residences of England's nobility. Regent street, Oxford street, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, are all splendid streets—the Strand, Fleet, Cheapside, etc., are partly in the city proper, and are streets of shop-keepers. I also saw the numerous monuments—those to Lord Nelson, the Duke of York, and others—the Temple Bar or Gate across the street, one of the relics of the old fortifications of London; Newgate Prison, Old Bailey, Whitehall, in the court-yard of which King Charles I. was beheaded; Marlborough House also, in which is the Vernon collection of paintings, and other pictures, the best by Italian masters. I also saw Northumberland House, Somerset House, and other points of historical and ancestral celebrity. In one of the apartments of Marlborough House is shown the immense black-draped carriage in which the remains of the Duke of Wellington were borne to their resting-place. It is inscribed with the names of his victories, and there are the statues of three black horses before it—the whole being a spectacle of stately death. Julien, the Magician of Musicians, is in London now, with his fifty or sixty minor musicians, all playing, pulling, drawing, beating, while he, the most self-satisfied looking and complacent of mortals, waves his wand like a king of sound, and music springs forth as the waters when Moses smote the rock. The entertainment always terminates with "God save the Queen," when all the Englishmen rise—for the Queen, personally is more popular than the monarchy.

London is emphatically the city of the unfortunate frail sisters of humanity. Pleasure is a hard master, for her votaries seem all the time on the verge of starvation. The most Christian and Protestant city in the world has more of them, relatively to population, than any other. Few things are really more interesting to the sight than a fallen woman. They accost you as you walk along the streets—all guises and colors of harlotry and whoredom plead with you, on your refusal, for a glass of wine or a penny to buy a biscuit. Many are from the country, and consider prostitution a regular trade—a means of living, they having no other. Some are rather pretty, but all are horrid. The army of street-walkers, passing up and down the pavements in the gas-light, in gaudy colors, leering, looking, accosting men, starving, utterly demoralized, with no maidenly female reserve, no heart, no refinement, animalized, short-lived, debased creatures in shape of women,—is the most hideous among the memories of London. No man of any sense will think, however, that they are any worse than many others. No man or woman either can tell what he would be in a given train of circumstances, or, when involved in the serpent coil of temptation, he or she would come out any better than others. The most unsophisticated, and most simple form of man or woman, is when such man or woman thinks himself or herself any better, substantially and inherently, than any other person, even the vilest. The true ground is compassion for all unfortunates, effort to ameliorate their condition, and hatred of the vice; and take heed that one himself does not fall or do worse, comparatively, than they. Many of the small creatures who criminate others are negatively virtuous, because never tempted, or whom it was not worth while for Satan to tempt, knowing a conquest over them would be no glory even to the meanest devil in hell. Others may thank their circumstances rather than their strength, that they are secure. But adieu

to Great Britain forever, the fatherland of America, and where the nation loves us yet. A thousand French alliances, offensive and defensive, would not make them love the French as much as they do us. 'Tis true there are a thousand leagues (of water) between us, and that may be one reason. But blood is thicker than all that water.

But we are off again, for the Continent. Life is a travel—from one event to another—from one feeling to another—from youth to age. We travel through our years—we sail from our present into our future. The parts of life are our actions and their epochs. The Continent of Europe is far more interesting to travelers than the British Islands. We are now in Rotterdam—in level Holland, which the Dutch have in reality “taken” from the Sea. This is a city of canals and commerce, and of high, cleanly-looking brick buildings. Its appearance from the water—the river or Strait Maas, a sort of frith of the North Sea—is beautiful. It is pleasant to stand on the solid Continent again, and know you can take a morning walk in one direction at least, without coming to the sea. The city is all level, and below the surface of the sea. Canals are very numerous in it, over which are very many bridges. The vernacular here is again strange—the regular old honest Dutch is spoken, but French and English are used by those with whom one comes in contact. The continental system of examining passports and luggage has again to be submitted to. Yesterday morning we left foggy, muggy, murky London, in the steamer Fyenord. The fog prevented our departure for some hours, and the great number of vessels in the muddy Thames rendered our progress afterward very slow. But at length we took our last look of the green, well cultivated, and beautiful banks of the Thames—passed out of its mouth, and were rolling about in the North Sea, under the influence of that sensation of unutterable nastiness, sea-sickness. To-day at twelve, (Friday, Nov. 12th),

we entered the river Maas; saw the low banks of Holland on each side, with dikes or embankments, keeping out the sea, planted with rows of trees, and furnishing pleasant walks; also saw numerous quiet-looking Dutch houses, pleasant level meadows, pastures; and those strange features in a landscape—windmills—even in the towns are numerous.

The Dutch are a great people. They have warred with the sea, and conquered; and the extensive sea-marsh is now rendered, by their embankments, the home of millions.

Rotterdam is rather a strange-looking city, with its high, narrow brick houses, many of which despise the perpendicular, and lean at many angles, through defect of the foundation, notwithstanding the piles driven into the sea-soil to render their bases firmer. They have numerous and long windows, which have mirrors on the outside, inclined so as to show what is passing in the streets, or who is entering the principal door. Many of the canals are bordered with trees, and in some of the streets long rows of houses seem to rise out of the water. The Museum of Paintings here is very rich. One representing a dead Christ, struck me as truly remarkable in its ghastly resemblance to death. The Dutch school of painting seems to me to surpass very far all I have yet seen in exact, minute, life-like resemblance. Most of the merely British or American paintings I have seen seem mere daubs in comparison. Those here have that under expression, as it were—the real mind and soul that lies underneath the flesh—stamped on them, and you read it as if it were the outbreathing mind. The Dutch school seems pre-eminent in the minute excellence of detail. We can conquer forests and subdue Nature, but we cannot paint her. Rotterdam has about eighty thousand inhabitants. The houses are nearly all of brick, and are five or six stories high.

The great Gothic church of St. Lawrence; the views along the Boompjes; the commercial buildings of the Dutch

East India Company; the singular scenes of the Dutch markets; the numerous bridges over the canals; the fine statue of Erasmus—he having been a native of this city—are the principal scenes which interested me, besides the Picture Gallery, in my promenades to-day. French and English gold coins pass readily here, but the smaller coins of this country are guilders and stivers. The water for drinking is very bad. Travelers use English ale, or the effervescing water of the Nassau Springs.

We are now in Hague, thirteen miles from Rotterdam. This is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, having numerous parks, or squares, with trees clad in the now fading glory of autumn. There are canals also in every part of the city, and also large lakes of water, surrounded by trees and houses, which latter are elegant brick residences, numerous windows, with mirrors outside—every thing indicating wealth, cleanliness, and comfort. It is the capital of Holland, and the residence of the king, one of whose gorgeous brick palaces, with its painted cathedral, its park and its pleasure-grounds, and fine shrubbery, I have visited. The windmills here are numerous. These are great towers of brick, about fifty feet high, with four-angled wings or flappers of wood, flying around, communicating a motive power, used in elevating the drowsy water of the canals for purposes of health, or irrigation, or draining, and also for grinding meal. The weather has become clear and sunny at length—quite a rarity, as we saw but little of the sun in that kingdom of fog, England. There is more ease of address, less pompous reserve, more gayety and disposition to oblige; there are *tables d'hote* again—and French—all of which make one feel he is on the Continent once more.

In coming from Rotterdam here by rail, we passed Scheidam, best known in America by Wolfe's Schnapps; and Delft, also celebrated in old times for its pottery; the trade

in which has now much declined. The country is all level, and everywhere intersected by fine canals, which serve for fences and divisions of all kinds—each field being parted by long, straight ditches—the surface of the soil being but a foot or two above the water. The land is black loam, of great fertility, principally in meadows and pasturage—fine fat cattle, with blankets over them, grazing on the yet green herbage. The canals are bordered with trees. The roads are elevated several feet, and serve as embankments. Some of the ditches, from lack of circulation, present the usual appearances of stagnant water, being covered with a green vegetable scum, by the side of which rises the Dutchman's cottage, where he sits in perfect contentment, smoking his pipe, deeming himself in Paradise. The gardens are very fine, and the colors of the flowers peculiarly rich and gaudy. No stones or rocks are to be seen. The government here is a constitutional monarchy. The king shares the legislative power with two chambers: the higher, consisting of sixty members, nominated by him; the lower, being deputies elected by the people. The law refuses all relief from the public funds to those who do not send their children to school. The result is, education is nearly universal. The religion is Protestant; there being about two and a half millions of them, and about half that number of Catholics. The army consists of about forty-eight thousand men. The Dutch own or have possession of some of the most important islands in the world—Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, etc., as well as parts of South America. The present king is William III., Prince of Orange. We had the honor, if honor it be, to see the queen. She came in the same train with us, there being royal cars expressly fitted and arranged for her. She appeared to be nothing more than a large, red-faced Dutch woman, very expensively dressed in pink silk. There was no enthusiasm or shouting, but much looking, of which she was the object. She bowed. Some

bowed in return; some took off their hats; others, as if petrified by the presence of royalty, remained motionless.

The Hague is a cleaner and better built city than Rotterdam. It has about sixty-four thousand inhabitants. The English have here, as in most other cities on the Continent, service on Sunday in their own language. This I attended, as also the German Protestant service in a very large and imposing brick edifice; part of which seemed very old, and the floor was paved with half-obliterated tombstones. The numerous and sweetly-chiming bells of the Continental Sunday ring out their music constantly on the air over this level country for many miles around. The collection of paintings in this city is almost unrivalled in excellence, having the chief works of the Dutch school, except those of Rubens at Antwerp. Paul Potter's Bull is celebrated all over the world. The painting represents a bull, as large as life, a cow, some sheep, lambs, the shepherd, and some other objects—all of which Nature herself would scarcely scorn: so closely and deceptiously do they counterfeit her works. Paul Potter was probably the best painter of animals in the world. A divine painting evokes in ourselves a stronger memory than our wont. The surgeon dissecting a dead body is also very remarkable. The face of the dead is dreadfully and fearfully death-like; that of one of the students expresses, in most amazing verisimilitude, his rapt attention. This painting, which is more than two hundred and forty years old, is by Rembrandt. The picture representing Prometheus—the vulture devouring his continually growing liver—one of the finest illustrations of remorse possible, is also a glorious transcript of art. A painting by Rubens of one of his wives, is here also, and shows the power of that great creator of life on canvas. There are many other works here, in this the finest collection of paintings in the Dutch school in the world, which produce the gladdening effect of true art in the heart of the beholder.

There is, in the same magnificent building, a grand collection of Japanese and Chinese works of art; models of ships; statues of gods and idols, some covered with gold and gems, and perhaps thousands of years old, and which have received in those eastern countries the adoration of millions for centuries. There are here numerous vases, baskets of curious workmanship in ivory, wood, pearls, demonstrating an ingenuity in those nations little inferior to the vaunted excellence of the highest civilization. North of The Hague extends a very beautiful park of lime and elm trees, beginning with numerous avenues, which lose themselves in a deep forest, now gilded with the glory of autumn. There are numerous drives, palatial houses, inclosures with antlered deer—the trees meeting and mingling overhead—forming vistas of arches, the effect of which is very fine. The Sunday of England and Scotland, however, is not here; nor is there so much comfort in the hotels, nor so much quiet, home enjoyment; but there is less dullness; there are more variety, more genius, more sunlight, more military appearances, more soldiers. We cease to hear and read so much about the “Mutiny in India”; nor is there evident that desperate attempt at recruiting, which did not scruple to take young and drunken boys, which we noticed in the Island Empire. The monarch’s will is, however, much more sensibly felt here than there—Queen Victoria’s absolute and controlling power, except by moral feelings and established prejudices, being almost contemptible. Yet here appears to be as much freedom, more wealth—this being one of the wealthiest countries in the world. There is also more general education, and a better lower class than the lowest class in England or Ireland; and also more general equality; as much honesty, also, and fully as much goodness, generally, as in the country of our ancestors. In most of the European countries it is not the government alone that is

hated, the rulers and the dynasty are personally abominated.

But we have left the beautiful city of The Hague, and are now, Monday evening, November 1st, in that of Amsterdam. The day was lovely; one of the clear, sunny, chilly days of autumn. We passed over the level, flat regions of Holland, with ditches and canals separating the fields; passed old Dutch villages; came through barren sand hills along the sea; then the railway ran on one of the dikes shutting out the North Sea; and, finally, saw the twenty-six windmills flying and flapping about Amsterdam, as if it were a winged town. It is an immense city—population two hundred and sixty thousand—of canals, bridges, narrow streets, with many-storied brick houses, with their carved ends next the street; the cornices of each story projecting over the other—the whole built as if to show that nothing is impossible to the Dutch. It is the most remarkable looking city we have yet seen in Europe. The houses are generally built of very small brick. Many of them lean forward; some affect the perpendicular; others prefer the oblique. This is in consequence of the unequal subsidence of the foundation, the city being built on piles. The bridges are only three hundred in number. Many of the houses are built in the water—their basements forming the sides of the canals. Most of the brick walls present a mottled appearance, being inlaid with white stones. Some of the canals are very wide, others narrow; they traverse and intersect all parts of the city; have many boats on them, in which whole families live all their lives. The city is very compactly built and very densely peopled.

To-day we have spent in rambling about the city. We visited the Picture Gallery, and looked over all its contents till we were fatigued by their beauty. Certainly many of them are most remarkable creations. The portraits seem half alive. There is a beauty and variety in the living face

which art cannot give to canvas: but there is also a beauty, and repose, and a study, in the productions of art which the living face has not. The "Evening School," the "Descent from the Cross," and many others, small as well as large; also animals, birds, stags—all better painted than anywhere else in the world—the Dutch school of the sixteenth century having had a specialty for painting animals. We also visited the palace. This is a grand building of stone, built on fourteen thousand piles, driven seventy feet into the ground, to give it a secure foundation. Here Joseph Bonaparte lived, who was made King of Holland by his brother. Many of the rooms are most splendid. We saw the king's bed-room, the audience-chamber, dining-rooms, tea-rooms, etc., many of them being hung with rich silk curtains. We also saw a most gorgeous chair; the throne, in the reception-chamber, on which perplexed royalty had no doubt often sat, less happy, perhaps, than many a cottager on his stool. But the principal room is the ball-room, one hundred feet high, the highest in Europe, without pillars. This is truly a magnificent marble hall. In some of these rooms are paintings so life-like as to seem starting from the canvas. One of them represents Van Speyk, the great Dutch admiral, in the act of applying the match to the powder magazine on board his vessel, to blow it up, himself and all his crew, to prevent falling into the hands of the enemy. His cool resolution, the extreme interest and alarm of the crew, are well delineated. Few nations have shown more patriotism and bravery than the Dutch. More than once they have opened the sluices and let in the North Sea, drowning their country and the labors of centuries to drive out their enemies. One of their generals, when besieged and summoned to surrender, replied he would eat one hand off, while he fought with the other, before he surrendered. We ascended to the top of the palace, and saw the grand prospect therefrom—the singular city, with its

canals, islands, bridges; the great ship canal, connecting Amsterdam with Texel, fifty miles long; The Zuyder Zee, or Bay of Amsterdam; the great windmills around the city; in the distance, the village of Broeck, the inhabitants of which are unhappy martyrs to cleanliness; and many other things are all in view. But the great chime of bells began. Amsterdam, like most of the cities on the Continent, has very fine bells. The palace has a chime of forty-two bells, which play a plaintive little air previous to striking the hour. They began while we were among them, and gave us an attack of music which which would have been better appreciated at a greater distance. More than fifty thousand of the inhabitants of Amsterdam are Jews, who live in one quarter of the city, in narrow, high houses, stenchy even at this season beyond all descriptive degrees. Old clothes, hung on racks outside the windows; wretched looking people, dwelling in cellars, filthy and damp, where the human form meets you in all stages of degradation. Amidst these scenes, however, were five square synagogues, built with as little resemblance as possible to Christian churches. Much of the wealth of this wealthy city is in their hands. The atmosphere of Amsterdam is extremely damp; and though necessity obliges the utmost attention to cleanliness, and the attempt is to a great extent successful, yet the marshy nature of the soil, the lowness of the situation—being almost on a level with the sea—must render it, on the whole, an unpleasant city to reside in, except to those who are thoroughly devoted to money-making and commerce.

But we have left the lowlands, and are off to other regions. Tuesday, at twelve, we left Amsterdam, passing the usual sights—low meadow lands, ditches, windmills, cattle feeding with jackets on; then sand-hills, the reduced and narrowed Rhine, which divides into four streams as it approaches the sea, and loses its romantic interest; old villages

and towns on its banks; then we entered a part of Prussia, where our baggage was subjected to a vigorous but courteous examination. At twelve o'clock at night, fatigued with our long railway ride, we stopped at the old town of Hanover, remaining all night and part of next day. This is in the Grand Duchy of Hanover; one of the electors of which, George I., became King of England, being descended from James I., through the female line, who intermarried with German princes. This is a peculiarly German place—remote, uniform, and dull. Most of the town consists of old German houses, framed of wood, between the timbers of which bricks are built. They have antique projecting balconies, each story projecting over the other. Numerous windows, carved gables next the streets, the appearance of which, as one looks down the streets is singular in the extreme—irregular, peculiar, quaint. There are some splendid avenues of trees, extending from the city, and near the railway are some massive modern buildings, which belong to the age of railways and hotels. The population is about forty thousand. We left this on our way, and arrived in an hour and a half at the ancient city of Brunswick, about the size of Hanover, and resembling it in its picturesque architecture. The country over which we passed being generally level and well adapted for cultivation, the soil, however, appearing to be worn out, and the country thinly peopled. As in other parts of Europe, the people live in villages, there being few or no houses in the country. Brunswick contains the splendid and large stone palace of the Grand Duke. It has some fine monuments; we noticed one to Lessing, the German thinker; some pleasant avenues and grounds; several massive, fortress-like, gray, old stone churches, neither Gothic, nor Norman, nor Italian in style, but German and grand; and also a succession of old streets and houses similar to those we saw in Hanover, only older, more *gable-ended* and more antique-looking.

Every thing seems here as it has been for ages, and human nature seems superannuated and gone to sleep, or frittered away in forms and solemn nothings. Even the locomotive has a sleepy, dull, safe, formal kind of movement. Every thing seems impressed with its own propriety, and the things that have been are those that shall be. The great stone churches, with their monuments and grave-stones outside, seem majestic in their time-worn appearance and their heavy style of building. In one of them sleeps Caroline of Brunswick, the unfortunate and ill-fated wife of George IV. of England. The currency changes in every little German state, making it necessary for travelers to study the rules and rates of exchange. Prussian currency seems, however, in good repute. Austrian in bad. The hotels are grand and uncomfortable, the café and smoking rooms being the only places in which a German condescends to be comfortable. Finding but little of interest to the general traveler in this city, we leave by railway for Prussia. On our right rise, as we pass along the many-domed Hartz Mountains, the Spectral Brocken over them, and the slender young evening moon seems dancing on their summits; village after village gliding by; windmills flapping; peasants plowing with wheel plows—every thing old, changeless, and adjusted. We pass Magdeburgh, the strong fortress in part of which Baron Trenck was confined for being loved by, it is said, and in love with, the Princess of Prussia; then Potsdam, with its royal palace, and its lakes and gardens; and at length we reach Berlin, passing along the beautiful street Unter-den-Linden, (or under the Linden trees,) wide, spacious, and adorned with royal palaces, residences, universities, museums, statues, etc. Here every thing is German, excepting what is French. Our passports are demanded. How long we are going to stay in the kingdom; where we are going; our *status* in our own country; what city we live in: and all this important information is, with our

passports, sent to the police; the latter to be additionally vised and subjected to the formal nothings which the military governments of these countries establish to enhance their own importance. No sensible American would attempt to interfere with any of these regulations, or with the governments, or undertake to reform any of them.

The hotel (the Victoria) is hung with paintings. Each one takes his meals in his own room. The universal French *table d'hôte* is provided for those who wish to eat thus; and is cheaper than an equal variety of dishes would be, if called for privately. It is indeed the great event, the crisis of the day. The hotels here are good. The weather is lovely, though cool. The debilitated sun rises but a little way at noon, as we are far to the north, being near latitude 53°. The air of the country is far superior to that of Holland. The military bands play here every day, at noon, in the Lust-Garten, at change of guard. The music is perfect; superior to any military music, perhaps, in Europe, or elsewhere. There are crowds of tall grenadiers everywhere in the streets and at all public places, this being, perhaps, the most martially disposed nation in Europe; a passionate admiration for "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" being infused into them by Frederick the Great, as into the French by Napoleon. Here are the Picture Gallery and Museum, a grand building near the Spree, the small stream on which the city lies, and the Unter-den-Linden. There are fine statues and rare works of art in marble, especially a vast vase, twenty-two feet in diameter, cut out of one solid block of fine granite, adorned internally and externally with sculptures, in front of the fine colonnade of the Museum. Greater, however, is the genius displayed within. Paintings by the first masters, arranged according to the different schools and ages—Flemish, Spanish, Italian, old German, Byzantine or middle age, many of them very good. 'Tis pleasant to roam at will through these galleries,

resplendent with the creations of geniuses who have, in angelic moments, given permanency to most lovely faces, and to ideas which speak from the cold canvas. The number of paintings exceeds one thousand. On some of them the eye might dwell for hours. The Italian and Spanish schools, however, stand clearly pre-eminent for passionate strength as well as softness of delineation; the Flemish, or Dutch, for minute matter-of-fact detail; and the Byzantine for holy, religious, seraphic elevation. There is something wonderfully solemn in the Byzantine style. It is strange, weird, supernatural, and ghostly. No painting, however, which I have yet seen surpasses in thrilling, impressive execution, two or three of Rubens that I saw at Antwerp—the “Descent from the Cross,” the “Assumption of the Virgin,” and the “Crucifixion of St. Peter.” There are faces in these that haunt you like ghosts, and will not depart, but become themselves a memory and a portion of our soul. The Sculpture Gallery here is also very interesting, as also the Egyptian Gallery. Berlin has very wide streets—Frederic the Great, who principally founded it, having inclosed a wide space with low walls, which still exist, and then commanded it to be filled with houses. The street Unter-den-Linden is one of the finest, if not for a short distance the finest street in Europe. It has two avenues of lime trees, with footpaths and carriage-ways. Many of the buildings, hotels, etc., are of massive size, and stately architecture. Standing on the square, before the king’s palace or chateau, one has a scene of great architectural beauty around him—the palace itself, of immense size, yet of simply grand style; the colonnaded Picture Gallery, and the Museum; the domes of various churches; the groups of statues to distinguished men, among them an equestrian statue of Frédéric the Great, reckoned the finest equestrian statue in the world; also one to Prince Blucher; various allegorical representations—some angels, some women, some children, some half-

grown girls; then the various palaces on the Unter-den-Linden; the street itself, wide, long, and planted with trees; the Opera House, the Theatres, Guard House, University—all these are in view; while among them flows the Spree, with its pleasure gardens, in which military bands perform—all these minister delight to the eye and ear. We visited the Opera, the music at which is probably not surpassed, outside of Berlin, in Europe. The piece was the "Daughter of the Regiment," which was very effectively performed. But a still higher musical entertainment was had the next night in the "Symphonial Concerts," in which it is reckoned the best interpretation of the old masters is given. Some of the grand classic compositions of Beethoven and Weber were given. One of Beethoven's symphonies came like an appalling and tremendous oration of mighty meaning, which it strove to utter in a wail of vast sensational power—a mingling of music, memory, and things no language could reach. It conjured up a succession of all things stratified over by Time. You feel, resolve, are soul-stirred, and fathomed more deeply than ever before, while it complained like the sigh of all humanity, and thundered like Olympian Jove. I strolled through some parts of the royal palace. It is an immense quadrangle, inclosing several large courtyards, in which an army might be reviewed. One entrance to it from the court-yard is up a steep winding road, or inclined plane, up which a carriage might be driven. You come upon corridors, and long halls, and dark places, out of which little, diminutive forms, shrivelled up and small-looking, in comparison with the great rooms, come and glide by you. You are shown the rooms and clothes of Frederic the Great. This great king had at times but two ragged suits. The ghost of the White Lady inhabits some of the rooms, and wails when any of the royal family die. Servants, some of whom are antique specimens of woman kind, inhabit many of the apartments; and their sudden apparition out

of unnoticed side doors, as you thread with your guide, the castellan, the long, dull galleries, might well make one think of the White Lady. Some of the rooms are furnished with extraordinary splendor. The building is of brick, plastered, and many of the columns are of carved stone; but the whole begins to wear the tattered garments of age. Of course there are soldiers and sentinels promenading, or standing in their sentry boxes, as is the case in all the royal palaces of Europe. Part of the royal family reside at present in this chateau. On Sunday I attended the Evangelical service in the cathedral. The music was of the usual German classic character, consisting of some of Mendelssohn's psalm tunes. Part of the royal family were present. As they returned through the streets to the palace, in their somewhat plain carriage, there was great respect shown them, most of the men taking off their hats, which salutation was always graciously returned, for majesty is always excellent at bowing. The king, who is now in his sixty-second year, is in very reduced health—of, it is thought, a diseased brain. Berlin, like many European cities, has its old and new cities. Here, in the old city, is the aged-looking Catholic church of St. Nicholas. Though the religion of Prussia is a kind of Lutheran Protestantism, yet certain people will always be Catholics. Outside and in it is grand, ancient, and religious. It has ancient tombs, with numerous dark-side crypts, opening by iron doors, in which are the burial vaults. There are mouldering and mossy effigies, death-heads, and all the grim paraphernalia and tenantry of the charnel-house. The Catholics make much capital out of death. All that stones, and memory, and affection, and sculpture could do to perpetuate the dead, is done; but in vain. They had their day of life; they must be forgotten; the rememberers themselves will be forgotten. The droning old organ goes on, and dull death and quick life here meet: the dead moulder in darkness and

grim silence, the living work away and pray around them ; but both shall meet in the dust again. In one of these crypts repose the remains of Baron Von Puffendorf, an eminent jurist to the King of Prussia, and one of the standard authors on the "Law of Nature and Nations." Berlin now extends some distance outside of the old wall built by Frederic. At certain places are gates or towers. One of these, at the end of the Unter-den-Linden, is called the Brandenburgh Gate, and is truly beautiful in appearance. It is surmounted by several elegant figures in bronze, representing the chariot of the sun. This work of mechanism, like many others of the fine works of art, especially paintings, underwent a migration to Paris in the time of the first Napoleon, whose object was to collect there all the rare works of genius in the world. At his downfall they were generally restored to their former places. I have also been at Charlottenberg, three miles from Berlin, along a road passing through a park of rare beauty ; there being a royal palace there and some fine works of art. Berlin has about four hundred and twenty-six thousand inhabitants. Its manufactures consist of wool, cotton, silk, ribbons, porcelain and stoneware, bronze, gold and silver ware, artificial flowers, etc. There is a very marked difference between the German and the Dutch : the latter are minute, plodding industrious, contented, persevering. The Germans have larger souls and minds, more elevated views, more general, and capable of more intellectual works ; but neither so moral nor so happy a people as the Dutch. The latter are contented with this world : the Germans with neither this world nor the other. The Dutch are among the most remarkable people in Europe. They live in perpetual warfare with the sea, which they have conquered and vassalized. They have not only "taken Holland," but made it. Americans and other nations are prompted forward by their advantages of position, climate, or soil : the Dutch are prompted by

their disadvantages. As Lord Lansdowne defined a difficulty to be a thing to be overcome, it well applies to them. They have established fertility in the midst of the sea, and prospered where other people would have drowned. Voltaire, after passing through their country, said of them, by a free translation, "Adieu ducks, drakes, dogs." Voltaire was incapable of comprehending such a people. In defending their country they have eclipsed all Spartan bravery. In painting they have surpassed all nations except the Italians. Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" is unsurpassed and unsurpassable and incomparable. This they owe, not to genius, but to mind; not to passion or feeling, but to industry. The Germans have more poetry in them, more versatility, more music, and more ponderous attention to monsters of trifles. Prussia has in all a population of more than seventeen millions, of which more than two millions are the military. The Protestants are nearly eleven millions; Catholics, more than six millions; Jews, two hundred and thirty-four thousand. The regular army consists of about one hundred and sixty-one thousand men.

But we are now in Dresden, in the kingdom of Saxony. It has about one hundred and eight thousand inhabitants, and is one of the finest cities in Europe. It is about one hundred and sixteen miles from Berlin, which we left yesterday, after spending three or four days there. The houses here do not seem very old, yet many of them have carvings and statues in stone, and quaint inscriptions. The houses are generally of stone, or brick plastered so as to resemble stone. Many of the streets are wide, regular, planted with avenues of lime trees, which are the same as linden trees, and lined with large, spacious houses, four or five stories high. It stands on both sides of the Elbe, now full of floating ice. This stream is scarcely as large as the Ohio. Two fine bridges, one of them five hundred and fifty-two yards long, with elegant iron railings, footpaths,

etc.; the other, sustaining the railway to Vienna, connect the two parts of the city. I have seen few or no beggars since I have been in Germany and Holland. There are very few in Scotland; but most numerous in London and Ireland—England being a nation of lords, shopkeepers, and beggars. In Saxony there are no beggars whatever. But little either French or English is spoken here. We are in a large, splendid, comfortless German hotel, where every one lives in his suite of apartments, and there are no *tables d'hôte* for reunions, every man's room being his castle here. The railway stations over all Europe are splendid, large, well-lighted and permanent erections, with restaurants for first, second and third-class passengers—varying in price, cleanliness, and quality; book-stalls and waiting-rooms for each class of passengers. The employees about the cars are in uniform, very numerous, under military discipline, and very courteous to first and second-class passengers. In these latter most people travel, none riding in the first class but fools and princes. The price and comforts vary but little. Hotels are also first, second and third class. Being naturally fond of good eating, and having also quite a partiality for sleeping in clean beds, we patronize first-class hotels, and advise all others to the like course—the others being often merely unendurable—the stench striking, the beds, already densely peopled by a class who do not *flee* away at your approach, and the eatables not at all enticing. The guide-books sometimes make mistakes in regard to their directions about the hotels, but in general the last editions of Murray and Bradshaw are quite correct.

But I have to-day seen the great attraction of Dresden—its renowned Picture Gallery—the finest in Germany, and, except those of Italy, in the world. You have above two thousand paintings, which are in many grand and well-lighted halls. They are in splendid gilt frames, and are of

all ages, from over four hundred years down to the present century. It is an interview with dead but self-monumented genius to walk through these halls. The pictures are all imposing triumphs, created by Art and Genius. You linger with them as over gladdening beauties. You walk through many halls, each with many paintings. You come to the best and most gorgeous room of all, and you find a single picture. But this one is the *Madonna del Sisto* of Raphael, probably the grandest of all his *Madonnas*. It commands and entrances at once. It is impossible to look at it as a painting. The art is very great, but there is more than art there. You go away and look at others: this mingles with every thing. You return: it is alone, and glorious, and tranquillizing, and lovely. The Virgin is standing holding her child. The angels in the lower part of the picture are wonderful in their contemplative innocence and reverential intellect. The Virgin's eyes have all that the most lovely female's eyes could express, when suffused with soul and holy, sinless regard. Her attitude is simple and natural; her appearance that of human beauty, but of one who came on earth to bear a God. You would think unexhausted heaven breathed from those faces. There are many pictures by Correggio; some by Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordæns, Crevelli, Titian, Teniers, Holbein, Caranach, Matsys; some of which look like sculpture standing out from the canvas or wood on which they are painted. This collection, by the Saxon kings, who were formerly more powerful than at present, has been respected by all the conquerors in this part of Europe. Frederick the Great, though he battered down the churches, commanded that no cannon should be turned toward the Picture Gallery; and after having taken the city, humbly requested of the queen, who was his prisoner, that he might visit the gallery as a private man. Napoleon carried off none of them to Paris, through respect to the King of Saxony, who was his personal friend, and

fought for him at Leipsic, near this, though sixteen battalions of his troops went over and joined the enemy, by which means Napoleon lost the battle. Of the painters mentioned above, Van Dyck was born 1599; died, 1641: Jordæns, born, 1594; died, 1678: Paul Potter, born, 1625; died, 1654: Rembrandt Van Rhyn, born, 1606; died, 1674: Rubens, born, 1577; died, 1640: Teniers, born, 1610; died, 1694: Guido Reni, born, 1574; died, 1643: Murillo, born, 1618; died, 1682: Holbein, born, 1498; died, 1554: Raphael, born, 1483; died, 1520: Matsys, born, 1460; died, 1530: Titian, born, 1477; died, 1576. The theatre; the royal palace; the singular looking church, with its numerous sculptured statues on it and in it, its great organ of near six thousand tubes, which melodizes an ocean of air; the fine bridge over the Elbe, with its crowds of passers and its police; Brühl Terrace, with its promenades; trees, cafés, and the fine view along the Elbe; fine churches, all of cut stone, and without any wood whatever—are all near each other, and make a striking *coup d'œil* of stately splendor. On Brühl Terrace are given very fine concerts, which we attended, and heard some rich old music on the violin, with piano accompaniment. Almost all these European cities are curiosities, and have accumulated in the lapse of ages many things historically very remarkable. Time, even in his ordinary course, casts carelessly on the shore of being many things which grow interesting merely by reason of their age. To-day we hired a commissionaire with whom to “do Dresden.” We first visited the Catholic church. This, in its exterior, is surrounded by two rows of statues; one row on the first story, the second around the highest part of the building. It is of stone, as are a majority of the houses in Dresden. Within, the view is grand: there are fine paintings, some on canvas, others in relief. The royal palace is near it, being connected by a bridge thrown over a street, by which means the royal family can

pass to their pews without being seen. Exteriorly the palace is only a large, common-looking stone building, with numerous windows, but no architectural pretensions. The royal family are Catholics, notwithstanding their subjects are Protestants. They were formerly Protestants, and were the earliest and firmest friends of Luther and the Reformation; but one of the kings renounced Protestantism, in the vain hope of being elected King of Poland. Under the royal palace are the celebrated Green Vaults, into which we now entered. The fee is one dollar and a half, admitting from one to six persons. This secures the attendance of a gentlemanly guide. These chambers are numerous, and contain collections of works of art—paintings, inlaid enamel, and mosaic work of all kinds; most ingenious and skillful specimens of work in ivory and marble; relics of old kings; precious stones of all kinds, and of immense value—the accumulations of ages, and the productions of all climes—the whole valued at many millions of dollars, and not surpassed in Europe. Some of the rooms almost blaze with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and curiously wrought gold and silver plates, baptismal fonts, and marriage presents of kings and queens. Carved works in stone, marble, ivory, and especially well done. Some contain many hundred figures, cut out of a single stone. Curiosity becomes satiated, and wonder ceases, overcome, when one is looking at these things. Richly jewelled swords of state are here exposed; curious clocks, in all sorts of devices: in short, it is a vast depository of the treasures of the mine and the works of the hand—all that it could do in bronze, in pearls, in ivory, in stone. The mosaic and inlaid tables are extraordinary. A tableau representing the gorgeous court, palace, and throne of Aurungzebe, King of Delhi, figures of bronze, gold and gems, is especially admirable. It is resplendent with gems, and all the attitudes of the figures are most life-like. The artists were generally Germans and Flemish. The cave in

which Aladdin, according to Eastern story, met the Genius, could scarcely be more splendid than these vaults. From this we went into the curious and ancient armory, where a similar fee is paid. The armory collections, which are in many rooms, contain the identical suits of armor worn by ancient heroes. There are statues mounted on mail-clad horses; feudal heroes, on their gallant steeds, in deadly combat, with fixed lances, and vizers down, in all the armor and chivalry of six hundred years ago. There is also a complete Turkish tent; there is the armor of the great John Sobieski, King of Poland, and defender of Christendom against the Turks, whom he conquered at the siege of Vienna; there are many war trophies taken from the Turks; there are also arms of various periods; guns and cannons in their rudest formation; there is a Colt's revolver, two hundred years old—an invention in all respects similar to Mr. Colt's, except in the rotation of the barrel being effected by hand instead of a spring, and which, the conductor informed us, very much surprised Mr. Colt himself, when he visited the Museum some years ago. There are some relics of Napoleon I.—his boots, worn at the battle of Dresden, and his slippers; and there is also the cast of his skull, taken by Dr. Antommarchi, at St. Helena, just after his death. This is probably the best representation of the emperor that now exists. The head and face are large; the cheek bones are high and prominent; the cheeks very much sunken, and there is an imperial, majestic resignation, indicated by the mouth and general appearance. All the organs of the head seem large; those of memory and reflection extremely so, and the general appearance of the head is that of great power to resolve and accomplish. This is the original. There is a copy in Paris, which I saw there; and beside it is a splendid bust of the emperor in marble, as he was in the days of his greatness; and nothing could be more pitiable than the contrast. The difference is

striking; and, allowing considerable for flattery on the part of the sculptor who took the bust, one cannot but see that the imprisonment at St. Helena lessened greatly the size of the head, and benumbed and paralyzed all his faculties; so that it was true, as he said, "Once I was Napoleon: now I am no longer any thing." There could have been no greater punishment on earth than to condemn a brain that had known such activity to such nonentity. When the alliance with England ceases to be useful to cement his throne; when the ennuied French army demands action; when the emperor wants an Austerlitz in his reign; when the old Bonaparte associations begin to be worn out; the present French emperor will refresh them all by a real Napoleonic war on England, in which their conduct at St. Helena will come up for vengeance. He that is so miserly hoarding up associations of his uncle, does not forget St. Helena and Waterloo.

The military music here is truly magnificent. It discourses at each change of the guard, at noon, under the queen's windows. In a music hall near this we were shown many different kinds of automaton musical instruments, which go because wound up. They are remarkably ingenious; play well: but, after all, the best music is that which has a human head or hand directly producing it. From this we strolled along Frederick street to the Catholic Cemetery, where, among humble graves, marked with crosses, and around which are high walls, shutting out the world, and inclosing a quiet, calm, tranquil spot, we read on a slab the single words, "Carl Maria Von Weber," the great deep-souled and plaintive German composer, second to none, lies buried. He was a native of this city, but died in London, whence his remains were removed by his son. Artificial wreaths of flowers—immortelles—lay on his grave-stone: he has been dead about thirty-six years—showing that some at least remember him besides those who take selfish pleasure in his immortal music. Here he sleeps;

but "*La Dernière Pensée*" will wail his memory forever. From this we advance near two miles from the city, through farms of fine and well-cultivated soil, where, on an eminence commanding a most lovely view of the Vale of the Elbe, and the many-spired and domed city, we found three young oak trees, one of which was planted by the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia; another, by the King of Prussia; and the third, by the Crown Prince; and beside them is a large granite block, surmounted by a military cast-iron cap. This is General Moreau's monument; and his legs, taken off by a cannon ball, fired in Dresden, two thousand yards off, are buried here. An inscription in German reads, "The hero Moreau fell here by the side of Alexander." It was in 1813, when the reverses of Napoleon induced the hope in the monarchs of Europe that their oft-shaken and tottering thrones might yet be saved. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and General Moreau were reconnoitering the French position in Dresden; when Napoleon, perceiving a group of horsemen, ordered a shot to be thrown among them. "Which of them shall I take, sire?" said the gunner. "The middle one: he is my greatest enemy." It was necessary to amputate the legs of Moreau, during which operation he calmly smoked a pipe. He died twelve hours afterward. Napoleon did not know the middle one was Moreau. In returning to the city we saw, in a garden, the place whence the shot was fired. The environs of Dresden are beautiful. Portions of the old walls remain; and the pools and baths of Augustus the Strong, and some of the houses of his seventy-two concubines, exist. The army of Saxony consists of more than twenty-five thousand men, larger than that of the United States, though Saxony is not as large as the State of New York. These troops are simply to keep the king on his throne—these people being strongly inclined to a revolution. There appears to be here a better middling class than in England,

and this class are in favor of a republic. In the military, all over Europe, the governments possess a power to keep themselves up and the people down. The soldier can do nothing without the officer. The officers are nearly all noblemen—consequently attached to royalty from interest, education, and feeling. But it is very evident the government is one of force and restraint; that it requires an army to keep it up. Our government is just the reverse. It needs no defense. It stands supported by the consent of the governed. Here the government is antagonistic to the will of the people, and requires these strong armies to keep them secure from enemies without and subjects within.

This evening we visited the Opera, and had the pleasure of hearing "Der Freyschutz," or "The Huntsman," by Von Weber, in this his native town. It is a grand opera, and the music is far superior to the acting and to the words. It should be performed without any other exposition than itself. Next day I revisited the Picture Gallery, and gazed long on Raphael's sublime creation. I also visited what is called the Japanese Palace, where one sees more than three hundred thousand volumes, one of the most extensive libraries in Europe—the literature of each nation arranged in compartments: French, English, Russian, all the German states, ancient Greece and Rome, and also American literature. Conspicuous among the last I noticed a fine copy of the "Writings of Washington," and an embellished copy of his "Farewell Address." It is he who first gave to America its great name and reputation in Europe. He has the heartfelt respect of all Europe. He is the focus through which they view America. Yet such a man was such a novelty to them—successful without being selfishly ambitious, and who chose rather to found a government than a dynasty; who only accepted office on account of patriotism, and resigned the command of armies to become gladly a private citizen. Such a man comes not twice on the arena of time.

His greatness excites no jealousy, and commands without demanding the admiration of the world. He is dead long since; but moral, and unpretending, and sublime virtue and patriotism have nothing of the tomb about them. There are here also many manuscripts of Martin Luther on the Bible; ancient Bibles, when the art of printing was young; and ancient missals, and things that would make a paradise for an antiquarian; undeciphered Mexican, Sanscrit and Arabic writings. In the visitor's books you write your name; and in it you are shown the names of Napoleon, (date 1807,) Schiller, Goethe, Henri Duke de Chambord, Koskiusco, Lord Nelson, his paramour Lady Hamilton, and others, written by their own hands.

We left Dresden after several days sojourn, and proceeded in the direction of Prague, one hundred and sixteen miles distant. The railway lies mainly along the Valley of the Elbe, whose banks rise into perpendicular cliffs and massive mountain rocks of great majesty; while in some places there are terraces, or steps, ascending the mountains, or small plantations, giving us memories of the Rhine. This is the Saxon Switzerland, and in fine weather must afford extremely pleasant excursions. Some of the rocks stand up like mighty Gothic columns in a church. There are old, arched stone bridges connecting elevated peaks, while below are little white houses, or remote, old, and quiet German villages, in which the peasants reside who quarry out the stone from the mountains, which is conveyed in steamers to Dresden for building purposes. On many of these scenes the eye loves to linger. Beyond Dresden, toward Berlin, the country over which we traveled consisted of an undulating plain, soil rather sandy, and frequently covered with young pine forests, presenting evidences of rather a sparse population. At length we arrived at the ancient capital of Bohemia, Prague, on the Moldau, where we spend a day or two. Entering Austria from Saxony, we begin to notice

the old, peculiar stone crosses, at many places, proving our being in the domains of another religion, Austria being a Catholic power. At Badenach, on the frontiers, our passports were demanded, and, being found regular, were returned on personal application, the train delaying one hour. In Prague our baggage was searched; the officers, however, were civil. Having gotten to our hotel—a very dirty one—“Zum Schwartzten Ross,” a printed paper was presented to us, in German, which we were obliged to fill up, stating our name, age, religion, profession, where going to, whence coming, whether alone, or attended by any one. These things being all duly attended to—and they are not much trouble after all, and would greatly facilitate inquiries should one meet with accident—the police rested quietly. In Prague, the summer and autumn, which had both been protracted into winter, at length gave way to the stormy season, and it rained and snowed furiously, as if to make amends. Despite the weather, I walked about the old and interesting city, so peculiarly and inveterately Bohemian and German. Prague is surrounded by a most rich and beautiful country. The hills are high and the soil very fertile. A very thick wall, outside of which is a deep, wide ditch, surrounds the town. The wall has on it roads and promenades, which are planted with avenues of trees. From the wall a splendid view may be had of the hills, with their garniture of castle, church, or monastery. At certain places are splendid arched gateways, or passages, to and from the city, which are guarded by soldiers. Many of the streets are wide, and furnished with fine buildings, except in the old town, where they are narrow, winding, antique and odd.

The inhabitants of Prague are one hundred and thirty thousand, of whom twenty or thirty thousand are Jews. Here is the old Jews' town without streets—only narrow passes, between old lofty houses, and here is a strange mournful-looking old brick building of oriental style,

peaked-pointed, gabled, and irregular. You enter—it is dull, dreamy, dreary, has high vaulted roof, strange seats; old men, long-bearded and serious, earnest-looking, move about in the lamp-lit darkness; and here is a large book in the Hebrew character, an old Testament without any new—this world without another. It is the place of an extinct religion, which was once glorious and imposing in Asiatic lands and old days—a religion which had God for its author and destroyer, yet to which its adherents cling with unperished ardor, though the glory has departed from Israel, and the Ark of God no longer rests among them. And here is the old Jews' Cemetery, full of plain monuments, strewn thick as leaves in Autumn, and as dreary. There is no hope here through Jesus Christ, no resurrection of the just and unjust, none of the new world of living hope which Christianity has thrown around death. The Jews are obstinate infidels, but where are there more industrious, sober, virtuous people—more quiet, orderly, and law-abiding, though oppressed and down-trodden? But I am on the great stone bridge across the wide Moldau, in the vale and heights around which the city is built. This bridge has numerous piles of statues on each sides, and at regular distances, representing historical and Catholic legends, the numerous figures occupying impressive attitudes. The chief group represents the life and death of St. John of Nepomuk—the patron saint, or household god of this city. For each Catholic city, in Europe, has a little, delicate, chaste, fire-side saint or patron, pure, ideal, and legendary, to whom their heart affections turn, and who is always ready to assist them. Now St. John of Nepomuk is very old. He was confessor to the beautiful Queen of Bohemia, and her lord and master suspecting her fidelity ordered the priest to disclose the secrets of the confessional, which he refusing, the king hurled him off the bridge into the river. St. John of Nepomuk was no more, and the

people of the town wondered what had become of the pious and benevolent father. But behold, in passing the river, there was always a bright lambent flame hovering on the wavy water, and on searching there they found his body; and the late remorse of the king, the sorrow of the queen, and the regard of the people, have preserved his remains for centuries in the principal church, in a vast silver coffin. On the other side of the river is the grand palace of the great rebel chief Wallenstein—a hero of the Thirty Years' War, so well depicted by Schiller, whose work is so well translated by Coleridge. It has three tiers—twenty windows in each tier, and its gardens are kept in fine style. On the top of a high hill in that part of the city is a collection of magnificent buildings, called the Hradschin. There is the Imperial palace, that of the archbishop; the Museum, with its paintings and Bohemian curiosities; and here in the dull mysterious light of the evening we enter the Gothic cathedral, with its numerous internal columns, old, gray and massive, and around each one of which are numerous statues, and the grand, thrilling music of the organ utters itself among the tombs and old columns. A mausoleum here contains the ashes of thirteen princes and princesses, and here is the silver coffin of St. John of Nepomuk, their household word god. St. John has many images—angels, figured ideas, &c., of the same metal, and of immense value. The church itself is truly a most magnificent architectural idea in stone. From the hill you see the sixty church spires of Prague, the vale of the river, the long wide stone bridge, the hilly and now snow-mantled country around, with many villas, churches, monasteries, castles, crowning them; the sixty clock and twenty-two other old towers of the city, presenting an aspect peculiar, imposing, and regarded as the most beautiful of the German towns, and has the most antique and unique character. Few places have struck me as being so agree-

able, and nowhere have I seen so much beauty in the common classes of the people, especially among the young girls who preside in the shops with grace and unconscious dignity. You may see them ply their work at night to eke out their little living, totally unmindful how hard their sisters in other lands belabor the piano, battling out the "Battle of Prague"—a battle fought about one hundred years ago. There is certainly more enjoyment in many of these European cities than those of America. The English and ourselves are the most matter-of-fact business people on earth. In these countries, all that music, painting, sculpture, architecture, fine scenery, and works of taste, can do to develop the lighter, the agreeable, the most pleasant and social qualities of the heart, is done; whereas we pass our lives in the mighty, the serious, the awful business of money-making—as if instead of letting life live, we were fully determined to have always more than enough. This indeed is our greatness—mere enjoyment is too little a thing for us. Here the people, having been born, take it for granted they will live somewhere, and having lived yesterday expect to live to-morrow, and enjoy in the meantime their little more than those who have abundance.

But we are off now for Vienna, distant two hundred and fifty miles. We pass through a country uneven, but well cultivated; then through low lands which the peasants are plowing, having high hills in the distance; then we come to mountains, some of which have ruins that look Roman-like on their summits. We see vast column-like crags. We come to old Austrian, agricultural, changeless villages; we perforate the mountains in twelve tunnels—come to vast pine forests, find the old roadside crosses everywhere, representing the "Man of Sorrows." We glide along remote brawling brooks, some of which are bordered by long avenues of poplar—at times see a princely chateau or a large manufactory—finally, after about twelve hours, we

pass the great glistening Danube. Our luggage, as usual, is examined, while we anathematize the cool Austrian officials. We drive through the princely streets to our hotel, where, after being very comfortably ensconced—the Vienna hotels are good, but dear—we find the police solicitous as at Prague to know the particulars respecting our age, religion, profession, standing, &c.; their unhappiness on these points being relieved, we are allowed to consider ourselves in Vienna, the capital of Austria, and one of the largest and finest cities in Europe, having four hundred and seventy-three thousand inhabitants, sixty thousand of whom are Jews. Austria contains nearly forty million of inhabitants, near thirty states or departments. Of the population, according to their nationality, nearly eight million are German, nearly fifteen million of the Slavonic race, Romans eight million. About twenty-five million are Catholics, three million Greek Christians, the others Protestants, Jews. Of the latter there are nearly a million. The army consists of 425,873 infantry, chasseurs 32,534, cavalry 70,376.

In splendor and general appearance, Vienna far exceeds Berlin, which, except the Unter-den-Linden street, narrowly escapes being simply an antique, dull, German town, like Hanover or Brunswick. The royal palace in the city here, in general appearance, is not so fine as that at Berlin, though in position superior—having fine grounds and gardens near it, whereas that at Berlin has nothing of the kind. Here the houses are very high—appear new and clean—the streets are well paved, though narrow—the squares are small, but have some fine statues; there is a fine group of allegoric statues on the Volksgarten in commemoration of the great plague; there is one to John Sobieski, the savior of Vienna and Christendom in 1683, which the Austrians ungratefully forgetting, assented to the division and annihilation of his kingdom. The people here are very

courteous to strangers, after the police are satisfied about the objects of one's sojourn and means of subsistence. There are no *tables d'hôte* here; one dines *à la carte*. The moneys are silver coins, called florins, worth about forty-six cents, and copper coins called kreutzers, worth seven or eight mills. French gold coins pass readily. The walls around Vienna are an immense work, consisting of an outer and inner wall, fifty or sixty feet apart, filled between with earth and rocks, and planted above with trees, furnishing an elevated and beautiful promenade. Outside the walls is a moat large enough to contain a river, which, in case of siege or attack, could be filled with the Danube. The exterior curve of the moat has also a high wall, and in the sunken place are now fine gardens, promenades, avenues of trees, military houses, defences, etc. Through and under the walls are, in many places, strongly guarded gates and drawbridges. Much of the city lies outside the walls; the part inside is very compactly built. The cathedral here is a Gothic building, and is one of the largest churches in the world. Outside it presents the darkened appearance of extreme and stately age—of innumerable little turrets and castles on the sides and ends of the columns and cornices—of tombs around it, and sculpture carved work—images, saints—all expressive, almost animated, yet tattered and wasted away by slow, consuming, and inevitable age. The spire is a grand sight; it wedges the sky; it is four hundred and twenty-eight feet high, decreasing gradually to a cross. It is called the Cathedral of St. Stephen, and was founded about the year 1000. The great bell was cast from the metal of one hundred and seventy cannon taken from the Turks. Inside you will be presented with a grand spectacle. Immense and lofty Gothic columns, around which are clusters of saints and martyrs in marble—long, narrow, high windows—dim, sepulchral pictured glass—paintings of rare merit—thirty-eight altars of marble—silent worshippers bowing in the

chapels—the great tomb of the Prince Eugene—the Tyrolean marble monument to the Emperor Frederick III.; also, the congregations listening to discourses in some remote chapels—the mystic ceremony of the Mass going on—the wax candles—the music of the grand organ, like the solemn utterings of the spirit of the place—and all the solemnities of the great Catholic superstition, unexhausted and still interesting after the lapse of hundreds of years. Under the church are thirty great caves filled with bodies—some of them kings. That the worshipers of the Catholic religion derive some sort of comfort and spiritual happiness from its processes, there can be no doubt. You will see them before day, or in the early dim light of the morning, stop on their way to market, with baskets on their arms, in solemn and sincere prayer, or kissing a shrine or image. Their churches are open at all times, and at all hours persons may be seen within, in act of devotion; while Protestant churches are open perhaps three hours per week, and then thinly attended. Our system is better, but our practice is worse. We have the enlightenment of the serpent, but lack the zeal of ignorance. We have more of government, and they have more of God.

But here is the church of the Capuchin monks, and into the vaults of the contiguous convent we descend, and here are the bronze and silver tombs of the House of Austria for two hundred and thirty years past. A monk with white stole and candle conducts us, and points out and names the mouldering occupants who sleep the sleep of death in the splendor of carving, gilding and statuary. Here is the great monumental coffin of the Empress Maria Theresa, worth many millions; and here are also plainer tombs. Maria Louisa, wife of the first Napoleon, and by her side sleeps their son, the Duke of Reichstadt. She is described as wife of Napoleon *then* Emperor. The Duke of Reichstadt has a fulsome epitaph in which his title is given, as

born king of Rome, and he is described as possessing every virtue of mind, speech, or person; and the cause of his death is stated to be phthisic. The inscriptions are in Latin. That to the Duke begins with "To the eternal memory of," etc. The Austrian guide who accompanied us stated that he died of the *miserere*—that it was currently reported at the time that Fanny Ellsler was the grave of the Duke of Reichstadt, and that he was always in love with some *danseuse*. His situation was, doubtless, peculiarly awkward—connected in blood with the most powerful families, yet descended from the humiliater of them; feared as the inheritor of the Napoleonic ideas, and as the centre around which French agitators might concentrate, it is probable he was wished out of the way; and whatever the ties of consanguinity might dictate, the political ideas which were the cause of his existence, and of the marriage of his mother to Napoleon, may have also accelerated his death, or permitted such indulgence as would render him unfearful. It is probable the indulgence of youthful passion was seen and noticed with pleasure, and that no warning voice bade him beware. Yet there sleeps, entirely humbled into the dust, the proud fabric of Napoleon's ambition. Another, and a descendant of the divorced one, inhabits the scenes reared for this dead one. The eventual does justice to all. The Austrians will be humbled yet, and will atone for the violation of the ties of blood. The French and Austrians must inevitably come into collision in Italy. The French Emperor wants a decent pretext to fight the Austrians. We also visited the splendid tomb of the Princess Christina, an almost speaking collection of marble statues. It is the chief work of modern art—being by Canova. We saw also the silver urns in which are enshrined the hearts of members of the royal family. There is another work of Canova near here, in a building erected for the purpose of containing it, which some reckon as his best. It is Hercules kill-

ing the Centaur. You gaze at it with astonishment; it is most life-like in its verisimilitude. Sculpture is a glorious art in such hands as Canova.

Vienna is one of the most interesting cities on the Continent. It is some fourteen hundred years old, having been founded on a Roman camp, on the Danube. After the death of Attila in 453, the Goths established themselves here. The houses are all numbered regularly throughout the city, no attention being given in numbering to the various streets. To-day I saw the emperor driving through the streets in his magnificent coach, drawn by six horses, preceded by military flourishes, and generally bowed to. He is but twenty-seven years old; is married; has a daughter; no son. His title is Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia and Hungary, King of Lombardy and Venice, Dalmatia, and several other places. He succeeded his uncle in 1848, the latter having abdicated, and the father of the present emperor having renounced his right as next heir in his favor. The name of the present emperor is Francis Joseph. To-day we visited Schoenbrun, the winter residence of the emperor, about three miles from Vienna. The appearance of this palace is very fine: the style is simple and grand. Around the palace are beautiful grounds—trees cut so as to resemble walls; there are lakes, fountains statues; long avenues, arched with trees; and on a hill about a mile through the grounds rises a beautiful colonnaded building, called the Gloriette, surrounded with elegant walks, and adorned with cascades. From this point a most splendid view may be obtained of Vienna—the high mountains at a distance, now covered with snow, and the Vale of the Danube: the memory of this view is itself a glory. It embraces the ground of the battle of Wagram. Not far from here is the emperor's park, embracing three thousand wild boars. The Duke of Reichstadt lived in this palace, and died here, July 22d, 1832. The villages around are all

places of resort. In the Cemetery of Währing repose the remains of Beethoven, though the exact place is said to be unknown. Returning to the city, I visited the Belvidere, a vast palace, erected by the Prince Eugene, now used as a picture gallery. The collection is very extensive, embracing many works of the old masters: many by Rubens and Titian. In the upper story are the finest modern paintings I have ever seen, by Dutch and Swiss masters. Those of the old Dutch masters are some of them very old—some on wood; many extremely valuable. There are three thousand in all. It is astonishing what a number of pictorial scenes are furnished by the Bible—more than from all other books together. Most of the pictures, and all the finest, are sacred subjects—various incidents, real and imaginary, in the life of the Saviour; then scenes, or assumed scenes, in the life of the Virgin Mary; then the distresses and sorrows of the Magdalene. There are many rooms—guards in uniform in each room—who see that no injury is done by the numerous visitors; some of whom walk through these splendid avenues of rich old paintings at the rate of three miles an hour, pronouncing judgment, probably, and making up their opinions as to their merit at a glance of a second; from which they must infer their merit is but *secondary*. The guards will answer any questions relative to the paintings, on which occasions some of them expect a fee; though in general admittance is free to places of public curiosity in Vienna on certain days. We also visited the royal riding school, which is one of the finest buildings in Europe of that kind. We saw some very fine horses, which had been taught all kinds of artificial gaits and graceful movements. The riding, however, did not seem better than that of many a backwoodsman, who would never dream that riding could be made a branch of learned education. We visited also the Imperial Collection of Medals and Antiquities, which contains many things of great

interest, extending back to the middle and Roman ages, the enumeration of them merely would fill volumes. Volumes have indeed been written about a single object here. For when nothing is known absolutely about any thing, there is the finest opening possible for *saying* a great deal. Antiquarians must be left to their own unsatisfactory puzzlings. The Glacis is a very interesting place to visit. It is the large open space between the walls of the city and the suburbs. It is planted with trees, has gardens; there are military reviews, music, and vast crowds hurrying to and fro; soldiers, of whom there are twenty thousand in Vienna, all of whom seem very courteous. Etiquette is rather a ponderous thing in Vienna. Every body takes off his hat to every body. The banker transacts no business with you as long as you keep your hat on. Should you pass out of your hotel every five minutes, the landlord, clerks, porters, commissionaires, all take off their hats each time.

I have seen Goethe's Faust performed here. This great German drama was most effectively rendered. The scenic machinery, especially where the devil appears and disappears, was quite remarkable. Nothing of the kind that I have ever seen could be compared to the vast interest and attention on the part of the audience. The great German seemed to be uttering their own ideas, which all had felt but none could utter. Goethe is a powerful delineator of the human heart. His works "raise the devil" in the heart, but they cannot lay him again. The reflections of Faust, as delivered, were fearful.

Among the curiosities of Vienna is always shown the Stock in Eisen. It consists of the trunk of a tree, near a house in the centre of the city, which dates from the time that the forests extended to this point. It is everywhere full of nails. Every locksmith's apprentice, in taking the tour of Germany, (they travel for seven years,) in passing through Vienna, drives a nail into it, as a mark of their

sojourn, though it is all covered with nails; and, it is said, it requires the assistance of the devil to drive one into it now. We have been in Vienna some days, and to-morrow we leave it. It is a lovely moonlit night. I have walked about the great St. Stephen's Platz, with the great church in the centre, its spire ascending into the sky—a most impressive sight—the very variously covered tiled roof gleaming in the moonlight, like a lake of silver. No sight is more impressive than a large and splendid city gradually creeping into the stillness of night—so much of mind is hushing up, and so much of life going into temporary darkness. The greatest wonder in all the curious creation is, that the author God of it is not more apparent. We see results, but the mighty Cause is unseen.

But I slept last night (this is Friday, Dec. 4th,) on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, beyond which rise the shores of the most delightful of all lands on earth—Italy, the beautiful, the historical, the mournful—where we expect to spend the winter. We have completed our course of near fifteen hundred miles through the centre of Europe, and are now at Trieste, the most commercial town of the Austrian dominions. Here are the masts of numerous ships of all climes—here Italian activity and versatility have taken the place of German ponderosity and politeness, and a softer and more musical language, written in characters familiar to our eye, has taken the place of the ugly, black, Gothic letters and printing we have had since leaving Holland—the Dutch being always written in Roman letters in Holland. All things indicate another race and language—the names of the streets, the public notices, the vernacular at the hotels, the common language, the brighter air, speak of our approach to Italy—the fallen, beautiful Eve of all countries. We left Vienna yesterday at six-and-a-half o'clock, in the express train for Trieste, three hundred and eighty miles south-west of Vienna, passing through parts of Styria,

Hungary, and Illyria, dominions of the Austrian Empire. It is a splendid railway, and has only been finished within a few weeks past. As usual, in Europe, there are first, second, third, and fourth-class cars, at various prices and conveniences; the first class contain only six persons, and are cushioned with pink velvet; the second-class contain eight persons, and are better than the English first-class. The railway over which we passed is the most remarkable one in the world. The difficulties overcome far exceed those on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. It ascends three thousand feet or more in thirty miles, and passes through at least twenty tunnels. The viaducts and bridges are, many of them, very long, and are of the most solid construction. We began to ascend soon after leaving Vienna—leaving a mild climate and getting into a region of snows and cold and occasionally violent winds—the locomotive climbing up an elevation at the rate of fifteen miles an hour—then passed through Scemmering tunnel, nearly a mile long, on the summit of the Styrian Alps—then descended into pleasant vales along a river by the side of which rise snow-clad mountains, seven thousand feet high, presenting landscapes of remarkable and wordless loveliness. At Gratz, situated in a magnificent plain of very rich land, we saw, as well as at some other places, ancient ruins, some of them very extensive, consisting of thick, dilapidated stone walls, works of Roman and feudal powers, creating a strong desire to stop and “do them.” They are generally built on the almost inaccessible summit of a conical or sugar-loaf mountain—a village occupying the base of the mountain and commanded by the castle—and are generally near some large tract of arable land. The scenery in Scemmering Pass is of the most grand character. The railway lacerates the perpendicular sides of hard, rugged, limestone mountains, leaps bridges, with numerous arches, over awful chasms—we perforate hills in darkness, or lit by the glimmering

lamps in the cars, burning most of the route—pass old, small Austrian villages, which the railway seems to be awaking from their slumber of one thousand years—we glide by miles of tranquil streams with their mills—poplar avenues—pleasant, humble cottages—come to pine-clad hills, rising in rich verdure to a great height—we follow circuitous streams, sometimes reversing our course in a short distance. The moon then rose over the bare and rocky mountains, silvering their tremulous, distant outline, and glinting over the lonely streams with delicate loveliness. Arriving at the old Hungarian town of Adelsburgh, fifty-five miles from Trieste, I, with an English gentleman, stopped for a day to explore the celebrated grotto near it. About nine at night we arrived at the single hotel, half a mile from the railway station. There were human beings at the hotel, but not a word of French or English could they speak. The next morning we were conducted to the Austrian Commandant, whose business it was, on our payment of a considerable fee, to appoint us guides, three in number, to grant us admission, and give us the “little illumination.” He could speak French. The charge was six florins and five kreutzers, admitting four persons, two paying the same. We proceeded to the grotto, nearly a mile from the hotel, alongside of a considerable stream of water, which appeared to have no outlet till you came near a large limestone mountain, where you find the river flows into a vast, natural excavation or cave, and is apparently lost. It reappears, it is said, at a distance of thirty miles, passing under the mountain. On a lofty, conical hill, immediately in front of the cave, is an antique ruin, consisting of a few remaining walls, of a feudal stronghold. It is almost as picturesque as Drachenfels on the Rhine. It overlooks a fertile plain, containing several small, old villages, bounded by bare, rugged, limestone rocks. We now prepared to enter the cave by an iron door, a short distance to the right of the river. The

guide unlocks the door, prepares his torches; two other guides precede us to light candles at various places. We then enter the great darkness—hear the noise of the rushing river battling in the dark with giant rocks—we pass natural bridges—see numerous lights, whose beams dance on the dark waters—we descend many steps—we ascend, stoop, squeeze through—for the cavern is very low in some places, in others it rises to a height of one hundred and twenty feet. We then entered what is called the kingdom of Pluto; we came upon most beautiful forms and forests of stalactites and stalagmites, made by the dropping of the water during ages—growing up and growing down also—some hanging from the roof, others rising from the floor. They form most singular figures, some looking like time-mutilated statues, others forming white limestone figures of various animals, columns, crucifixes, arches, churches, different saints, almost every form having a name on account of some fancied resemblance or distinction. In the beauty of its stalactites this cave is unsurpassed in the world. The dripping limestone water has here been growing into fantastic forms for ages. One large apartment is called the Cathedral, another the Belvidere, which has a fine marble statue, commemorating a visit the Austrian Emperor made here in 1816. Another apartment is called the ball-room; this is of large size, has a level, solid floor, with orchestra for the musicians, and on certain occasions great festivals are held here, which thousands attend. Altogether, it must be one of the grandest sights in the world when splendidly illuminated. Another large apartment, about three miles from the entrance, which was the limit of our explorations, is called Mount Calvary. Other rooms are called the “Halls of Drapery”—the thin, transparent, limestone rock having grown in the lapse of ages into most exact resemblance to thin folds of curtains or drapery, hanging down and variously colored. It is reckoned no cave in the world can

produce so vast and beautiful a collection of stalactites. On grand festal occasions, more than six thousand candles are lit throughout the cave, and when a fine band of music is performing, the effect of such a scene—the reflections from the glistening columns—must all be very fine. Almost all the creations of Art in the outside world seem to have their prototypes here in the works of blind Nature in the dark. There are spires of churches, watch-towers, tombs, Egyptian mummies, columns, petrified forests, pulpits, etc. The road through the grotto is very good, and is supported by balustrades at various points where necessary. We returned partly by a different route, came within hearing of the rushing dark waters, and finally to the pleasant sunlight, having been three hours in the cave. There was a fair at Adelsburgh that day, and the country people crowded the streets in all the most curious and outre costumes. Stalls and booths for the sale of all kinds of little wares, were everywhere along the streets. Human creatures, in all degrees of ugliness, were seen, and we saw also several specimens, among the young girls, of the dark and flashing beauty of Italian blood. It was a study of extreme interest, to pass through this motley crowd.

We reached Trieste late at night. It has a beautiful position, just on the shores of the Adriatic, and is surrounded by high hills, on which a part of the town is built. It has more than eighty-three thousand inhabitants, is a free port, and has in its docks and canals vessels from all parts of the world. We have come from the North Sea to the Adriatic. The weather here is at present mild and agreeable. There are many fine houses here, built of the hard limestone of the adjoining hills. Some of the old streets are very narrow. I visited the Greek church to-day—there being many wealthy Greeks here, who wear a peculiar costume. It is a gorgeously furnished building—gilt and golden with some fine silver and gilt statuary. Two very

fine, large, modern paintings are here. It is without the altar, however, the confessionals, the images, and many other things pertaining to its more modern and popular rival, the Roman Catholic religion; nor is it so well attended nor its service so impressive. The crosses are all Greek ones—the arms of equal length—instead of Latin ones. The Catholic church is a schism from the Greek church, and is better adapted to express the religious wants, and vent the feelings of the lower class of people. The Greeks are Iconoclasts. Some of the monuments around the fountains in Trieste are very well worth looking at. The jewelers' shops, dealers in coral, and glass ornaments, watches, etc., are very fine. The great attraction is the Cathedral, a singular-looking building in the Byzantine style, built on the ruins of, and of a part of the Temple of Jupiter—some of the Roman pillars and columns of which—two thousand years old—are incorporated into the building, and banded with iron to prevent their falling to pieces from extreme age. There are four rows of columns inside. This church is said to be fifteen hundred years old. One of the kings of Spain, Charles V., is buried here, and also Winkelman, the celebrated German writer on antiquities. None of the paintings are very good, but some are very old; there are frescoes and mosaics in the Byzantine style. From the terrace before the church the view is of rare splendor—the blue Adriatic with its ships, ten thousand of which enter and depart the port of Trieste per annum—the red tile-roofed town below you—the high hills around, studded with villas—the residences of merchants, grown rich by the commerce of Trieste, which has prospered at the expense of Venice, and all other ports on the Adriatic, and exceeds in commerce any other city in Germany, except Hamburgh. But to-morrow we expect to depart for Venice, beautiful Venice, the discrowned Queen of the Adriatic. It is sixty miles across, which the steamer usually performs in six

hours. Adieu, then, to this part of Europe. We enter on older and more celebrated scenes, whose day is past, yet which catch a radiance from their old-like sunset hills when the orb of day is gone.

But Venice, "beautiful Venice, city of song, city of old." We crossed the Adriatic Sea to-day, Dec. 5th, and are now in Venice, the city "standing out of the water and in the water." I as usual exercised my special talent for sea sickness, though the sea was smooth, or only heaved calmly, like the heart of a sleeping infant. We crossed in about six hours in one of the Austrian Lloyd steamers. We had fine views on our right, at the extremity of the sea, of the rugged, mighty, massive Tyrolean mountains, rising majestically, swathed in everlasting snow, above which were strata of dark clouds. Then, as we approached this side, domes began to rise out of the water with crosses on their summit, church-bell towers or campaniles—houses somewhat dingy, like aged marble, of strange architecture; rows of high, arched windows; above these, rows of circular windows; canals walled up; and finally we came to a city sitting on the sea, a loveliness resting on the waters, a city of silence and beauty. There were some ships visible inside the immense embankment built to keep out the high, stormy waves of the Adriatic, and protect, in calm waters, the treasured city of the sea—a loveliness in age, a history in waves. It is useless to say we landed, there being no land visible. We stopped in the middle of the great lagoon, opposite the palace of the Doges. There were no streets, but high, palace-looking dwellings, rising from the water on each side of long, narrow canals. Many gondolas—long, light, graceful, canoe-looking boats—most of them black, and with an enclosed tent-like covering over them, looking not unlike hearses, came alongside, and we were distributed to our hotels, which are placed along the canals in different parts of the city, ascending to them by steps which came

down to the water's edge from the huge doors. The hotels are generally in old palaces, and have much of Venitian grandeur about them—the city having decayed, not having half as many inhabitants as formerly—it has about one hundred thousand—and many of the proud old families extinct. It is truly a city of silence; no omnibuses, drays, wagons, horses, or carriages being seen—nothing but the mysterious gondola, managed with great dexterity—generally by two rowers—gliding in all directions, none ever coming in contact. Then its steep, arched, marble bridges, generally one arch spanning the canals—the bridges are four hundred and fifty, the canals one hundred and thirty-four—the profusely ornamented houses, the grand palaces of marble, all rather surpass expectation than otherwise. We find some Americans here—some of the type who interlard a “damn” about something in every sentence, who pronounce Europe a humbug, and can see nothing in her glorious works of art or her relics of history, unaware that the reason is in themselves, and that there is nothing in them. In civility, politeness—real politeness—deference, respect and obedience to authority, general order in the cities and in large crowds of people, in ease of manner, address, in works of art and genius, in architectural taste, in excellence of railways, depots, and general security to life, in established individual reliance, I have no hesitation in saying many countries in Europe are far ahead of us Americans, notwithstanding our bombastic, inflated pride. As to governments, that is the best government which is the best administered; and our government, though theoretically the best on earth, will be in great danger of becoming the worst, through default of its agents, many of whom are rapidly becoming corrupt, unprincipled rascals. We have so long believed in the motto, “Principles, not men,” that we have neglected to observe the reverse is the exact truth, and that honest men ought to be the first consideration, and

principles will be the result. The conduct of Americans in Europe is sometimes amusing. I observed one on the steamer yesterday, who seemed to have attained a comfortable degree of self-estimation, which he was fearful of having disturbed if he should see *any thing* in Europe that was not a great deal worse than in America. He seemed to be restless till persons about him knew that he had been in Congress, and could have been President, but for one James Buchanan, had he been nominated in place of Mr. Fillmore. While giving our passports to the landlord of the hotel to register our names, I said to him, "I believe, sir, you are an American." "Yes, sir," said he, "and if you ever heard or knew any thing about America, you must have heard of me. I am Mr. ———." Not long after I heard him make the same remark to a foreigner who spoke a little English, and who not having heard the name distinctly, avowed, in his extra politeness, that he had often heard of Mr. Potts, that he had a high esteem for Mr. Potts, thought Mr. Potts a distinguished man. The gentleman corrected him, that that was not *quite* his name. This gentleman, however, is a man of considerable ability, much fluency, but a superficial thinker; and his morality may be judged from his remark that "in Venice he does as Venice does," which is not much of a compliment to his own country that he forsakes its manners and morals, and adopts those of foreign cities. In conventionalities, matters of mere etiquette, it is very well to "do in Rome as Rome does;" but no man of sense thinks the great, essential principles of morality are to be changed with one's clime. What may be right, or at least innocuous to those bred to it, or accustomed to it, may be quite wrong in one whose opportunities have been different and greater.

Venice, as is well known, stands on what was originally a marsh in the Adriatic Sea, which was covered at high tide. The islands are nearly one hundred. The gorgeous, rich,

old city, with its marble palaces, and its splendid churches, has its foundation in the sea on piles. The basements of most of the houses are of stone—the other parts brick—in many instances plastered. It has greatly declined from its former glory, political influence and trade. It is a beautiful decay. No new houses have gone up for more than two hundred years. Most of what are called its streets, are narrow, paved passages, three or four feet wide, winding between high houses, and having numerous bridges, some of them marble, where these passages cross the canals. Most of the houses front on the canals, with steps into the water, from which you get into the gondolas, which are indispensably necessary, though it is said one can walk all over the city, all the islands being connected by bridges. Yet it is the most difficult city in Europe in which to find one's way. The gondoliers are about seven thousand in number; the fare is about twenty zechini for each hour's ride in one, with one oar. The gondoliers stand up to row; the fulcrum of the oar is an upright piece of wood, a foot high, against which the oar rests. The foundations of the buildings, like those of Amsterdam, which city bears a remote comparison to Venice, rest on piles. The buildings are best seen from the water, as one glides smoothly along in his gondola.

But I have to-day stood on the summit of the great campanile or Bell Tower of St. Mark's Piazza, or place, which is near four hundred feet high. What a scene of splendor—the smooth, sunlit Adriatic Sea—Venice below, without streets, a compact mass of houses, with numerous churches and palaces—in the distance the mainland mountains, gleaming in the red and pale light of snows, their bases in darkness, and their undulating snow wilds alone visible; immediately below is the great Piazza San Marco, an immense, oblong, marble-paved place, with splendid, colonnaded buildings around it, among them the Basilica of San Marco, with its numerous domes, and the peculiar-looking Doge's

palace—the multitudes of promenaders on the piazza—the Austrian band discoursing fine military music—the other sides of the piazza being lined with old Venitian marble palaces, their fronts resting on arches, making a covered walk around the piazza. The church of St. Mark is one thousand years old, and has five hundred marble pillars within and without. Its floor consists of mosaic marbles, in very small, smooth pieces, of many colors. Like St. Sophia's church at Constantinople, it is in the form of a Greek cross. It has five cupolas. Its paintings, mosaics, and frescoes are numerous; there is a clair-obscur kind of light within, which almost magnifies its confusion and profusion of splendor. There is let into the floor, near the entrance, a line of porphyry, to show the place where, in the year 1177, Pope Alexander III. placed his foot on the neck of the Emperor of Germany, Frederic Barbarossa: which act shows the extraordinary power of the popes in those days. The columns and arches and vaults within the church are of exquisite workmanship; there are rows of columns of verd antique, porphyry, serpentine, and other kinds of marbles; the capitals of some of the columns represent foliage blown about by the wind. In this church the remains of St. Mark, brought from Alexandria, are deposited. There are bronze horses here, brought from Constantinople, when the Venitians took that city in the middle ages; these are of an ancient Roman origin. There are fluted pillars in spirals, said to have been brought from the Temple of Jerusalem. The bronze doors, with a whole history of legends on them; one door is said to have employed an artist twenty years. This church surpasses any thing I have seen in the splendor and richness of its adornings—the tessellated marble floors, with their devices and mosaic pictures—the lapis lazuli and other precious stones. The tomb of the great Doge Dandolo is here—the last of the Doges buried here. The relics here are numerous, a portion of the true cross, a portion of

the dress of the Saviour, a portion of the earth which imbibed his blood, and other things. We heard Mass here, and the music of the organ, which reverberates amongst the columns and domes in such a manner that one can scarcely tell whence it comes; but it seems a wild, mysterious, restless spirit, inhabiting the dim-lighted, grand, old Byzantine pictures. Alongside of the church is the Doge's palace, covered with lead, and partly used as a state prison, having subterranean dungeons, the famous lead-lined hall, where the formidable Council of Ten sat, and also the great library of St. Mark, composed of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and one thousand rare and valuable manuscripts, besides a cabinet of antiquities and a gallery of paintings. The architecture seems peculiar—a kind of Oriental Venitian. On the side next to the water are seventy circular windows, resting on Venitian arches, supported by marble pillars. Underneath these are other painted arches and sculptured pillars, making a magnificent arcade. Above the circular windows extends another very large story of variegated brick-work, with but few windows—these large and highly ornamented. The effect of this building, with its lugubrious memories, is very impressive. The peculiar Venitian style—half Corinthian, half Oriental—the strength, and age, and ornaments—the increasing dinginess of the marble—then its appearance of being a lingerer from the past on the shores of the present, render this building one of the most remarkable in Europe. It is said the square of St. Mark, on which it is situated, casts into the back ground every piazza in Europe, for architectural beauty and interest. The only one that can compare with it is, probably, the Piazza di San Pietro, at Rome. The Doge's palace fronts on the Grand Canal and on this piazza. We entered the Ducal Palace, ascending by the Giants' Staircase, where the ancient ceremony of crowning the Doges took place, and where, according to Byron's drama, Marino Faliero,

the Doge, delivered his eloquent, last speech, "I speak to Time and to Eternity, of which I grow a portion—not to man," and was then beheaded. We went through the Senate Halls, Halls of the Ambassadors, anterooms, rooms of the Council of Ten and Council of Three. These are all splendid rooms; their ceilings and sides are magnificent, with paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and others. Some of the doors are of cedar of Lebanon, brought out of churches in the East; the fire-places are most richly ornamented with marble carvings; the pilasters of some of them are of verd antique. We also entered the Library, a room of regal magnificence, showing how powerful and opulent this great republic was during her thirteen hundred years of freedom. It is one hundred and seventy-five feet long, eighty-four broad, and fifty-two feet high. We saw here the largest painting on canvas in the world—Tintoretto's Paradise—eighty-four feet in width, and thirty-four feet in height—a powerful painting, though defaced and obscured by age. There are many others of excellence, including portraits of all the Doges, which are a grand border of portraits around the room. That of Marino Faliero, who conspired against the government of which he was the head, is covered with a vail, with this inscription: "The place of Marino Faliero, decapitated for his crimes." From the windows here the view of Venice is grand. From this we went into the halls of Grecian and Roman antique sculpture; many objects here are very old and mutilated, and disfigured by age. There are some Arabic maps, representing the world before the discovery of America, showing the state of geographical knowledge. A group of sculpture—Ganymede and the Eagle—is said to be by Phidias. After entering several rooms, and seeing the "Lions' mouths," or where they were, a receptacle for anonymous communications accusing any officer of the state, we descended into the dreary state dungeons under

the palace, rayless cells, one under the other, and horrific. They are like wells in the thick walls of the palace. They are very numerous. We saw the spot where the prisoners were strangled, then their bodies carried off to the secret cemetery, where nothing marked the place. These were the prisons for political offenses against the State. Our guide said such prisons and secret accusations were necessary in a republic. You descend by a horrid trap-door, and crawl through holes, and you see the miserable pallets, about a foot high, on which they slept perhaps—the dungeons being so small, possibly five paces in length, two and a half in width, and six high, that no position was comfortable. The guide had a lantern to show us these places. There were holes in them for a little air, and also to hand the prisoners their food. They have not been used for many years. Then we went over the “Bridge of Sighs,” a narrow, covered passage across a canal, serving as a communication between the Ducal Palace and a large, fine building, the prison for ordinary criminals. The guide asserts that prisoners, after being condemned in the palace, went across this bridge, where, through two gratings in the side, they took their last look at Venice—“saw from out the wave her structures rise”—sighed, then went into the prisons; whence they were, when to be executed, conducted by another passage, now walled up, into a cell, and there strangled. It is a dreary, narrow passage, and was doubtless trodden by the feet of sorrow for many years. “The palace and the prison” are thus on each hand. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, who wrote the notes to the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, describes these places admirably. The other sides of the Piazza di San Marco are surrounded by splendid shops and government buildings, cafés, etc. There are columns, some brought from Constantinople, others from St. John of Acre. Some are surmounted with lions, others with martyrs; there is the great, dark tower, with its

dial in the centre, representing the Zodiac, and two statues in bronze, that strike the hours twice over, at intervals of five minutes. There is a flock of pigeons that comes every day at two o'clock into the square, of unknown origin; they are fed at the expense of the government, and protected with superstitious care by the people. There are two great, granite pillars, fronting the Grand Canal, one of which is surmounted by a celebrated bronze winged lion, brought from Constantinople in the middle ages.

To-day we have devoted to the palaces of Venice. The hotel in which we stay was formerly a palace—the Palazzo Grassi. The rooms are very high; there is much carving around the mirrors—much painting on the ceilings—several large halls floored with cement, into which are let bits of marbles, polished and smoothed. It stands on the Grand Canal, and has an air of Venitian splendor. Our party, consisting of an English gentleman, a lady and gentleman from New York, and myself, having hired a gondola, with two rowers, for twelve swanizigers, about two dollars, proceeded along the Grand Canal, which winds through the city in the form of an S. It is lined with dingy palaces of marble, rising out of the water. Many of them are most splendid, internally and externally. Some combine three orders of architecture—Doric, Ionic, and Composite—in their façade. Many of them are historical, belonging formerly to old, extinct families of the Doges. There were those of the Foscari—the Merceria, in which Lord Byron lived—that of Manini, the last of the Doges—that of Contarini, and numerous others, with marble steps down to the water's edge. Their names were pointed out as we passed, by the gondoliers. We stopped at the Manfrini palace, in which is an excellent collection of paintings by Venitian masters. There are ten rooms, splendidly ornamented with many remarkable paintings; some fossil remains were also shown, and many specimens of rich, marble tables; the

floor was of cement, curiously inlaid with small pieces of marbles. The Venitian school of painting, of which Titian stands at the head, is remarkable for richness of colors, general dignity, and aristocratic grandeur of position, and apparently high enjoyment of life, in delineation. The chief works of Titian, who lived nearly a century—born, 1477; died, 1576—are in Venice. The Manfrinis are gone with all their glory, as well as most of the proud, old Venitian nobility. Some get poor, and sell the rich collections of paintings, considered invaluable by their ancestors. Some sell the materials of their palaces; but seventy-five having been demolished in this way, an order from the government put a stop to it. We visited, also, the Academy della Bella Arta, and strolled through its large and fine halls, which have numerous and highly life-like paintings. Some are nearly three hundred years old, and belong to the pre-Raphael school. The best are by Titian, Tintoretto—born, 1512; died, 1594—and Paul Veronese—born, 1528; died, 1588—and Giocondo—born, 1477; died, 1511. Some of the paintings are much injured by time and neglect. Several were removed to Paris, but returned on the downfall of the first Empire. One painting here represents an old Venitian legend—how that on a dark and stormy night, when the sea had risen five or six feet, and was still rising, a boatman was requested by a stranger to row him to a certain place, which he at first declined; the mysterious stranger promised to protect him from the storm, and pay him well. They stopped at other points, took up two others, and finally, in the midst of a terrible gale, met a large vessel manned with devils, who proclaimed that they were about to sink Venice into the sea, because a school-master had sold his soul to the devil, and then hung himself. At sight of the three persons, who then appeared to be the buried corpses of St. Mark and other saints, the diabolical fleet disappeared, the sea became calm, and Venice was

saved. The church adjoining the Academy of Fine Arts, is remarkable for its fine marble carvings, its carvings in wood, and much splendor generally.

We have devoted a day to the churches of Venice, and have visited several of them. They are in all styles—modern, Italian, Lombard, Gothic, etc. They are all finely ornamented by the art and genius of the Venitians of old times, and the variety and extent, the profusion of objects of beauty, pictures, tombs, altars, is almost painful. Painting and sculpture and art of all kinds have done their best, and the eye almost tires, and is “satisfied with seeing.” In the church “dei Frari,” is the great tomb of Titian, with its groups of mourners in sculpture, and its simple inscription, “Here lies the Titian”; the tombs of several Doges, and of Canova also. Nothing could scarcely be more impressive, splendid, or grand, than this rich, old, immense church, with its magnificent religious ceremonies, and the fine Italian, though somewhat operatic music here, and the golden sunlight shining on the works of art. The weather is fine here; the snows and cold of Berlin, Prague, and Vienna seem all left behind. We were also in the Church of the Jesuits, which has a fine painting by Titian—St. Lawrence on the burning coals. The altar has ten twisted columns, solid blocks of verd antique; the ceiling is surprisingly grand. The pavement is in mosaic. Underneath a small slate, in front of the altar, rest the remains of Manini, the last of the Venitian Doges. “The ashes of Manini to their eternity,” is the simple and beautiful inscription in Latin. The church of San Giovanni e Paolo contains, it is said, the ashes of twenty Doges, and among many other fine paintings, Titian’s Martyrdom of Peter Martyr, reckoned the third finest painting in the world by some. It is much defaced and dim; but the expression of the frightened soldier’s face is wonderful. This church is undergoing repairs. There are solemn and devotional exercises going

on almost all the time in these churches, and the music might be imagined angelic, without doing much injustice to the angels; organs, stringed and brass instruments, all utter notes and wails and strains and melodies, to me at least, entirely new in the domain of the empire of sound. We visited many other churches—there are seventy in all in Venice—and then the Campo Santo, or melancholy burying ground, on an island, and there we saw the sun sink into the sea, among the minarets and domes and spires of perishing, retrograding, but beautiful and wonderful Venice. Notwithstanding the splendor and pageantry of their beautiful religion, which they make at least as much a thing of this world as of the other, no people seem to live more for, and in the present, than do the Venitians; and nowhere does life, this human life, appear under so graceful and pleasing an aspect. The soft and delicious language—the most musical of all the Italian dialects—the processions, the gilded churches, the night scenes on the grand, gas-lit piazza, all seem to demonstrate a people who drink in enjoyment with every breath, and whom nothing can make or feel serious, except the mention of their Austrian rulers. The priests are assumed to take care of and be responsible for their souls' salvation, and life is then a short and delightful drama. The regular prostitutes are said to number twelve thousand, and all the rest ready and willing to become so for a consideration or temptation. But to-morrow we leave Venice. I have stood to-night on the Rialto, the great, marble, one-arched bridge, the span of whose arch is ninety-five feet, the width of it seventy-five feet, three streets or passages on it, and twenty-four shops in two rows. The blue air was sprinkled with stars, and below me was the Grand Canal, with its palaces on each side. There were crowds of Venitians hurrying across the bridge. A money changer has an office at one end, reminding one of Shylock, who was here "rated" by Antonio. The Italians decline,

but live "patiently on." The heel of the Austrian is on their neck. Thus it is with nations—they have their greatness and decline—their youthdom, their manhood, and their decline. It is never vouchsafed to the same soil or the same people to be twice great. Among the other places which we visited in Venice, is the Arsenal. These buildings are very extensive. In front of them are four lions, in Grecian marble, of singular aspect and great fame, said to have been brought from Athens, and one of them to have stood as a monument on the field of Marathon.

This is Italy—fair, lovely, romantic, ruined Italy—the Magdalene of nations—the fallen, lovely sister of all countries—beautiful in decay, and lovely in ruin—the fallen angel among the kingdoms of the earth. It is incompetent for human speech to express the hatred these people have for their Austrian rulers. In Venice this hatred is subdued and tearful, hopeless and plaintive; in other parts of Italy, more fierce and bloody. It is an awful thing to enslave a proud, ancient, historical people, who have genius and intellect, but no power. Italy is the desolate and degraded Eve, still lingering in Paradise. She is the woman—"lovely, harmless thing"—conquered and rifled by the stern, rude, heartless, coarse, large, beastly, infernal Austrians. Yet the Italian can retire to his arts, his history, and his memory, and wait the efflux of time. Will the future have nothing for America to do in Europe? Are not our principles calculated to be universal as man, and limitless as the planet? What business the Austrians have to rule in Italy is a problem. They are a different people altogether—cold, phlegmatic, and with blood borrowed from the greasy seal or oily whale. The Gordian knot of the Italian question ought to be cut by the sword. Austria got Italy as the price of her adhesion to the "unholy" Alliance of 1815, when one million of Germans had to be supplied to conquer one man. But that man was Napoleon. She

sold the blood of daughter, son-in-law, and grandson, to get Italy. The erasure of Austria from the map of Italy, is the legitimate, inheritable, descendible vengeance of the Bonaparte family. It is their treasured, peculiar, private, and highly valued revenge. The French have no disgrace to erase from the day of Waterloo. They performed prodigies of valor, and failed because Napoleon committed the error of judgment in deeming a communication and concurrence with Marshal Grouchy not absolutely essential. An army is not disgraced when fairly beaten. But there is a meanness about the treatment of the man of modern times at St. Helena, and a cool, deliberate, villainous contempt in the manner with which the Austrians sacrificed Napoleon, when he had twice saved their monarchy from extinction, that will require a large investiture of future French fury. The floodgate current of modern, human, popular improvement, beats in vain against the embankment of Austrian tyranny. But she will come down yet, and may she have no resurrection, except to damnation.

But we are away again. We left "beautiful Venice" this morning, by rail, for Verona, where we now are. The day was most lovely. We took our last look at the grand Piazza di San Marco, bounded by palaces, at the beautiful Cathedral of St. Mark, and at the Ducal Palace, wound our way for the last time, forever, through the narrow passages between the great square and the Grand Canal, got into a gondola, and were rowed to the railway station. The railway first passes a very long, narrow bridge, from the Venetian Islands to the mainland, then a low and level country with many avenues of trees, then across the Brenta river. There were high, irregular peaks of mountains on our left; on our right, those of the Tyrol, covered with snow. We now entered an ancient-looking and hilly country, with several picturesque ruins on the hills, went through some tunnels, passed old towns or stations—those of Padua and Vicenza

looked beautiful among their hills—with neat villas, and Roman ruins looking down on them. We came into the vine and mulberry region again. Vicenza and Padua are very interesting and ancient towns, with many fine palaces, paintings, and relics of tribes who preceded the Romans in Italy. We also passed near the battle ground of Arcola, in which Napoleon, seizing a standard, planted it amidst a tempest of shot on a bridge, and being in extreme danger, was carried off by his own men, and finally, getting into a morass up to his middle, was about being surrounded by the enemy, when the cry, “Forward, to save the General!” resounding through the French ranks, they rushed on, extricated him, and gained a victory. The country seemed fertile, but age seemed to set heavily on land and people. We reached Verona at three o’clock, distant sixty-six miles from Venice. It also sits upon hills, with a proud castle, manned by Austrian troops, on one of them. Through it flows, rapidly, the Adige, a considerable stream, which is crossed by four very fine stone bridges—one of them a strange, ancient-looking structure. You feel you are in Italy when you enter the gates of this town, enclosed by old walls. You hire a commissionaire; he takes you first to the Cathedral, a large building, eight hundred years old. You see the usual tombs in the floor. You are shown the Byzantine sculptures on each side of the door, with marble lions guarding the entrance. Back of and above the altar is a painting, apparently of great merit. The figures, in their attitudes and expressions, are all striking; seldom have I seen any more so. It is an Ascension of the Virgin, by Titian. The Emperor Napoleon seized on it, and carried it to Paris. You are shown, in another part of the town, a Roman gate, strange and dark in its age, and with inscriptions and sculptures. It is of the age of the Emperor Gallienus, A. D. 265, whose name yet remains among the inscriptions. You are now presented with a beautiful view

of the Adige, with its quaint old bridge; and then conducted to an immense, oval, stone structure, which, when once seen, leaves on the mind impressions of gloom, age, and strength, never to be effaced. It is a Roman or Etruscan amphitheatre; probably the best preserved in Italy. The guide says its age is unknown. "It is Roman—that is all." You enter through an arched gate in the thick walls, in which were the dens for the beasts of all countries, and find yourself in an oval area, with terraces of stone steps ascending all around, capable of accommodating twenty-five thousand spectators. It is impossible to describe its strong magnificence. In the large arena embraced by the seats, were the combats of the wild beasts and the gladiatorial shows. It is still used for public exhibitions, and is probably, at the least, two thousand years old. The present height is, in some places, about one hundred feet, and portions of a highly ornamented outside wall, much higher, yet remain, as also elevated seats for the governors of the Province. Many of the cells for the wild animals are now used as shops. The building is constructed of very large blocks of Verona marble. Its circumference is fourteen hundred and seventy feet. It seems strong enough in its gloomy, giant strength, to last as many centuries yet as it has already done. It is calculated the number of outer arches was, originally, seventy-two. You are next shown in the yard of a very ancient church, the tombs of the Scaliger family, ancient dukes of Verona. There are two principal ones, rising forty or fifty feet high, or four stories, richly and solidly built, of Verona marble, and beautifully surrounded with figures—men, saints, angels, and horses. Others are hexagonal, with Corinthian columns supporting the lower story, and surrounded by iron trellis-work. Some are in a plain sarcophagus, resting on figures of mastiff dogs. Some of the tombs, which really look beautiful in their enclosure of iron-work alongside of a crowded street, are

more than five hundred years old. Adjoining is a small, ancient chapel, which I entered. It contains a figure of the Saviour, that seemed remarkably vivid in its expression of suffering agony. There were the usual quiet worshipers, kneeling around the dim candles and paintings. Verona has about sixty-two thousand inhabitants. It is the scene of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. The tomb of the latter is still shown. The castle of the Capulet family is now an Inn. Verona was the birth-place of Cornelius Nepos, Catullus, the elder Pliny, and Paul Veronese. We have some of the loveliest sunsets imaginable. I crossed the bridge over the Adige, ascended the stone steps leading to the high hill, on which is situated the Austrian fort commanding the town. The prospect from the platform of the fort is of extraordinary richness. The peaks of snow mountains, rugged and cold-looking, the last ridges of the Alps toward Italy, are very near; below is the town, with its river, the bridges, and the strong and high wall, defended with towers manned with soldiers. There are also the spires and domes of the sixty churches of Verona. Among other objects are the floating water-mills, anchored in the stream.

We left Verona this morning, Thursday, December 10th. Our course lay along the Alps of the Tyrol and Switzerland, having them on our right, and the level country of Italian Lombardy on our left. The latter is under most admirable cultivation, having numerous avenues of trees intersecting all the farms. In some places, too, the mountains are terraced. I counted in one place twenty terraces, ascending the mountain like steps. We passed by a beautiful blue lake—Lago di Garda—lying at the foot of the Alps. I saw a beautiful little island in it, with villas, gardens, avenues. We passed numerous villages, some studded on the mountain side, and many small streams of water, fed by the Alpine snows, and many dry beds of torrents

which are swollen into rivers when the snows melt on the Alps. The streams of water generally are remarkably clear and beautiful. The scene on the left is entirely different from that on the right: while on the right were snows and bare mountains, on our left lay level fields, which peasants were plowing. There were long rows of Lombardy poplars and other trees among the vine plantations. The towns of Bergamo and Brescia on our right particularly impressed us by the beauty of their situation. The towers all have walls around them, with castles and strong Austrian garrisons in them. The Austrian emperor tyrannizes over their bodies and the Pope over their souls. Priests and Austrian soldiers are almost equally numerous. On many of the churches in Verona one may see written, "Plenary Indulgence," for various periods, both for the "living and the dead"—a license being thus sold, and a regular trade being had in sin. In numerous places along the streets were such inscriptions in Italian or Latin, as, "Mother of God, pray for us!" and little shrines are numerous in all places, having representations of the Virgin and Child, or of the sufferings of Christ. But at length we approached Milan, ninety miles from Venice. The railway diverges from the mountains into the level lands of Lombardy, the long avenues of trees became more numerous, and the country assumed an appearance of cultivated beauty rarely equalled. The spires of the churches of Milan became visible. We underwent the ordeal of cab and omnibus drivers, and soon, passing through one of the ancient gateways, found ourselves in this large, elegant, and busy Italian city—the principal city of the Austrian Lombardo-Venitian kingdom. It is reckoned one of the most populous countries in regard to territory in Europe, having one hundred and seventy-six inhabitants to the square mile—more than Belgium, Holland, or France. We have passed, in coming from Venice to Milan, over a portion of the finest part of

this territory. There are many millions of lemon trees in this part of the country. A few yards of ground, planted in lemons, suffice, in this part of the country, to maintain a whole family. The people seem to be principally employed in the cultivation of the vine, which is raised on the slopes or terraces, and in the mulberry and olive trees: the former, for the silkworm; the latter, for its oil. There are numerous herds of cattle. The herdmen ascend to great heights on the Alps in the summer, but as winter approaches descend into the valleys. Wax and honey are collected. Italy ranks higher for her silk than any other nation. Austria acquired the greater portion of this territory as the price of unnatural treachery, on the downfall of Napoleon, by the treaty of Vienna, in 1814. Entering Milan in the dusk of the evening, as we did, its effect is impressive. We saw its long brick wall; the canal which runs around the city; the narrow streets, crowded with people; the high houses; finally, the great Cathedral, the third greatest church in the world, clothed with numberless statues, miniature turrets, mitres, all of marble, rising high above every other building, and almost mingling with the stars of evening—a glory and a loveliness. It is only surpassed by St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London. We spent several days in Milan, looking at its churches, monuments of old, and its citizens. I entered the great Cathedral, saw its four rows of columns, Gothic, grand, and high; its dim, old, historically, and scripturally painted windows, its tombs and its paintings of rare merit. It is all of marble, and is almost clothed outside with statues, there being in all four thousand two hundred of them. Many of them are elevated on pedestals, outside and around the church, on its turrets and minarets. There are saints, angels, apostles, prophets; and among them appears that of the first Napoleon, he having contributed a large sum to finish the church, which had been building four hundred

and seventy years. When within, the impression produced on the mind is truly a grand one. The ceiling seems a network of marble. The great height of the columns, their number, the vast space inclosed by the sculptured walls, the high Gothic arched windows, seem to soothe the mind into a religious devotion. But I ascended to the summit of the tower, more than five hundred steps, whence is a view that might almost "redeem all sorrow." On the north and west you have the Alps—Mont Rosa, Mont Cenis, the Jungfrau, glowing in snow, with many less and nearer mountains. The spire is not so high as that at Strasburgh, but the view is much finer. You have below the old city, of one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, with its walls, its ten beautiful gates, its canal, fine streets and squares. South and east is the plain of Italy, in which the river Po flows. The Apennines can be seen and the city of Cremona, while immediately around and below you is the wondrous embodiment of art, the Cathedral. The Austrian military bands in all these towns are fine; and at change of guard, about mid-day, they perform in some public square for about an hour. While on the Cathedral, the powerful complaining of the music below gave a strong interpretation of the scene. The length of this church is four hundred and eighty-five feet, breadth two hundred and fifty-two, height in the inside one hundred and fifty-three feet; height to the statue of the Madonna on the spire three hundred and fifty-five feet. The form is that of a Latin cross. No less than one hundred and eighty-four master architects, superintending the work, have been employed on it since the first stone was laid in 1386. It is all of white marble, and the style is the Italian Gothic. Among the tombs there is one to San Carlo Borromeo, part of whose body lies exposed to view, all withered and decayed, but invested with gorgeous apparel. There are eighty-one churches in Milan. With a guide I visited some of them—

some of them very impressive in their age and architecture. The Church of St. Lorenzo, built out of the ruins of a temple of Bacchus or Hercules, and having on some of the columns inscriptions of the time of Julius Cæsar, looks all strange, Roman, and antique, with its old mosaics and paintings. There are sixteen Roman columns, which are shattered and mouldering. I saw many other churches; one, that of St. Victoria, is ornamented all internally—sides, ceilings, columns, etc., with most elaborate works—a volume of study and beauty. There are compartments of raised work, foliage, figures, exquisite tracery, etc. By the side of another church stands a solitary Corinthian column, fragment of some temple of Roman times, a lingerer in the present hour and remote period. Many of the convents and some of the churches were by Napoleon turned into barracks for his troops. One of these, Santa Maria delle Grazie, contains in the refectory used by the Dominicans, the much mutilated, severed, but most wonderful and powerful work of Leonardo da Vinci—the “Last Supper.” I stood and gazed at it long. The greatness of true, deep, earnest, sad genius is there. The Saviour’s whole attitude expresses wounded, solemn, majestic, overflowing love, into which has come a mournful prescience. The Twelve are sitting around a table, and appear to have been expressing their confidence and regard for him. He says, “Verily I say unto you that one of *you* will betray me.” There is wounded love on account of the ingratitude of Judas, sorrow for its effects on the criminal, and then there is the godlike majesty of resignation. All seem suddenly astounded. Peter clenches a knife. In the whole range of all the paintings I have seen there is nothing comparable for æsthetic grandeur to the head of the Saviour. It was begun in 1493, and occupied sixteen years. It is an oil painting on the wall. The painting is faded, and parts have peeled off; soldiers have pricked it with their bayo-

nets; the refectory has been flooded with water; indifferent artists have essayed to repaint or restore it; the room was occupied as a stable—as a hay magazine. Da Vinci himself declared he would leave the head of the Saviour unfinished, to indicate no mortal could do justice to such a head; but yet it is indisputably, undeniably, and undoubtedly the highest and grandest production in the world. Raphael's "Transfiguration" at Rome, as a whole, may equal it, but the single head of the Saviour here stands alone and unapproachable. It is calculated it may last five hundred years from the time it was begun. The next generation is the last that will see it distinctly, as it is fading away. I also visited the Picture Gallery, or Brena, which, though by no means equal to that in Dresden, contains many fine paintings and frescoes or paintings on walls. There is the "Martyrdom of St. Catherine" particularly. The beauty of her face has nothing gross or earthly—it is pure, religious, unearthly loveliness, calmness and faith. She was broken alive on the wheel. There are five hundred or six hundred paintings in all. Milan has many very splendid shops, and was once the Paris of Europe—the word milliner having reference to fashions, originating from the name of the city. The inhabitants are strongly inclined to republicanism. In 1848 they overthrew the Austrian government, got possession of the citadel; but, for lack of good leaders and concert with other Italians, were soon put down. We took our departure from Milan for Vigevano, by Diligence, which went slowly along with three horses abreast. On our right were yet the snowy Alps, on our left the level, rich plains of Italy. The road lay along a canal, from which departed numerous small streams, watering the meadows, turning old-fashioned mills, and rendering themselves useful in various ways. We passed many dirty-looking villages, with shrines, cathedrals, crucifixes, avenues of trees—but nothing seemed to present any temptation

to "do it" with Murray in hand. Many of the people looked degenerate, and decrepit, and ugly. Some begged, previously repeating, as if by rote, some obscure Italian prayer. We have seen but few beggars since we left England till now. It is scarcely permitted in any part of the Austrian dominions; and it must be admitted there is a vigor about the Austrian government, and a kind of firm, politic discharge of duty on the part of the officials, that is admirable. When approaching the outskirts of Austrian Italy, passports were demanded. Knowing the strictness of Austrian officials, we took care to have them all right. We now crossed the Ticino on a flying bridge, and entered the kingdom of Sardinia. Passports again examined, and baggage searched. The great demand is for tobacco, the sale of which is a government monopoly. If any is found it is seized, or one is obliged to pay a fine. We at length arrived at the gloomy, miserable town of Vigevano, where we remain an hour or two, waiting for the cars. It is a strange place. The people look like regular Italian cut-throats. The houses rest on arches: they enclose dirty old squares, lonely and desolate; black cats run about the house-tops. The people rob you with their eyes—and perhaps would hardly respect the Virgin Mary if she came along in a Diligence instead of appearing as in some glorious creation of an ancient painter's pencil. The railway train came by at length, and we were soon on our way to Genoa, the brightly-starred Italian night-sky above. He sees Italy only half who does not gaze often on its sky, from which the greatness of its past seems to look down in loveliness. We crossed the Po, came to the ancient and famous town of Alessandria; then near the battle-field of Marengo, where Napoleon, with twenty thousand men, accepted battle tendered to him by General Melas, with forty thousand Austrians—was defeated up to six in the evening—when Dessaix arriving with his reserve of five

thousand troops, remarked, "I think this is a battle lost." Napoleon said, "I think it is a battle won;" ordered Dessaix forward, who was shot through the head at the first charge. Napoleon said, "Alas, I cannot weep now!" rallied his retreating forces, and annihilated the whole Austrian army. We passed through a very hilly country, forming parts of the Alps and Apennines, fled through tunnel after tunnel, one of them two miles long, the whole railway being a splendid triumph of engineering skill, and at length we came to a milder aired scene and an orange land, and stopped in Genoa the Superb, one of the most pleasant of all the Italian cities. It is not like Venice, built in the sea, or on it, but on slopes of high Apennine hills, bleak and bare, apparently, which form a little bay in the Mediterranean. You take a stroll next morning. The delicious sun shines through the transparent sky. The streets or passages are, as usual in Italy, very narrow, but the houses are high, princely and massive, with arched gateways, leading into open, central courts, with Corinthian pillars. The streets are well paved, watered, and swept; and their narrowness, together with the extreme height of the houses, renders them shady and pleasant—a desideratum in a warm climate. Since leaving Austria proper the climate seems changed. We have now delicious bright skies, a vast abundance of light, and clear air, which has a sort of permeating gayety.

The streets here are crowded with gay promenaders; the women wear no bonnets, but a light muslin scarf, peculiar to Genoa, thrown over their head and shoulders and descending to their feet in many cases. But they are not as pretty, as handsome, as fine-looking, or as beautiful as American girls, whom inclination, patriotism, and truth, all combine in commanding me to declare as the most beautiful, decidedly, of any women I have yet seen anywhere. Our women in America are great, lovely, and patriotic, and

superior to all other women. The women of Prague have a peculiar, physical, oriental, and rather dark beauty; those of Italy, whom I have seen, are very graceful, easily accessible, affable. The orange and lemon grow here, and fine roses look at you, hanging over ancient garden walls, as if departing summer had flung her flowery garb backward. The white orange flower, in its purity and beauty and fragrance, is out in its glory, and the sun covers the land with his beams of love. It is Italy, the land loved by the sun. But through a long vista of houses, behold the blue sea at last—the Mediterranean, to whose shores we have come—the sea of history, of empire, of Rome and Greece. Its soft waves come up and kiss these Alpine hills, while on the other side it stretches away into lost distance, like history retiring into the night of noteless ages gone. But the soft winds come from it, and the spiritual light dances on it as if it loved its azure bosom; and here and there, in the harbor of Genoa, are vessels of many climes, with their many-colored flags, rejoicing in the prosperity and riches of the sea of Europe.

We are now in the Sardinian dominions, to which Genoa belongs, though for many ages it was independent, under the name of Republic of Genoa. At the reconstruction of Europe, on the fall of Napoleon, it was added to the kingdom of Sardinia. It is very hilly. You go up long, narrow streets, enter narrow passages, enclosed with walls. There are many old walls surrounding the city, remnants of its past fortifications. Many terraces are also back of the city, ascending the high hills. Some of these enclosures consist of gardens and orange orchards. Outside of all, however, is a strong, high wall, with numerous forts on various lofty hills. These fortifications are thought to render the city impregnable to any land attack whatever. From any of these points, views of rare beauty may be obtained of the sea and the city, which fronts on it, toward

the south. The inhabitants here are very industrious, and seem to be almost Dutch Italians. The population is over one hundred thousand. The people are occupied in gold and silver work, filagree, coral, embroidery in cambric and velvet, making iron bedsteads—which latter are very fine, and it would be well to introduce them into America. The houses are, many of them, palatial; and on the whole, Genoa is probably the third city in Europe, in regard to beauty of situation, ranking after Naples and Constantinople. To an American, it is associated with the name of Columbus. With a guide, to-day, we visited several places of interest, among them the Palazza, or palace, Doria Trusi. The archives of the city are kept there. I remarked to the guide, Columbus was a great man. I was amused by the earnestness of his reply, "O my God! he was the greatest man in the world!" The papers of Columbus are kept more securely than any thing I have ever seen—being secured in a special receptacle, which requires three keys to unlock it. Here, preserved in valuable frames, are the manuscript letters of Columbus. His name is signed by himself, somewhat singularly. The family name, which is Colombo in Italian, is not put down. Christo is indicated by the three Greek letters, XPO, the ancient Christian symbol for Christ. The other part of the name is in Latin, FERENS—all indicating, "he that brings, or carries Christ." There are, also, copies of his will, and some other things relative to him, all of which are held in great estimation; and the polite Genoese gentleman who showed them, was not displeased at the interest an American felt in regard to them. Few men more certainly had a mission than Columbus—few pursued their mission with more earnestness—few under greater hardships; none whatever have accomplished a mission more pregnant with important results. He was somewhat of a visionary, and may be so considered; but his visions were those of prophecy. There are none of his family remaining in

Genoa. Some of them exist in Spain—the Duke of Veraganos being the head of the family. The honors conferred on Columbus by the King of Spain were almost princely, but they availed him nothing. His native country has little reason to be proud of her treatment of him, and Spain still less. The former rejected his proposals with contempt; the latter profited by his discoveries, then disgraced, and almost starved him—brought him from the New World in chains, of which, however, the king was ashamed, and on his landing in Spain, commanded them to be stricken off, which Columbus refused to have done, and marched with them on him to the capital. From this we visited the Goldsmiths' street—manufactories in gold constituting much of the trade of Genoa. It is lined with shops of great splendor. In the street, alongside of one of the houses, is a small painting, protected by a glass case. It is the favorite subject of the old painters—the Holy Family—and is of most rare merit, and by a pupil whose works are very rare—having been assassinated, it is said, at an early age, by his master, through jealousy. Napoleon wanted to carry it off to Paris. The goldsmiths, to whose corporation it belonged, told him they could not resist him by force, but would never give it up—upon which he consented that it should remain. The picture is on stone, and is surmounted by a wrought canopy, and there is generally a lamp burning near it. The goldsmiths around ply vigorously at their calling, and gaze up with respect at this ancient, fraternal link, uniting them to each other and the past. But from this I visited a very ancient-looking church, once the chapel of the Doria family. I was led through low cloisters and dark corridors, and saw gloomy-looking, ancient statues, in secluded backgrounds of old churches, by sepulchral-looking priests. This was the church of St. Stephanus. Over the portal was written in Latin, "One of the Seven Churches." At length I stood before a picture,

covered with a curtain, which, for a small fee, the priest withdrew, and I gazed on a sublime painting, part of which it is said was done by Raphael. It represented the Stoning of Stephen. The attitude and unconscious seraphic devotion upon the face of Stephen, as he gazes up and sees heaven open, and Jesus sitting on the right hand of God, are almost superhuman, while the interest and almost anxiety thrown into the appearance and countenance of Christ, are equally grand. But the eye, and heart too, rest with almost painful interest on the upraised face of Stephen, which seems to have the beauty of inspiration of one who beheld Heaven. I visited, also, a much newer church on a high hill—the church of St. Carignano. It has some good paintings, but its chief charm is its great view of the Gulf of Genoa, the Apennines, of the city itself, with its walls, forts, hills, palaces, and terraces. I ascended the tower to the platform, and saw all these beneath the sun of an Italian sky. The island of Corsica can be discerned, it is said, at times from this point. I also visited the church of St. Ambrosia. I saw here two very fine paintings—that of the Assumption of the Virgin, by Guido Reni. This is a most divine painting. She is represented as floating upward; but the chief charm of this, as well as all other fine paintings, is that utterance of soul beneath—the rendering of feeling and mind almost visible on the canvas. There is here, also, a fine painting by Rubens. The church is splendid and gorgeous in the rich mosaic, marbled, profuse Italian style; from the vaulting down to the pavement, all is gold and rich coloring. I also visited the Cathedral, built in a very curious style, in layers of black and white marble. Within is a chapel, containing the relics of St. John the Baptist, into which no female is permitted to enter, except one day in the year, as a punishment for the conduct of Herodias. There are four porphyry pillars supporting a canopy. I visited other places—the Ducal Palace, the fine

Café Conconcha, under the orange and lemon trees, and where "form and fall the cascades," heard the English and Scotch services on Sunday, saw the sun set on the Mediterranean, and then considered I had "done" Genoa, and prepared to depart. Then adieu to the Genoese. They will promenade up and down their narrow, hilly streets, and gaze on their massive palaces to the end of time, and think of the past glory of their Doges; the women will wear their graceful scarf and flowing head-dress, and things will go on each day as heretofore with the pleasant delusion of an earth-life. We are beginning to experience the usual annoyances of traveling in Italy. Our passports have to be vised by the Tuscan Minister, whose fee is two francs; also by our own Consul resident, whose charge is five francs and twenty-eight centimes; then by the Genoese police, who charge four francs—all before we can leave. It is doubted by many Americans with whom I have conversed, whether our Consuls at the various places have any right to charge for their visa, which, as in the other cases, consists in simply writing their names. I think the government at home gives them the right; but surely the law ought to be altered, and travelers not obliged to pay this rather shabby tax. If the visa is rendered necessary by the police regulations of foreign governments, it ought to be gratis, and our government should be above such a petty method of raising revenue as is resorted to by these monarchies. The production of our passport is necessary even to get a ticket for passage on the steamer to Leghorn. It is given up to the authorities, to be reclaimed in person at the place of destination. But at length, all ordinances complied with and paid for, we leave our hotel (Hotel di l'Italie, formerly a palace,) and are on board the Italian steamer, "Ercole," on the Mediterranean. The sea is smooth, and the high hills inclosing the bay of Genoa, on which the city sits, pass away like a spectacle. We continue close along the

western shore of Italy—its uneven surface rising into hills and mountains, or sinking into plains, all 'along the way. Many English and some Americans are on board. A party of the former, unaware of the presence of any of the latter, indulge in rather a free conversation, at the dinner-table, respecting our countrymen—being the first English we have heard spoken for a long time, except by ourselves. The English party consisted of an old and rather well-bred-looking lady, a young and rather pretty just-from-boarding-school-looking lady, and a middle aged, ugly woman, and a sharp-featured, whiskered, pale, dissipated Russian, who declared the Americans are great as a nation, collectively, but disagreeable individually—treacherous, ready to fight in a moment, like tigers—would never apologize for any thing—that they spend more money on the Continent than any other people, but are disliked everywhere, and are very ill-mannered. After this delectable exposition, the old lady declared the Americans are *so* vulgar—had so much pride of wealth—always speaking of how much they had made, and how they made it—and that they spend money merely on account of their vanity, and with the view of attracting notice—that their vanity is insufferable; they have a saying that “England beats the world, and *they* beat England.” The young lady declared, several times, that she hated the Americans *intensely*, individually and collectively, etc., etc. Lying on a sofa, sea-sick, I felt no inclination to resent, except by contempt, these ebullitions of envy on the part of the English at our unparalleled success as a nation. The only real friends we have in Europe are the lower class Irish, and the middle class French—the former from interest, the latter from sympathy. The real American, so far from being vain, is generally modest, quiet, somewhat diffident—not very easy, not very learned—but a sensible, discreet, well-read sort of gentleman. Impulsive boys, half-grown, half-educated, and verbally insolent, ignorant of their

own country, and still more ignorant of others—those who have suddenly made fortunes by trade and commerce—who think a voyage to Europe will cover a multitude of defects in their early training—who go there in ignorance, and return from it in disgust—these are not the proper samples from which to form an opinion of Americans. These boast and swell and swagger, and seek to supply the absence of quiet, gentlemanly appreciation of things, foreign as well as domestic, by an intrusive reference to things at home—by dissatisfaction and transparent assumption, and seek in their indolence an apology for their ignorance. In Germany we are respected and feared. It is thought we are disturbers of governments; but they treat us with remote politeness, and cool and slightly contemptuous forbearance. They appear to presume you regard them with vast contempt; but if you show by your manner, or some compliment to themselves or their country, that you do not, no people can be more assiduous or polite. A republic seems identified, in their minds, with anarchy, assassinations, general disorder, and conspiracy. It has been remarked that, during the troubles of 1848, nearly all Americans in Europe at that time were in favor of monarchy, from a conviction that it is best suited to the people here.

But we arrived at Leghorn, after some eight hours' sea passage. We were not permitted to land, however, till after ten o'clock in the morning. We must here inquire for our passports, given at Genoa. We find them at the police office. We are now charged ninety cents each, for the police visa; next our luggage is examined. We are then permitted to perambulate the uninteresting, flourishing, well-built commercial city of Leghorn, in the Duchy of Tuscany—though this town is held by the Austrians, (probably in compliance with the wishes of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who is a near relative to the Emperor of Austria,) to keep the people under, as this being a freeport, as

well as Genoa, Trieste and Venice, the people are somewhat tinctured with revolutionary opinions, imbibed in their commercial intercourse with English and Americans. The inelegant name, Leghorn, is in the softer Italian, Livorno. Its situation is low, but it affords fine views of the Mediterranean, and of a vast rocky isle, Gorgona, out on its bosom. Its population is eighty thousand, of whom seven thousand are Jews. All species of religions are tolerated. There are many ships here—some from our own country; docks, canals, etc., but nothing to detain a traveler. So we take the afternoon train to Pisa, having in view, right and left, picturesque points of the Apennines, swamps, lakes, and cultivated lands; pine forests also, and occasionally views of the sea. Pisa is but a few miles. We reach it in the soft light of an Italian afternoon, and promenade along the ancient Arno, a beautiful stream, falling into the Mediterranean near Pisa. There are palaces and fine massive houses, some gray, old, and ghostly, on each bank of it, as it flows through the city. Our guide conducts us to the one square, so rich in a view scarcely paralleled in Europe. The campanile, or Bell Tower; the celebrated Leaning Tower of Pisa; the noble Cathedral; the Baptistery; the Campo Santo, or burial-place—all on one square, and in the distance the heights of the Apennines. Italy is the wonder of all countries for churches. The Leaning Tower is a very remarkably beautiful-looking object. The height is one hundred and seventy-eight feet. It is fifty-three feet in diameter, and an ascent of three hundred and thirty steps, by a gentle inclined plane round the outside, in ascending galleries of pillars, carries one to the top. It leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular; so much so that one would think it would fall. Its centre of gravity is, however, within the base. It has stood thus for six hundred or more years. There are eight stories. The inclination is thought, without good reason, however to have arisen from defect

in the foundation. Its inclination enhances the order and regularity of the other buildings around it. There are seven bells at the top, of remarkable sonorousness.

The great Cathedral is immediately adjoining, and is truly splendid outside and in. It is most rich in paintings. It is, as usual, cruciform. There are four aisles. There are twenty-four Corinthian columns, twelve on each side of the central aisle, over two feet in diameter, each shaft a single block, and thirty feet high, capital and base included. From the top of these other arches spring other columns, more numerous, and also smaller. It is of vast size, and highly adorned with carvings in silver, and gold, and wood. There are many relics of departed saints, some admirable frescoes, and the effect of looking down the great aisle along the avenue of columns, paintings, etc., is exceedingly impressive. Near it is the Baptisterium, a large building like a church, about seven hundred years old. It is one hundred feet in diameter within the walls, which are six or eight feet thick. The total height is one hundred and seventy-nine feet. There is a large marble font near the centre, used, it is said, formerly, when baptisms were performed by immersion. It has magnificently carved bronze doors, paintings, frescoes, and a pulpit or reading desk of most ingenious work. It is six-sided, and rests on nine pillars; has columns, some of Parian marble, one of Sicilian jasper. There are splendid bas-reliefs on it. But the Campo Santo, or burying-place, is one of the most remarkable places of the kind in Italy. It consists of an immense oblong building, enclosing an open court. You walk around the cloisters, or covered arches, which are partly protected from the weather. The open court consists of earth brought from Jerusalem in eighty-three vessels. In the cloisters are many time-worn Greek and Roman sarcophagi, or stone coffins; marble baths, thousands of years old; many tomb slabs; many fresco paintings, and espe-

cially one representing hell and the last judgment, horrid beyond all description—serpents twisting around wretched mortals, whose faces utter out their pain and agony. The frescoes here are some five hundred years old, and are greatly injured by time and neglect. The “Triumph of Death” is also a very awful painting. Part of it represents three kings hunting in a forest, who were conducted to three open tombs, where they beheld three ghastly bodies in various stages of decay, which, with strange voices, warned them to repentance. The horror of a soul on finding itself in the grasp of a demon is terribly portrayed. Angels and demons are bearing off souls to bliss or hell. The paintings here are very numerous. It has many works by Giotto. The study of them is somewhat unsatisfactory, owing to their aged and faded appearance. The tomb pavement is much worn by the feet of generations. There are more than three hundred pieces of ancient sculpture here, many of them Roman, and some supposed to be Carthaginian. Pisa, except along the Arno, has a very deserted appearance. The ruined gardens of old, extinct convents, fill part of the space inside the walls. Nothing is really bright here but the sun and the river. The population is about twenty-three thousand.

But we are now in Florence, the capital of the Dukedom of Tuscany. My room overlooks the Arno, and in front is an ancient stone bridge of Roman or Etruscan origin. We have been here for some days. I have entered the great marble Cathedral of black and white marble in alternate layers, majestic in its age; the Campanile, with its carvings and its ingenious works of art and taste; and I have stood in the tapestried halls of the Medici, rich with the undying legacies of genius, for which Florence is so remarkable. We left Pisa Tuesday evening last, and passed rapidly by railway over one of the finest and most beautifully cultivated regions I have ever seen anywhere—all

like a garden ordered by taste and controlled by industry. Numerous villages are all along the route in this most fertile vale of the Apennines, this delicious Vale of the Arno. Arriving at Florence, baggage again searched, passports demanded; and if you sojourn only three days you pay a fee of eight pauls, or near ninety cents, for a permission to sojourn. If you neglect to take out such permission within three days, you pay twelve pauls. The object of these regulations seems to be to deter foreigners from entering these territories, or to raise a revenue from them if they do. The weather herè is abundantly pleasant, sunshine every day, and a temperature as agreeable as any I have known anywhere. The first day of our stay here I strolled about the city, walked to the piazza of the Cathedral and Campanile, but did not enter. It was too grand to take at once and suddenly. Much of the interest of Florence arises from its palaces, constructed by the first architects of the ancient ages, many of the palaces being in the Tuscan or Etruscan style, heavy, rustic, rough basements of large stone, and gradually rising in lightness and imagery as they ascend. Many of the squares are very highly ornamented with antique statues. I visited, the second day of my stay here, the celebrated Florentine Gallery of Paintings, reckoned among the finest in the world. It is in a vast royal palace, and contains also very many antique busts of Roman emperors, sculptured works by Michael Angelo, as well as paintings by this great master; and also works of many others—those of Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens—and the whole is a vast mine of genius of the highest order. I saw many of my countrymen here, and also some of our fair countrywomen. One of the latter I overheard remarking on some fine paintings, “Is not them funny?” By her side, however, was her companion, whose subdued attention and personal beauty would more than apologize for the remarks of her companion. I saw here the original

antique of the celebrated statue of the Venus de Medici. These antique statues have a breadth and power of expression which modern ones do not have. Those of the Roman emperors indicate their character at once. Many of them are very much mutilated. There are also many Greek and Roman sarcophagi, or stone coffins, carved outside with numerous figures in bas relief, looking as they had been interred for a thousand years. This gallery is called the Uffizi Gallery, and, as a whole, supposed to be the richest in the world. During the day I also visited the Boboli Gardens, adjoining the Pitti Palace, the residence of the grand duke. These are among the finest I have seen—the hilly ground admitting the display of much taste. There are very many fine statues; some by Michael Angelo; long, wall-like avenues of evergreen trees, fountains, flowers now in bloom. 'Tis a place of entire delight. In it is a house, which, itself very antiquated, seems to have a collection of the dilapidated and mutilated statues, tombs. etc., of all ages past. 'Tis a singular but valuable collection, and their value is their age. Ah! oblivion must come upon all life and living, and all efforts of life! The mind that designed and the hand that executed the work must and will be forgotten. Why should the work remain to mock him?

But here is San Lorenzo, the wide place or piazza before that church. How very old this place appears. Here are all sorts of small vendors and vending. Old clothes, damaged chairs, furniture, pieces of iron, hinges, nails—all things once used, now useless—sold by ancient, dreary, weary-looking men, whose eyes nothing can brighten but a paul. Pieces of iron bedsteads, every thing that want and misery could collect are here, exposed for sale, to eke out a poor existence; while the uneven, old, brick front of the church is on one side, with its interior of crosses, Virgin Mary scenes, its candles, its altar works, its side chapels, its

carved sarcophagi, with bones of saints in them, its flat tombs on the floor, its effigies in marble of dead saints. 'Tis a strange world, seething and working on outside and in. But a paul can set every thing in motion, out and in. Even the next world is under its influence, and religion and salvation are here bought and sold.

Here is San Miniato, upon the hill outside the gates of the city. You ascend a long, paved way, with an olive orchard on your left; on your right is a row of cypresses and crosses, and the whole way beset with beggars. On the summit is an old church, with its pavement of graves, shaded by a grove of cypresses. Inside, you have the monks chanting, in the large, empty, old-pictured church, the vesper service—for the Catholic monks perform religion whether any one is there or not. But what a view of fair Florence, with its background of the Apennines, studded with terraced villas—the vale of the Arno, level, fertile, and lovely—the Tower of Palazzo Vecchio, up which the sunset is slowly creeping—the Cathedral, cased in black and white marble, with its domes and spires. 'Tis beautiful! Alongside of this church is a still older, closed-up church, monastery or convent, surrounded by an ivy-grown, old, fortification-like wall. A pretty girl comes with the keys and unlocks the ancient doors, and you enter the disused, old, cemetery of a church, with its ruined, fine frescoës, its marble-tessellated floor, its crypt, descending which you find the tomb of the patron saint, and you see around you columns, beautiful, fluted, pictured, of various marbles, stolen from still much older Roman edifices, to build this church with, which is itself a thousand years old. Here the monks chimed and sung, and the organ rang, and the kneelers worshiped, and the manufactory of devotion went on; but it is all gone now. Back of the altar, through thin plates of semi-transparent, variegated marbles, comes sad, stained light, melting into these old mosaics and fresco paintings,

where the immortality of the painter's art is dying—there being more real art in this old, disused church, outside the city on a hill, than in all the churches in America. And here is a side chapel, the walls and ceilings covered with legendary frescoes. In another chapel, most richly and beautifully ornamented, is a single effigy, in marble, over a tomb. 'Tis death, truly rendered by genius; the repose, the pallor, the dread, are all there without the decay. But you pay the pretty, young Italian girl your paul—gaze on the enchanting scene in the garment of sunset, look on the olive orchards of the hilly, villaged scene, and leave San Miniato to journey with you down into longer time.

To-day, Dec. 18, is truly a beautiful day. The clear, pleasant, slightly-cool weather of this Italian climate, is very agreeable. I visited Mr. Powers' studio. He was not in it just then. You feel almost as if you were in America here. The statue of Daniel Webster, larger than life, in plaster, meets you; Franklin also (the bust), Sparks, and many other Americans. The model for the Greek Slave, that of Eve, and many other beautiful designs, in progress or finished, are to be seen. Many of these are most beautiful in expression and execution, though lacking in antique boldness and forcefulness of expression. But I spent some hours to-day in the Pitti, or in the rooms in which are its splendid paintings. The Grand Duke of Tuscany lives in the palace, and it is connected by a covered way which extends across the river, on one of the bridges, and is supported in other places by arcades, with the Uffizi Palace, so that the Grand Duke could pass from one to the other, invisibly, and without descending to the streets. This palace is of great size, and is built in that richly-rough, elegant-ugly manner of the Tuscan style of architecture. The paintings are among the best in the world—nearly six hundred—and none are bad. There are Madonnas by Raphael, and Holy Families; pictures by Titian, Perugino,

Tintoretto, and Rubens, are very numerous. The rooms are some dozen or more, and have splendid furniture—the richest and most curious, elaborate, and ingenious mosaic tables in the world, elegant chairs, sofas, etc. There are some bronze statues, also; one of Cain and Abel, remarkable for Cain's expression. But the intellect in the paintings reigns supreme. Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola*, one of the most celebrated paintings in the world, is here—said to be the sweetest of all of the one hundred and twenty *Madonnas* he painted. I like that at Dresden better, as having a deeper and more ennobling expression. The expression here is most beautifully maternal, however, in this, the sitting *Madonna*. Michael Angelo's "*Three Fates*" is here—a small but mighty picture. The great, large-hearted, and great man painter, Rubens, has some fine ones. There is a *Magdalene* by Titian, one of the most lovely creations imaginable. The Catholic conception of the *Magdalene* is a very different one from the Protestant idea. She was a lovely sinner, a beautiful repentant, returning remorseful, affectionate and lovable, being one who sinned not wholly through weakness, but in whom earth and heaven struggled, and heaven at length surmounted, though earth lingered. Judith, with the "*head of Holofernes*," by Christafori Allori, is very fine. There are catalogues in each room, in French and Italian, and guides or guards, domestics of the Grand Duke, who walk up and down. The public are admitted on all, except fast days, free of charge. Strangers from all climes are constantly promenading in it. The ceilings of these lofty halls are finely painted in fresco.

To-day, Saturday, Dec. 19, I took a guide and visited several places—the house of Michael Angelo, whose family name was Buonaraotti; it is still kept by his descendants as he left it, after the lapse of hundreds of years. He was born near Florence, in 1475—lived more than eighty years. The family yet exists. His talents were of the most diversi-

fied order, and great in each—unsurpassed as a painter, sculptor, and architect. His works are all marked by strength, and he is, perhaps, on the whole, the most talented man Italy ever produced. From this I went to the magnificent church, Santissima Annunziata, which is most splendid in its chapels of marble, its paintings, and its altars of silver, and its ceiling, which glow in gilt and gold. Many of the pictures and frescoes are legends about the saints. Some are by Andrea del Sarto, really a great painter, and he is buried here. Some are by Perugino, the master of Raphael. There is a fresco of the Virgin, which has miraculous powers, and is said to have been painted by angels; this is shown only on rare occasions.

Then again to the church of San Lorenzo, in a chapel connected to which are the celebrated tombs of the great Medici family, now extinct, or “finished,” as the guide says. It is a very large rotunda—walls covered with the richest marbles—Florentine mosaic, composed of jasper, lapis lazuli, agate, chalcedony. There are rich fresco paintings on the ceiling. Connected to this is what is called the chapel of Michael Angelo, containing his splendid statues of some members of the Medici family, and some allegoric figures, intended to represent Morning and Evening, and Day and Night. Then there is an unfinished group in marble, of the Virgin and Child, all by Michael Angelo, and all masterly. The expression of thought on the face of one of the figures is remarkable; and affection on the face of Mary is equally so. This is sculpture, real and true; and it is one of the most interesting places in Florence. The statues of Michael Angelo are incomparable. I entered next the studio of an Italian sculptor, saw many most beautiful creations in marble, fine, smooth, and lovely, like Powers’, but lacking the *power* of Michael Angelo, who must have had something Roman in him.

Next, I entered the Academy of Fine Arts. Here is a

very curious collection of very old paintings, taken out of various suppressed churches and convents. Some are in the Byzantine style, and date in periods before the revival of painting in Italy, going back six hundred years. There are many by Cincinnato and Giotto, very old and pre-Raphaelite masters; the former was born at Florence, A. D. 1240—died near 1302; the latter, born 1276—died, 1336. There are some on wood, by Fra Angelico da Fiesole, who died A. D. 1455—colors yet bright. Then I visited the Egyptian Museum. I saw here a Scythian war chariot, of wood, with ornaments of ivory, thirty-four hundred years old, and Egyptian tombs much older—seeds of wheat and other kinds of grain found in coffins, and vastly ancient, together with some of the stalks which grew from the seeds. Here, also, I saw Raphael's celebrated fresco—the Last Supper—recently discovered, being unknown for many ages, and now it is doubted as to its being his. I gazed at it long and intently. It is awfully impressive. The faces are almost alive, and the feeling within them glows in the cold materials. It is probable it is Raphael's, though no single head in it strikes me as being within a great distance so good as in Leonardo da Vinci's painting.

Some days have passed. I have revisited the Pitti Palace to gaze at the great creations of the hand of genius. Raphael's Madonnas, and some paintings by Da Vinci, seem to me particularly remarkable, and one who has not seen them can have no idea how far painting can go, and how nearly it can imitate the real. In one of the rooms is a table of Florentine mosaic, which is said to have cost nearly two hundred thousand dollars. There are some rare columns of black Egyptian porphyry.

Florence has many ancient, strange, but grand-looking palaces—the Palazza Vecchio, or Old Palace, which has great battlements, and a lofty tower rising out of one side of the Palace. I ascended this tower, and had a sublime

view—the Apennines around, with old monasteries, churches, convents—things of past years; the Arno, flowing through the middle of the town, with its three or four stone bridges, having large abutments; the walls of the city, also, with lofty gates and fortresses. Below Florence, on the Arno, is a grand promenade and drive, very much frequented, called the Cascino. It is somewhat like Bois de Boulogne, near Paris. There are lofty, shady trees, avenues, flowers, and the display of carriages, pedestrians, equestrians, in the evening, is very animating. There are, at present, many English and Americans here. It is the season in Florence, or indeed in all Italy. You meet, in this pleasant promenade, or drive, many beautiful ladies, whose features, dress, manner, indicate them to belong to the English higher aristocracy. The English are not much liked—are thought proud; the French too blustering. The Americans, I think, are generally popular in Florence; caused, probably, by so many and able sculptors, as Powers and others, residing here. The hotel in which we stay is called Hotel de New York. There are many Americans here. It is well kept, in French style. It was formerly a palace. Florence has about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Its beautiful situation in the vale of the Arno, with the hills and Apennines, olive and vine-clad, has always been admired.

But San Marco, another old church in this city, with its ancient paintings on wood, by Fra Angelico, a Catholic monk of this city, of more than five hundred years ago, who beguiled the sterner and more serious calling of a priest with the gentle cultivation of his talent as a painter. He was born, 1387—died, 1455. Not useless were these old convents. Many valuable works were preserved in them, and they were the habitations of the learning and learned and gifted men of these dark ages. The paintings or frescoes here are very fine and delicate; also expressive,

without much strength or variety. Santa Maria Novella is a very interesting old church. There are here old and ghastly paintings of dim, drear, and horrid hells—of Virgins of surpassing sweetness and beauty. This church is of great size, three hundred and twenty-two feet long, and two hundred and three feet wide across the transepts. There are stained and painted glass windows here, looking like imprisoned rainbows. Some of the old frescoes are nearly gone, having faded.

I have revisited San Lorenzo again, to look at Michael Angelo's statuary. One, the representation of the great Medici, is an impersonation of abstract thought—soul, as it were, coming out of marble—mind exhaling from cold clay. You can almost feel a human sympathy with the statues of Morning and Evening, and Day and Night, and recognize them as fellow beings who could love and hate, sorrow and suffer too.

The Cathedral of Florence, or Santa Maria del Fiore, I have been in many times. It is one of the most noted churches in Italy. The dome is regarded as a wonder. It served as the model of that of St. Peter's at Rome. Immediately below it is the high altar. The works are entirely cased with marble on the outside. Its length is four hundred and fifty-four feet; height, from the pavement to the summit of the cross, three hundred and eighty-seven feet; the transept is three hundred and thirty-four feet long; the height of the nave, one hundred and fifty-three feet. The nave has four grand arches. The stained glass of the windows is most beautiful. Near it is the campanile, which I ascended; its height is two hundred and seventy-five feet. It is a square tower of four stories; its architecture, Italian Gothic. The staircase consists of four hundred and fourteen steps. Giotto was the principal architect of this, as well as the Cathedral—except the dome of the latter, which was by Brunelleschi; they are both buried in the

Cathedral they built. There are numerous statues on both of them. The Baptistery is on the same piazza. It is a remarkable building. All the christenings in the city are performed within it. The number is said to be forty-two hundred per annum. The bronze doors of this edifice are wonderful, consisting of bas-reliefs, representing many scenes in Scripture history. The form of the Baptistery is an octagon, supporting a dome. The outer wall is of black and white marble. Inside are sixteen splendid Corinthian columns of gray granite. The cupola is covered with mosaics, and the pavement is a splendid mosaic of black and white marble, of complicated and beautiful patterns. There is a tomb of a Pope here—John XXIII. The view of these three marble buildings, all in the same square—their black and white marble façades—the imposing dome of the Cathedral—the elegant work of the campanile—the statues and columns and historical associations of the Baptistery, render this an interesting place for thought; and it is not to be wondered that Dante—the place is still shown—used to have his seat moved here, and sat down for hours, musing in poetry on the beauty of the scene. Yet the slavery of Catholicism is dreadful! How it trenches on this world and the next too! The Virgin Mary, a sort of lustful, voluptuous love for whom, seems to have come into the mind and heart of the priests as a consequence and compensation of their enforced celibacy, and seems to be the principal object of adoration. The common prayers of the people are addressed to her as a sort of sub-mediator, one that has more pity than Christ. It is common to see in very many of the churches such inscriptions as “To the God-bearing Virgin,” and “Mother of God, pray for us.” Originally, the *idea* of the Virgin was a beautiful one, and is so in reality. She is thought to have been perfectly sinless, pure as Christ, pitying, never to have gotten old, and finally, to have made an ascension to heaven, where many of the pic-

tures represent her as creating a vast sensation, and enlivening the scene. She is always perfectly beautiful, often in sorrow for her son—"the Mater Dolorosa." It is a cardinal item that she never became a mother but once, contrary to some direct intimations of Scripture, if words are to be taken in their ordinary sense.

But here is Santa Croce, where are the tombs of the greatest men produced by Italy. It is a very large and magnificent building; there are fine, circular windows, with stained glass; there are pavements of tombs; there is the monument to Dante, the great poet, though his remains do not rest here; then there is the monument to Galileo; then that of the great Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, who rests here, in a splendid monument; there are many others, also, frescoes of great age, relics, and miracle-working paintings. But 'tis Christmas Eve, and we assemble in the dim-lighted, ancient, immense Cathedral, with its high columns, its variegated marble floors, its slabs of tombs, its large circlets of marble, in each of which is conspicuous, the word "Ora! Ora! Ora!" "Pray! Pray! Pray!" and the preparatory Mass is going on; there are many people here, music, chanting. The Archbishop, a young-looking man, comes in, in state: boys in white vests, holding massive candlesticks—some bearing his train. There are processions of priests in uniform. 'Tis a splendid sight. But in the Santissima Annunziata is the regular midnight Mass—one of the most solemn ceremonies of the church. The ceiling of the church is a most magnificent gilding—the arches, in which are the side chapels, are hung with gorgeous crimson curtains. Some of the altars glow in silver workmanship, some in gold. The long wax candles, the ponderous candlesticks carried about, the incense, the grand organ, resounding its mighty complaining, the singing of the Mass, sometimes joyous as the song of the heavenly host heard on the plains of Bethlehem, then sad as the darkness that covered

the land when "He died"—all the glory and gorgeousness of the great superstition are going on here. On Christmas day, Catholicism is in its glory, though the feast of the Virgin is the greatest of all—being more grandly celebrated than that of the Son—for denude Catholicism of its Virgin, and it falls. All Florence is walking up and down the Arno, and across its bridges, some of which are streets of jewelers' shops. Outside the gate, near the Arno, on the Cascino, comprising beautiful walks, drives, groves, avenues of trees, hedges, flowers—what a scene, and what a place to congregate and enjoy the pleasant, Italian, moonlit evenings and twilights. Fine English carriages, servants in livery, the Grand Duke of Tuscany himself, bowing to the heads uncovered as he passes, his carriage drawn by four elegant horses, beautiful ladies, the stately, gentle beauty of England, the less confident, but fuller and richer beauty of America, the darker, lithier, and more intense and spiritual appearance of the longer-descended Italians, all these are here in perfection and enjoyment. Near this, on a high hill, to which you ascend by a narrow lane, between walls, is an ancient, green, dingy, dull, square building—a monastery—looking cheerless as if it had to do with death, and had none of the delights of life. Its church has a banquette of grave-stones. You read the simple, plaintive epitaphs. One has on it, in Italian, "Imploring eternal peace." One, on a singer, is rather profane, "She sang to the Grand Duke of Tuscany—she now sings to the angels in heaven." They show you the monastery, the numerous paintings—one startlingly good, but old and injured, on the right side of the entrance—all about the Saviour and his sufferings, or the Madonna. Then you go into the apartments of the monks; you see the cheerless missals, the more important words printed with red ink, filled with disjointed extracts from the Scriptures—such as are calculated to make good Catholics. The great work of Protestantism was simply to

give the whole Bible to the whole world. Out of parts of it, any thing may be made. All about here is clean, poor, grave, emasculated. They show you the vaults where the monks are buried, beneath the places where they spent their joyless life; there is a skull lying on a table, a hearse in the corner. On one corner of the edifice, outside, you see, written in Italian, an anathema pronounced by Pope Gregory, importing that "whosoever shall injure or burn this monastery, shall have no resurrection, except to damnation, and shall have the part of Judas." The monks have surrounded the hill on which the house stands with olive orchards, fruit trees, and pleasant grounds, planted with evergreen trees; and on the top of a high hill, near, is a circular grove of cypresses. The view is one of most rare beauty—Florence, the high towers of Palazzo Vecchio, the campanile and cathedral, the chapel of the Medici, and all around the city are lovely villas studding the scene, and beyond are the Apennines, with their white villas, convent walls, church towers, whose bells, high up in the air, send out their mingling peals in honor of Christmas; while in the vale of the Arno are fields, groves, and olive orchards, and various combinations of the lovely. We have now spent nearly two weeks in Florence. Of late, the weather has not realized the romance of an Italian climate, being foggy—intensely so along the Arno. Yet the gay promenaders along the river still continue.

On Sundays I attended the Episcopal Church, the only English service generally in Europe. An enforced contribution was made at the door previous to your being allowed to enter. You pay about twenty-five cents, or nearly two pauls, for a preach, as formally as if you were going to see a spectacle. There is, however, a free, elevated gallery in the church. Many English, as well as Americans, who reside permanently in Florence, allured by the cheapness of house rent and provisions, and its treasures of

art, attend this service. To-day, Monday, December 28th, the sun of Italy is out in all its glory over the old scenes of mountains, towers, domes and steeples. The late fogs are gone, and summer almost reigns in the sky. Back of Florence are the heights of the Apennines, picturesque and Italian valleys. We leave the city by the Porta Galla; then, passing along a torrent, we begin the ascent. The road is smooth and broad, and is inclosed by high walls. It winds about as it ascends, and part of it is bordered with cypress trees, olive orchards, and villas, churches and convents. Numerous terraced walls are seen on each side, rendering level small portions of ground. The view of Florence becomes more fine as we ascend. We at length reach the ancient Etruscan town of Fiesole, on the top of the hill, one thousand feet above Florence. We go around in the rear of the church, and descending through villas on the hill-side, come to the Etruscan walls of the city, built anterior to the time of the Romans. They are very much fallen down, almost imbedded in earth, ivy-grown, built of massive stones without mortar, and would seem to threaten defiance to centuries. They may be traced for one or two miles, and are probably three thousand years old. Returning, we enter the church in the town, where we find the choir of the priests, with many boys, singing ancient chants. In the crypt is a stone sarcophagus, with "religieuse" written on it, and by its side is an account of the miracles it has performed. The church has many paintings, frescoes and tombs. On another part of the hill, higher up, is the Franciscan Convent, with the church adjoining. The ladies of our party are permitted to enter the church, but the monk who conducts us requests them, with almost horror in his face, not to enter the monastery. The building consists of long rows of cells, separated by narrow halls. The doors of each cell have small pictures representing some scene in which the Virgin Mary is

generally prominent. Every part of the building is clean. Every thing is of stone; but the general effect is gloomy and dreary. We entered one of the cells. "Miserabile!" exclaimed the guide, meaning that it was very poor, which it was indeed—a bed of coarse and hard materials, one or two old chairs; no comfort, nothing but hard, cold, mere living. Back of the convent is an old court-yard, with numerous melancholy cypress trees, much green grass, also paved sloping walks; and from this old place extends a view of extraordinary loveliness, peculiarly Italian. Here then dwell these mentally emasculated beings—pass their poor lives in voluntary penance and poverty. Yet after all they may be as happy and as virtuous as any other class of men. Those who live thus abstemiously must have few or no unhallowed desires. They become enervated and unmanly. Catholicism is much *harder* than Protestantism. In over-peopled countries monkery is an element of political economy. Many of these establishments are well endowed, having extensive and finely cultivated farms, which have been given them by the remorse of wicked, dying great men, who repented by founding a monastery, conditioned on mass being said daily for the repose of their souls, to have an easy passage through Purgatory: the idea of this latter place being an admirable speculation, which has been worth millions to the church. We now began the descent in our carriages along the smooth, beautiful woods, lined with walls, over which were pendant flowers, and near which were sweet and pleasant villas, nestled in olive orchards. Beyond Fiesole is the vale called Vallombrosa. But once more to the Uffizi Palace, which is indeed worth many visits. In the great court of the Uffizi are numerous and splendid statues of the great men of Florence: and she has had many of them. Americus Vesputius, who gave name to our own country, and who, some have thought, did really first see the continent, is represented by one of the

statues; his house is also shown in the city. But one ascends an immense staircase, and you are in the celebrated Picture and Sculpture Gallery—as a whole, the finest in the world. Here first meet you statues in porphyry, and relics of ancient Roman sculpture—dogs, wolves—exquisitely executed. Then you go through a vast corridor, lined with antique busts of the Roman emperors—Trajan, Caligula, etc.—all in their primitive, inherent, truthful, Roman ugliness and strongly marked characters. Then there are also paintings—some by Raphael, some by Cimabue—sacred scenes, dating from A. D. 1240, six hundred and seventeen years old. In the busts you read the lives of the Roman emperors. There is Nero, as a child and as a man—a cold, sneaking, low-browed, infuriate rascal; Vitellius, beefy, limby and big, like a Britisher—and very many others—some much mutilated, having in the long course of two thousand years suffered losses of noses, ears, arms, some of which, however, are *restored*; that is, added by modern artists. Then there are bas reliefs, by the Tuscan artists of the middle ages; there are Roman marble sarcophagi, with their sculptured histories; there are statues by Michael Angelo—and the whole is a glory and a gladness to look at—such a quiet, half-starting-into-life appearance have many of them. Some of them look as if they would only *make believe* they were not alive. The Venuses are all terribly modest, utterly nude, but with a most virginal, alarmed expression. The wealth of statuary here is wondrous. They were dug out of the ruins of Rome or other cities, and found in villas. One of Cupid and Psyche, or Desire and the Soul, is most beautiful. One of Brutus, by Michael Angelo—for ancient and middle-age statuary are strangely mingled together—is very powerful in strong Roman expression, though left unfinished. In one room is the finest Florentine mosaic table ever made. It occupied twenty-two workmen twenty-five years.

But near this is the Hall of Niobe, with the statue of herself turned to stone by grief, and those of her children, all dying around her, smitten by the angry goddess. The effect is wonderful—so much agony, and so much history—such attitudes and expressions. They are nearly two thousand years old, and were found in the ruins of a Roman villa. But when you have looked at the statuary you can go into the Tribune, which contains the great works of both painting and sculpture. Here you see the great statue—the world-renowned Venus de Medici. It is not draped at all. Artificial prudery gets some severe trials on going through these ancient galleries. Every thing about this statue is perfectly beautiful, exquisitely chaste, womanly, soft, captivating, thoroughly proportioned, elevated, tender—in short, that most beautiful thing on earth, a really beautiful woman, considered as a *work* not of *art*. The waist is not at all in shape as in that horrid fashion which sometimes prevails of compressing it. Her height, if erect, would be five feet two inches. She is slightly startled, as if suddenly discovered. You would think she would run off, but is paralyzed by surprise. It was found near Rome. No eye, no art, no external feeling can detect the slightest want of conformity to the real and true physical form—arms, hands, feet, limbs, head, features, are all exact, thoroughly proportioned; so that the whole combination produces an impression of the beautiful, the tender, the gentle, the unprotected. It may be said it requires artistic knowledge and experience to enable one to be a judge of objects of either painting or sculpture. This is a mistake. The true judge is simply a man who feels what can please him, and recognizes the natural by external emotions, and receives the whole effect by an æsthetic principle within. The higher the art—the better the painting or the statue—the easier it is to judge of it, since it appeals more strongly to our common sympathy or human nature. A painter or

sculptor is but a poor judge; his mind is occupied with the details; his ideas are mechanical—he is thinking of the tool or the brush or the colors, and his mind is not open to the full perception of the thing as a whole. The instinctive recognition of excellence is the best judge of an object of art. In this room are the Apollyon, the Dancing Faun, and the Wrestlers, the Slave Whetting his Knife—all ancient, except the restoration by Michael Angelo, and all wonderful. In some there seems a real elasticity and motion from head to foot. In this room are also the finest paintings—one by Raphael, of an extraordinarily beautiful woman, a portrait; one by Michael Angelo, a Holy Family, which phrase means the Virgin and Child; and then there is *the Venus*, by Titian, a painting of a perfectly nude woman, reckoned the best of all his Venuses, though the one in the Dresden Gallery is nearly as good. Nothing could be finer than the feminine, loving, half-tearful, enjoying expression of this great work. There are very many other rooms, with many splendid creations of art. Medusa's head, by Leonardo da Vinci, has this master's acknowledged power. 'Tis as horrid as an embodied nightmare—the snakes crawl away from it. There are paintings, in separate rooms, of the different schools of painting—Flemish, Dutch, German, Venitian; and one room contains portraits, principally by themselves, of the most celebrated artists in the world. All these are interesting, when one has a "soul to make them felt and feeling."

To-morrow, however, we leave Florence the Beautiful, having been here two weeks. The soft moonlight is over the Arno, along which have so lately trodden the numerous promenaders. The gaslights, extending for miles down the river, disclose the three or four old bridges, and the rejoicing waves give back the gaslight; but the moonlight hovers on them like a loving spirit. To-day I have visited the Imperial Palace, outside the Porta Romana. There is

an ascent of half a mile to it, lined with cypresses and larch trees, making a very interesting walk—beset, however, with beggars. The palace looks well, and the grounds around it are well laid out, have statues, bronzes, etc. The wines produced around on the hills are the best in Tuscany. Agriculture is well understood here, and different localities, even near each other, are ascertained to be best for particular things. Good wines are not raised in flat or low lands; the lower hill-sides are best for the vine, the higher for the olive. It is forbidden to train the vine, and laws have been passed forbidding its planting on low grounds. The population of the Grand Dukedom of Tuscany is about one million eight hundred thousand. The army consists of about fourteen thousand men. The support of the Austrian occupation of the country is taxed on the people.

We go by Vetturini to Rome, preferring the land route through the centre of Italy, though there is danger from brigands. We are a party of three. We hire a driver, with a large carriage which would contain six persons readily, four inside, two outside, besides the driver. We have four good horses. We pay for all, including all necessary expenses of food, lodging, fires, etc., by the way, twenty Napoleons, nearly eighty dollars. The journey will occupy five or six days. Our contract is made out according to regular form, and every thing specified. Our driver is an Italian, but speaks a little French. But to-day, Tuesday, December 29th, we left Florence at seven o'clock, having risen early, taken our coffee, which is the grand "sine qua non" in Europe. The morning was one of the clear, exhilarating mornings of Italy. The postillion cracked his whip, we passed out the Porta de San Nicolo, where our passports were searched into, but not a single hiatus being found, off we went along the vale of the upper Arno, saw the citizens at their various speculations of getting a living, then began to ascend the Apennines, and on

looking back saw a sea of houses—Florence, in its hill-encircled vale, the sun shining on all, the spires mounting heavenward, the whole vale of the Arno a loveliness. There were villas on the mountain side, though on their tops was a sprinkling of snow; wheat-fields were around us as we ascended; the vine festooned to mulberry trees. Then we entered old, dirty, walled, and ancient villages, crowded with ugly, unpleasant, ragged, poor people; the Virgin Mary was making “Assumptions” everywhere, in pictures on the roadside shrines. This great universal feeling, however, is a beautiful one, and probably softens the Italian character. There were rivulets, over which were ancient stone bridges. At one place we passed, is shown the withered body of a man found walled up in the church wall, and discovered a few years since.

At Levane, we stopped and took *déjeuner à la fourchette* in a large, cold, Italian house, without fires—Hotel la Posta—then ascended high hills, went through a rough country in a state of compulsory fertility, in which we saw many beggars and poor-looking people; then we descended into a valley, saw dingy, old, stone houses, which we traveled by in the moonlight. We then entered the walls of Arezzo, a cold and dingy place. Passports were here required. In the hotel, fires were made at our request—the common Italians rarely requiring any—many of the houses being without chimneys. Wood alone is burnt; this is very small in size, consisting of saplings, planted recently to furnish wood; also, dry grape-vines are used to kindle the wood with—none of the grand, old, primitive forests of America being here.

We have come fifty miles to-day, through a mournful, fallen, yet glorious country. One feels really in Italy on these excursions through its old lands and towns. The churches are very numerous; there were Italian villas also, and many very fine views, while the pleasant sunshine lay

on all. Ascending hills, as the carriage then moved slowly, I alighted and walked along on the smooth, hard road.

Arezzo is a small, old, interesting place, containing about eleven thousand inhabitants. It is the birthplace of very many distinguished men—Petrarch, Macænas, and also Michael Angelo was born in its neighborhood. It was an Etruscan city, and existed before Rome. It has several churches, with some fine paintings and frescoes. There is some Etruscan pottery here, and there are some fossil tusks of elephants, regarded by the inhabitants as relics of the elephants belonging to Hannibal, whose route to Rome is identical with the one we are taking. When one is in Italy, all the roads, however, are said to lead to Rome.

This morning, Wednesday, Dec. 31st, we rose at five o'clock, having given directions to the *maître d'hôtel* to awaken us, and have our breakfast ready at six, which consisted of the usual European first meal—coffee, which was good, eggs, and toast. We left Arezzo at six-and-a-half, in a lovely moonlit morning, just about dawn. I remained out of the carriage, and walked through the gates of the city, and ascended to the top of the hill. The morning was somewhat cool, and there was some thin ice. On our right, as we continued our course, were high hills. We soon came to Cortona, one of the most ancient towns in Europe. Its walls, or portions of them, are Etruscan, composed of immense blocks of uncemented masonry. It is three thousand years old—having been founded by the Pelasgi. It is perched on a high mountain to our left, and looks as if its seasons had been all autumns for a thousand years—its long, ruined walls and towers seem crumbling. We now entered an extensive, beautiful, and fertile plain, in fine cultivation. It is well drained—there being ditches separating the young rows of mulberries, on which hangs the vine; there were olive orchards on the descents to the plain. The peasants

were gathering the now ripe fruit, which is small and black—somewhat larger than a cherry. The mulberries are used for the double purpose of supporting the vine and furnishing leaves on which to support the caterpillar which produces the silkworm. This plain has several towns on it, and is bounded by mountains. It was formerly a pestilential marsh, but has been rendered fertile by an admirable system of drainage. We now came to the scene in which Hannibal defeated the Roman army—that battle in which so great was the fury of the combatants, that an earthquake which happened at the time was unperceived. It occurred over twenty-two hundred years ago. The scene is between the lovely Italian lake, 'Thrasimene, and the hills or mountains toward the east, a portion of which comes down near to the lake, separating the large plain from a smaller. Into the latter Hannibal decoyed the Roman Consul, Flaminius, and thus he was enclosed by the mountains which surrounded the smaller plain, and the lake which bounds it on the south. Hannibal posted his army on the high ground at the further extremity of the smaller plain, and sent his horse troops to attack Flaminius in the rear. The Romans were terribly defeated, Flaminius killed, and almost the whole army annihilated. A mist arising from the lake concealed from the Romans the disposition of the great Carthaginian's troops. He is remembered along this route, and a certain old tower near bears the name of the Tower of Hannibal. A little stream runs across the plain called Sanguinetto, or the Bloody, from a tradition that it ran full of blood on account of the slaughter. The scene is one of most consummate loveliness now—aged olive trees, some at least one thousand years old, grow on the plain, and the peasants were gathering the glistening fruit in the rich sunlight. About this place we entered the Pope's dominions, and here our baggage would have been searched, and a considerable delay entailed on us, but for our knowledge of the

fact, that a fee of a few pauls would purchase exemption—it being notorious throughout all Italy, that in the domains of the Church, every thing on earth, or Purgatory, can be bought. The officers at the Papal Dogana, with their flourishing coat of arms, representing, by the keys and bishop's mitre and tiara, the Vicar of Christ on earth, at sight of a ten-paul piece gave us free ingress. Around the Papal Dogana sat some most miserable and ancient-looking beggars—most wretched specimens of the genus homo—who, after the traveler has satisfied the Pope's officers, pounce on him in the name of various saints for a further exaction. The more ugly and disgusting they are, the better they seem to regard their case, and the greater the appeal to benevolence. Hence, they cultivate wretchedness, and make a profit out of misery.

We took our *dejeuner* at Passignano, a small village on a rocky projection into the lake, with a very high and grand old deserted castle on the rocks above it. Every thing was dirty and Popish here. However, the hotel was not as bad as it could have been, and we had some fine fish out of Lake Thrasimene. The view of this silver lake, with its playful waves, its little island with an ancient monastery on it, surrounded by fine grounds, was fine in the soft Italian sunlight. Our road, leaving Passignano, skirted the lake for some miles, then ascended high hills, on which were extensive series of ruins, surrounded by walls of noteless date. The slightest notice of any of the people here causes them to make a servile bow, remove their hats, and become whining beggars. There are several square old towers here, of which nothing is known. The view backward from the hill, toward the lake, is one of remarkable loveliness. We descended now into a valley, passed old dingy villages, dirty and dreary. Night at length came on; a mysterious looking moon arose; we were in a most dreary and lonely valley, just the place for

brigands, who frequent this route. Several robberies have been lately committed—we are yet some distance from Perugia, when suddenly our coach was stopped. We heard strange voices, loud noises—were they brigands or not? Cautiously we opened the carriage, summoning all our latent bravery, ready for any emergency, when behold our vetturino conductor was only bargaining with some persons near for two discreet and demure oxen, which were soon added in front to our four horses, to draw us up the hill, the legal regulations requiring additional force at certain points. After some time, the long, high, black walls of Perugia were seen; we entered the gateway, drove to the “Hotel de France,” an ancient palace. Perugia is a very ancient city; its inhabitants had long wars with the Romans before the latter established their dominions over all Italy. It was rebuilt by Augustus as a Roman colony, and, during the middle ages, was independent, sustaining itself for many years against the encroaching power of the Popes. It has portions of the Etruscan walls, numerous tombs cut in rocks and caves, and others walled up, with fine sculpture and carvings. Its population is about eighteen thousand. A school of painting, of which Pietro Perugino was the great master, originated here. It has one hundred churches, and fifty monastic establishments. There are several Popes buried in some of these churches. The paintings are very numerous—the best by Perugino, who was the teacher of Raphael; there are some of the earlier ones of the latter master. The aspect of all these cities, however, is gloomy, uncomfortable, classic, Roman, antique as well as antic, and very interesting. You will see them on high, irregular hills, with every variety of shape, style, appearance, grasped by their thick stone walls, with huge arched, sculptured, Roman gateways, mossy grown, and bending beneath the weight of their own years. It is all too old—the mind wants something fresh and new—but

here, though the inhabitants have a youth once, their country and its monuments are always old. There is mind here—high genius—but the age of their country is on them, and keeps all down; their religion, too, represses exertion.

But the morning is up. We take our usual early start, about six-and-a-half o'clock. I, leaving the carriage, walked down the long descent from Perugia; looking back, a fine sight was presented in the gleaming of the risen sun—the first rays on the spires and old walls. We soon come into the valley of the Tiber, and crossing a long stone bridge, see this ancient, celebrated river, unsurpassed by any stream whatever in its associations with the past. The vale is fertile, and beautiful in its garniture of wheat and its surroundings of hills and mountains, the latter sprinkled with snow. The river, which, in its whole course, is about two hundred and forty-nine miles long, is not large at this point, yet seems to have an antique majesty and dignity about it. Italy presents many beautiful scenes along this route. Few surpass, however, that I saw yesterday in ascending the mountain from Lake Trasimene. It dwells on the mind as a loveliness apart. The lake, beautiful as molten silver—the three islands, one of them with an antique monastery—the assemblage of ruins on the hills above—the square tower of observation near them—were all strangely lovely in their age and decay. Since crossing the Tiber, we are out of ancient Etruria, with its monuments of a people anterior to the times of the Romans and written language, and where every thing of which no one knows any thing is at once pronounced Etruscan. To-day on our course we have on one side much level, fertile wheat land; on the other are some snow mountains, on one of which is situated most picturesquely the old town of Assisi, with its high, ruined citadel, its Roman walls, its long line of aqueducts on stone arches, its church, upper and lower,

and its monasteries of the middle ages. We stopped at a town near this place, and saw the ancient Gothic stone chapel of St. Francis. It stands within a large wooden church, which was erected over it to preserve it; and many poor and ignorant people were in it praying instead of working. There were all kinds of devotional things hung around it and in it; candles were burning in it, and mysterious ceremonies were being performed by priests in surplice and stole. The people seemed to be of two classes—priests and beggars. We saw also near this the little cave or cell in which St. Francis spent his life of penance—regarded as a most holy place. It does not admit of standing upright, or of lying, or of having any comfortable feeling whatever; it is a stone cell, with iron doors; and the saint who instituted the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, must certainly have had a hard time of it. There is a monastery here—we entered the refectory, and some other rooms. The monks have one of their number to preach to them the whole time they eat. The monks here seem better fed and in better condition than others whom we have seen. The people around here seem to beg with more ease than any other beggars. They are all devoted to the memory of Saint Francis, whose devotions had a great influence on the middle ages. We passed several very fine olive and vine plantations, also ancient avenues of cypresses; and on the left, on a mountain, is the very ancient town of Spello, whose walls of many eras are seen for some distance along the road. The walls have been repaired on their ancient foundation—the stones of the latter are very gray and strong and large. The ivy and olive grow over and on the walls, and probably there has been nothing new in the town for a thousand years. There are Roman gateways standing at the entrances of the walls—the very stones seem superannuated; and the town sits among the rocks as ancient as the rocks themselves. We

passed several dirty, stenchy Italian towns, whose beggars surround you at every step, preceding you everywhere—anxious to do the most unnecessary services, and intruding their offices on you for the most trivial rewards. Yet this country is very fertile, and ought to support all its inhabitants if they would labor properly. Its population was many times greater in the ages of the Roman Empire, and also in the middle ages. Much of their time is spent in the churches, and Catholic devotions are unenergizing. The day must come when this land will be in better hands, and these people and this religion reformed or destroyed. The general laws which regulate the political economy of this universe will not suffer them much longer.

To-day we took our *dejeuner a la fourchette* at Foligno, a vastly dirty town, with a poor hotel, but with numerous serious-looking fat priests. As we stop some hours in the middle of the day, we have leisure to look at the lions of the place, which are generally sacred pictures and churches. We were now in the Vale of the Clitumnus, celebrated in ancient and in all times for its exceeding beauty and richness. The town of Trevi, situated on a high mountain, the sides of which are covered by green and beautiful olive trees, is a very interesting object. Its walls are high, and look picturesque and old; and its church bells send softly out on the upper air their sweet music. The vale is between high ridges of the Apennines, and is to-day bathed in sunny splendor and covered with fields of vines and wheat. We stopped in the afternoon at the Chapel of St. Salvatore, on the road side, supposed to be the temple dedicated to the river god, Clitumnus, and described by Pliny as ancient in his time, seventeen hundred years ago. The small, sweet, clear looking stream flows immediately before the temple. We entered the temple, and saw in some of the stones of the crypt what appeared to be fragments of Roman inscriptions, but which we could not decipher. It is now a Catholic chapel.

and is probably a much more recent building than the one described by Pliny, though it has some of the stones and columns used in the more ancient edifice. The Clitumnus, besides being poetical and divine, renders itself useful by turning a mill immediately in front of the temple; there were numerous cattle also feeding on the rich pastures; and the whole scene is inspiring and delicious. The very oxen have a wild, poetic majesty about them. This is the route on which to read Lord Byron's Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*. We now passed the source of the Clitumnus. It rises out of the limestone rocks of the Apennines, quite a considerable stream of pure, clear water. The vale continues along our route for some distance. The last rays of the sun of the last day of the year began slowly to climb the Apennines; then succeeded the rich red of an Italian sky as we drew near to Spoleto, the place of halting for the night. It is situated among the mountains, the views of which are a feast to the eye. We found a good hotel here—"La Posta"—and spent the last night of 1857. The waiters were extremely attentive; but here, as at all other places, one of the first requisitions is to deliver our passports, that they may be sent to the police. This place has been a bishopric ever since the time of St. Peter, A. D. 50. But the first morning of the new year finds us winding amongst the vales and ridges of the Apennines. We had a pleasant dinner at a rather unusually good hotel in Spoleto last evening, after our labors in traveling. We arrived there at half-past five in the evening, or just about dusk; and this morning started early, breakfasting at half-past five, and starting at six, before a single ray of the sun had come over the Apennines. I walked through the town, and up the hill on which Spoleto stands, with the solemn, sweet moonlight yet mantling its gray old walls—the bells ringing out merrily the glad new year. The priests are early risers in Catholic countries, as the bells are all ring-

ing at five o'clock each morning for early mass. We passed out the barrier through the Porta Romana. How grim and solid seemed this portion of the ancient walls of the city. There is a large part of the Roman aqueduct also yet standing. The city being situated on one of the projecting spurs of the Apennines, the scenery is most romantic. One of the gates is yet called the Gate of Hannibal, from a two thousand years' tradition that the fierce Carthaginian was repulsed here after his victory at Thrasimene. This, as well as the recollection of the obstinate defense of Saguntum, in Spain, may have led to his great error in not attacking Rome immediately after the battle of Cannæ, as his genius appears to have inclined him more to open battle than to sieges. The ascent to the top of the Apennines at this pass is called Monte Somana; and, as the carriage proceeded slowly, I alighted and walked to the top, near which I caught the first glimpse of the brightly rising sun, strong, vigorous, unwearyed, and ready for the race of a new year. The pass is three thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight feet above the sea. The pleasant air, the rich, red glow of the Italian morning, and the soft sunlight among the pines, were sights among the luxuries of that walk up the Apennines. At the summit the view is very grand indeed—the towns of Foligno, and Spello, and the Vale of Clitumnus before them, and the mountains in the rear, were in sight. This sunrise among the Apennines is ineffaceable but with oblivion of all things beautiful. From the summit we descended rapidly through rugged, romantic passes of the mountains, formerly infested with brigands. Further down the views assumed a wonderful softness, and vines, and olives, and green fields again appeared. On one high peak to our left I observed a very extensive ruin, many stone houses, towers—some entirely fallen, and the whole surrounded by an embattled, strong wall, over the numerous breaches in which crept the ivy—a thorough ruin. This

was probably a strong fortification of some proud chief, in the olden, and it appeared very picturesque in its great height and its strange desolation. Descending into the vale, the land seems extremely fertile; the meadows produce several crops in a year, and are under admirable cultivation. The ancient ruins were probably, after the decadence of the original proprietors, occupied by Italian banditti—the deep vaults and subterranean passages affording them security while they made incursions on these fertile plains. Approaching Terni, we see its grim, ancient towers and its low, decayed walls. We arrived there about mid-day, and remained till the next morning. I took a guide, hired a donkey, and proceeded to visit the celebrated cataract, five miles from the town. My donkey has elongated ears, but is of mild and pensive aspect; and, by dint of urging behind, on the part of the attendant, and persuasion before, on the part of the rider, he moves along. I took the lower road, which passes through a deep vale, along an olive orchard; then through an ancient arch, near which, on the almost inaccessible peak of a mountain, is a stone village, completely covering the summit, yet walled in various places; but whether of Goth or Christian, Roman or Lombard architecture, is difficult to say. To get up to it or down from it would seem to be equally impossible. It is called Passigno. It seems to be in the world but not of it. Huge precipices defend it on all sides. It is the most completely desolate-looking place, with its fallen walls, its cheerless, stony appearance, I have yet seen—gray, grim, and grinning in its antiquity. Further on, in the vale, I passed a fine avenue of orange trees and pines, entered a deep and awful vale, with vast craggy mountains above, on the remote top of one of which is a ruin—alone and lonely in its height and age. Then Terni, or properly Cascata del Marmore. It is seen amongst its own clouds and mists as a white thing coming down from heaven. I saw

it, in the splendor of a noon-day sun, the air all blue, the sun all brightness, the great, rough, perpendicular, thousands of feet of rugged Apennine limestone all around. It is a river that comes down five hundred or six hundred feet in one perfect, unbroken plunge. The mist boils up; the white waters fight with rugged rocks, and descend through them four or five hundred feet more; the evergreen vegetation of the vale is crusted with a deposit of lime, precipitated from the mist; the winds and the rainbows come around it: the whole a scene of surpassing beauty and splendor. There are various points of view. I saw it first from below, twelve hundred feet above me, as it were, falling over a huge mountain, five times higher than Niagara, though the latter has a vastly greater volume of water. But this scene, in the original grandeur of remote mountain scenery, with the adorning of antique castles, and towns, and ruins on the hills around, has a beauty that makes one silent, and you almost love its strange, intense attraction. It is like a battle, never to be forgotten, in its solitary, solemn grandeur. The best view is from below, where you see the principal cataract through its own creations of mist and rainbows—a great moving white ghost of water, in a thin gauze thrown over it as if to veil its dazzling beauties. Lord Byron's description of this cataract would be more appropriate to Niagara; but he is right in his assertion that it is worth all the cataracts in Switzerland—and I have seen all of the latter of any note: even that of Handek and the Rhine fall, which he had not seen, are not equal to this. Niagara stands alone—the unapproachable—like GEORGE WASHINGTON among men. This cataract is formed by the river Velino, and was the work of the Romans, with the view of draining the country above. Returning to the town of Terni, which was the birth-place of Tacitus the historian, we strolled around its old streets, saw some of its Roman remains, entered its Cathedrals, heard music

from the organ, and saw the old paintings, some on wood ; then visited the piazza and open space, planted with trees, and the usual resort for promenading at sunset, dined about six o'clock, and prepared for our journey on the morrow.

This morning, January 2d, we left Terni at six o'clock, on our way to Rome. We started before the dawn. Our course lay at first through a level and lovely country, but about sunrise we came to Narni, and saw the first glad rays of the sun, reddening on the mountains. We ascended a high hill, and saw along the roadside, ruins of palaces or castles, that may have been Roman or Gothic ; but are, assuredly, of the order of decay in architecture now. Then the old, slumbering town of Narni, on an almost inaccessible precipice, along which rolls the Nar—a river, white, boiling, and sulphury. The subjects of the Pope, spiritual and temporal, were up and moving about. Some with their little earthen pots, filled with ashes and coals, which they carry to keep their hands warm ; others with mules and donkeys, carrying wood, brick, vegetables, for sale ; others, old women at fruit stalls. Then there is the old, dirty town, with its fountain of projecting water in the central piazza, the Cathedral, convents, and its extremely gray-looking, ancient walls ; its gate towers surmounted with the coat of arms of the Papacy, in which muskets, drums, a bishop's mitre, and the keys of St. Peter, are strongly blended. The road continues for some distance along the side of a mountain, on the ancient Flaminian Way of the Roman times. The views for a great distance are most beautiful. You have the Nar far below you, and splendid vistas into distant regions between the mountains, very old stone villages on the summit of isolated hills, walled and built for purposes of defence, in a warlike age ; the great height to which we ascended gave grand views of the Italian mountains, with numerous parallel ridges and conical peaks, with a soft,

hazy, semi-transparent mist, slightly shrouding the olive orchards in the vales. About the miserable village of Otricoli, the views are very fine. Unless the Pope, however, attends to the spiritual condition of his subjects better than he does to their temporal, their condition must be destitute indeed in the next world, for rarely have I seen more miserable-looking people. They rely too much on their prayers to the Virgin, and too little on themselves. Descending from this, we had on our right most singular and numerous monuments of stone—some in clusters, others separate—probably Roman tombs, which lined all their principal routes. They seem like circular towers; but age sits heavily on them, and time has done all he could to destroy them. On the left, near the termination of the descent, on an isolated rock, is a most remarkable-looking, old castle, a strong fortress once, yet now all in ruins—showing, however, the thick walls, which have become almost a solid rock themselves, through age. Below this, on the left, are some remarkable holes cut into the rock, which are thought to be Etruscan tombs, as we re-enter a portion of ancient Etrusca. We were now again in the plain of the Tiber, and reaching Borghetto about noon, we ordered our *dejeuner a la fourchette*. During the two hours we remained here, I ascended to a high mountain rock above the small village. Here is all that is now left of one of the most remarkable and extensive fortifications in this country. It is built on, about, and in the immense rock. There are very old walls, many caverns in the rock, vaulted stone apartments, some of which have been large and stately halls, with frescoes now ruined and crumbling. Most of the ruin is now covered with grass, blackberry, and other kinds of bushes, and the ivy has mounted to the highest walls and towers. One tower ascends very high, and is constructed of square stones. Much of the foundation is so old, as scarcely to be distinguished from the rock on which it is

built. On one side, far down, is a small stream—on the other flows the Tiber, through a beautiful, fertile vale. Around are villages, on crumbling down, yet still elevated peaks; and in the distance rises the high, ancient Mount Soractè, alluded to by Horace, and other Roman writers, with its three peaks. This is classic Italy—but how unflourishing and old; its inhabitants, how degenerate, ugly, coarse; the towns, though picturesque and strange, are gloomy, cold, and filthy. How the mind turns with pleasure to the more cheerful, pleasant scenes of our own America—the wide, clean streets, and modern houses. This is the land for thought, but America is the place for action. Here the strong past encroaches on the present; but there, the present is strong, and there is no gloomy past to intrude its mouldering ruins on the *now*. Leaving the miserable inn at Borghetto—though the house was once a proud castle, some remains of its magnificence being still visible—we ascended a high hill which gave us fine views of the castellated rock, with its sides perforated for wells, tombs, caverns. Approaching Civita Castellana, Mount Soractè comes grandly into view, like an island on land, rising from the plain. Nothing, however, can exceed the romantic beauty of Civita Castellana. It is built on an immense, volcanic rock, almost perpendicular, around the sides of which is a tremendous ravine, with a foaming torrent cradled in its dark abyss, and with numerous Etruscan tombs cut into the rocks, the remains of Etruscan walls, three thousand years old, long anterior to the Roman times. Then there are singular, old, arched, and sculptured gateways, of the middle ages, roads cut through the volcanic rock—every thing massive, grand, ancient, and dirty. Around the town are standing, in many places, isolated ruins. The town itself is at present incredibly filthy, and filled with ragged wretchedness, amidst so many evidences of a grand past. There is a fine bridge, one hundred and

twenty feet above the bottom of the ravine, over which we pass, before entering the city. The city is on a plateau of red, volcanic tufa, or volcanic rock. Much of the land around here is very fertile, but is thinly peopled, the inhabitants preferring to live in the miserable villages. Leaving Civita Castellana—the beauty of whose situation, the streams around which, the hills perforated with tombs, must long remain in memory—our vetturino conductor departed from the ordinary route to Rome, and took the course of the ancient Flaminian Way, which lies near Mount Soractè, through a wild, grass and tree overgrown country, over which seemed scattered gloomy ruins. The land appeared to be of excellent quality, gently undulating, offering every phase and form of beauty, but utterly neglected and gone into decay. Mount Soractè, with its monastic institutions upon its hatched-shaped summit, was very near. Whether our driver, who had recently become gloomy and taciturn, intended, by deviating from the ordinary route, to deliver us into the hands of Italian banditti, who from the laxity of the Papal government still infest this route, was an idea that occurred to our mind when, on a sudden, our carriage stopped in a dark valley, a little after night, and hearing voices in altercation, we looked out and discovered some dark, fierce, half-attired men, with cloaks on their arms. But in a moment, we saw our way was stopped, not by banditti, but by sheep—a drove of which nearly filled up the road. In the ancient town of Rignano, where we soon after arrived, we found a comfortable hotel and good fare. We have come thirty-eight miles to-day. Yesterday, we made sixteen miles; the day before, thirty-two miles; the second day after leaving Florence, forty-eight miles; and twenty-seven yet remain to Rome.

But 'tis morning, January 3d, and we are on our route to Rome; "Per Roma," is written on the guide posts. The scene around us is Italian. The sun is looking over the

Sabine Apennines, which are rough, irregular, jagged—peaked like a suddenly solidified mountain wind-tossed wave. On the roadside appears, at intervals, the old, paved, Roman way of Flaminius. The Roman legions marched along this route to meet Hannibal, when the empire of the world was the prize. In some places it is seen, with the square limestones, about a foot square, of which it was paved, peering on the roadside, with an accumulation of many feet of earth above it, the stones projecting from the hillside. These stones are now broken up to macadamize the modern road; the ancients paved with broad, flat stones, seven or eight inches in depth—the moderns with pebbles. This land around us is now resting, as well as the people, from the fierce excitement of the past. In old days this route must have been highly interesting, on account of its roadside garniture of tombs and palaces. Many of the former yet peer from the hillsides, like caves cut into the rocks. But they are tenantless now, and were rifled ages ago of their proud sarcophagi. The remains of stately, old, stone halls stand in their decay on many hills around, mouldering uselessly in their age, dying at top first. These probably belong to the middle and dark ages—the more highly ornamented remains of Roman villas having probably long since disappeared, and been carried off in annihilating wars. The morning is magnificent. We have now entered that wondrous, modern desolation, the Campagna, once covered with gardens and Roman villas, but now more desolate than a desert. It is the country within a few miles of and surrounding Rome. Its surface is slightly hilly, and it is without cultivation, though the land does not appear really sterile. It is a fine day for approaching Rome. The sky is slightly gauzed with stratified clouds. The Tiber flows a short distance to our left. The Campagna has many deep gullies and fissures in it, and the old towers, around which clings the ivy, and at the base of which may

be seen small, blue, starry flowers, are scattered over its expanse. But about nine miles from Rome, sitting on the open seat in front of the carriage, I caught the first sight of the dome of St. Peter's church, rising far above that sepulchre of the past, the city that lies below. It appeared through the slight morning mist that hung over the Tiber, with the cypress-wooded Monte Mario on its right, Rome, on its seven hills, around it. This sight—the sight of the Eternal City, long the mistress of the world, then its religious Sovereign—is among the unforgetful, choice treasures of memory. On the east and south, beyond Rome, were seen, bounding the Campagna, portions of the Apennines, in sunlit snow. There, then, stood at last, the object of our wanderings—

“The Niobe of nations—there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago.”

It seemed as if one had suddenly seen back into antiquity for twenty-five hundred years.

“O Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.”

This city has exercised more influence on the destinies of mankind than any other. All the modern kingdoms of Europe are but the pageants of Rome's great Empire, that lost creation of Time. Our learning, our language, and our laws are indebted to it. The strongest political idea the world has ever entertained, was the Roman Empire. Its ruins are everywhere the astonishment of the present. As we approach the city, our road passes near to the Tiber ; the tomb caves of old, now used as resorts for cattle, become

more numerous; and old tumbling-down walls, shattered though massive yet, built of stone and brick mixed, are on many hills—some almost level with the ground, others reduced to a single tower. Cattle and sheep are in some places seen grazing on the unfenced Campagna. In some of the tombs along the roadside, the niches for the sarcophagi are still to be seen, through the yawning mouths. Nearer the city, the knolls and small hills sloping to the river, with intervening pastures, become very beautiful. No trees are on the Campagna; but there are a few grass flowers strewn in clusters on different places, looking wonderingly about, apparently happy in their exemption from such a past as has been enacted here. Our route, near this, unites with the postal route. We cross the Tiber here, on a fine ridge—the Ponte Molle—and look down on the yellow, rapid waves of the “Tiber, father Tiber, to whom the Romans prayed.” It was here that Constantine had his celebrated vision, here he fought Maxentius, who was drowned in the river, and here the seven-branched candlestick of gold, brought by Titus from the Temple of Jerusalem, fell into the river, and was never seen thereafter. The river is four hundred feet wide at this point, and apparently deep, and certainly rapid. No trees are on its banks. Passing along a straight road, with houses and villas on each side, a wall separating them from the road, we came to the Porta del Popolo, the gate of Rome on this side. We see the drear, ancient walls on each side, and we, in a moment, are in the city. We enter at the Piazza del Popolo. On our left is a fine church, and near it the sunny summit of Monte Pincio, one of the hills of modern Rome; in front, are two twin churches of the same style, and both beautiful. We drove along the Corso, the principal street of the modern city, to the Hotel d’Angleterre, in a pleasant and agreeable location, and felt at length that we were in Rome. When we entered the gates, of course our passports were de-

manded, and our luggage assumed to be examined; six pauls, however, procured exemption from this vexatious delay, even in the Pope's own city. In return for our passports, we got a printed paper requiring us to appear within twenty-four hours, at the Police Office, and reclaim them.

The impression produced by Rome on the mind is almost painful. You are familiar with its past, and it does not readily coalesce with the present. You cannot realize that you tread where Romulus, the Tarquins, Cicero, Cæsar, Augustus, Constantine have been; and that such mighty throes in earth's past have spent their convulsions here. You can only gradually—as when you go strolling about, and meet in every street columns, or statues, or fountains, whose names are linked with the past—realize that you are in the mighty idea—Rome—the locality that has ruled the world spiritually, since it ceased to rule it temporally, and you believe in the substantial existence of the truth of history. Entering the city at the point we did, one of the first things seen is a vast Egyptian obelisk. These are numerous in Rome, being brought from Egypt by the emperors, but during the middle ages had fallen down, and were buried many feet in the ground. Within the last two or three hundred years the Popes have raised them on pedestals, converted them to Christianity, surmounted them with crosses, and thus made them subservient to the worship of the Virgin, though the mute, mysterious, but meaningful hieroglyphics of ancient Egyptian idolatry are still on them. This one stood before the Temple of the Sun in Egypt. I saw the sunset from Monte Pincio the evening of my arrival in the city. It set amidst the sea of Rome's glorious church spires, St. Peter's church in full view, and around me were the numerous statues and mementoes of the past. It is one of the seven hills of Rome, and is now a grand public promenade with gardens, walks, seats, flow-

ers, carriage-drives; and here are seen the splendid equipages of England, France, Russia, and other countries, Rome being a central point in Europe for spending the winter. The various classes are very distinctly marked. There is a refinement, elevation, softness and rather feebleness indicated by the appearance of the higher classes of England's aristocracy, especially the ladies. The Pope's military band here discourses fine music each evening; and around are fine modern statues and imitations of the antique. There are those of Ariosto, Tasso, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Tacitus, and many others. This is near modern Rome, which lies principally in the Campus Martius of ancient Rome, embracing the base and summits of three only of the seven hills of ancient Rome. Modern Rome is not much over four hundred years old; the ancient city, part of which was once on this point, has nearly all disappeared. But Rome has a distinct and awful chapter of its ruins, which cover a space much more extensive than the modern city, occupying the site of the ancient city, and consisting now of her indestructible remains of palaces, baths, temples, tombs, villas, amphitheatres, walls—in short, the ruins of thousands of years—which time could not destroy, which war could not waste, and which all the innumerable changes to which the devoted city has been exposed have left changeless, have sought in vain to triumph over; which Attila, Totila, Bourbon, and Bonaparte have battered at in vain, and which still survive the death, ruin and damnation of all conquerors, and which only the last conflagration of the world can destroy. The world, and Rome, and the Coliseum are to go down together, according to the old mystic legend. Nothing can be a grander subject of contemplation than this ancient city—first, its origin, two thousand five hundred years ago, on the Palatine Hill; then its gradual rise to power and refinement, and its conquest of all the world; then its greatness under the

Cæsars; its gradual decline before the successive hordes of barbarians from the north, especially after the removal of the seat of government to Constantinople; then its ultimate subjugation by the barbarians; the almost divine power the Popes claimed and exercised during the middle ages; the almost extinction of the ancient city, and the rise of the Rome of the middle ages; the extirpation of the latter, and the rise of the present city under Sixtus V.; then its extraordinary treasures of art and architecture, and its sublime ruins. It is probable Rome, upon the whole, combines more interesting points than any other place on earth. Some might consider Jerusalem more interesting. But even religiously speaking, Jerusalem, though there the Christian religion originated, has not exercised so potent an influence, to say nothing of its inferiority in political influence and in works of taste and learning. Of all the places in Rome the Vatican Palace, the winter residence of the Pope, with St. Peter's Church adjoining, is probably the most interesting.

Most Americans and English in Rome stay at the hotels near the Piazza di Spagna, at the base of the Pincian Hill, it being regarded as the healthiest and cleanest part of the city. From this point one goes down the Via di Condotti, crosses the Corso, then along the Via della Fontanella, then the Via del Arvo, the Via di Tor di Noria to the bridge of St. Angelo, which you cross, seeing the Tiber's yellow waves below. On each side of the bridge are statues of saints and apostles, gigantic but beautiful. On the further end is an immense round tower or citadel, built by the Roman emperor Hadrian to contain his ashes. It is now the French fort, the Emperor of France having six thousand soldiers in the city, who have military occupation of it. On the top of the citadel is seen a gigantic figure of a winged angel—St. Michael—for the Popes sometimes kindly canonize angels) sheathing his sword. This great tomb,

built by the emperor Hadrian one hundred and thirty years after Christ, has been for ages a fortress, and the ashes of Hadrian long lost; but the sarcophagus in which they were held is in the Vatican Palace. You are now across the Tiber. This side of the river is much the smallest portion of Rome, though the inhabitants pride themselves as being the only descendants of the ancient Romans. Then you go by the Borgia Nuova and arrive at the Grand Piazza di San Pietro, a great place in front of St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace. You have passed over a considerable part of the ancient Campus Martius, on which the modern city is built, from the Monte Pincio to the Monte Vaticano. You have found some of the streets on this route very dirty, others comparatively clean, with some grand-looking palaces on them, with open, arched gateways leading into inner courts. In front of these palaces is generally a piazza or open place. These palaces are generally built of a peculiar kind of hard stone, called travertin, which is very durable though somewhat porous. The Piazza di San Pietro, on which you now are, has an air of richness, grandeur and interest unsurpassed in the world. In its centre rises a lofty Egyptian obelisk. On each side, though at some distance from the obelisk, is a fine fountain. The piazza is bounded on two sides by a splendid colonnade, perhaps the finest in the world, consisting of four rows of travertin columns, sixty-one feet high, and admitting of two carriage-roads under the arcades. The number of columns in the two sides, which are almost semicircular, is two hundred and eighty-four. The great St. Peter's is at one end of this piazza, with its proud façade and its still grander dome, and its statues in front and on the roof. This, though the largest church in the world, occupying two hundred and forty thousand square feet, impresses one in regard to its exterior, not so much on account of its great size as on account of its perfection of style and archi-

tectural beauty. The façade has been condemned as too heavy, and as concealing the great dome built by Michael Angelo. The great size is concealed by the exquisite taste and interesting character; and as to Michael Angelo's dome, nothing can conceal that. On the right is the Vatican Palace, said to have four thousand six hundred and twenty-two apartments. Its length is one thousand one hundred and fifty-one feet, its breadth seven hundred and sixty-seven; it has eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts, and, like St. Peter's, occupied more than three hundred years in building. Both occupy nearly the site of Nero's circus—the scene of his atrocious persecutions of the Christians—where St. Peter was (it is alleged) buried, and there have been churches on that ground for fifteen hundred years, the first having been built by Constantine the Great. The building of St. Peter's extended over the reigns of forty-three Popes, and cost fifty million dollars. The cost of keeping it in repair each year is more than thirty thousand dollars, and it requires the constant attention of more than sixty workmen. The expense of building it was defrayed in part by the sale of indulgences, from which arose Luther's Reformation. Michael Angelo died in his eighty-ninth year, in 1563, when the great dome, which is double, was completed. The Vatican being open to-day to the public, I walked through some of its vast and interesting halls. You ascend by a splendid staircase, pass some magnificent courts, see fine statues, great frescoes, and then enter a long corridor, two hundred and thirty yards in length, splendid beyond description, and on each side are ranged pieces of sculpture dug out of Rome's ruins. The collection is unequalled in the world. The mere ruins of Rome have furnished forth a more august collection than all the genius of all times of all other countries: this, too, after the city has been sacked and destroyed eight or ten times, and twenty feet of soil have accumulated

on its most famous places, and the old, immortal hills themselves have dwindled down and lost themselves and their glories in the dust. You go first through the Gallery of Epitaphs or Inscriptions—Greek, Roman, and early Christian. All these were found in and on tombs, and in the Catacombs outside the city. Those on one side are heathen, and have no immortality in their epitaphs, no rising again, while those of the early Christians express an exalted hope; then through long galleries of the splendid, striking, severe sculpture of the ancients, found everywhere over Italy—emperors, chimeras, animals in marble—all expressive, antique, and wonderful, and lovely in their exquisite art; then through rooms of old Egyptian tombs, mummies veiled and unveiled, some glaring at you in horrid, hideous, hateful death, mutilated by the unseen fingers of Time, and looking weary at not being allowed to return to common dust again. There were sarcophagi of all kinds of marbles, porphyry, etc., with high and deep bas reliefs, expressing volumes. It took more than half of the whole lapse of time since the creation, with the highest genius of earth, to produce what I saw to-day—the eye, wearied with gazing, and the mind with remembering, and the heart with feeling. The great tapestries representing some of the Cartoons of Raphael, are in two large halls, and possess great interest. These galleries are, all of them, the imperishably embalmed minds of great souls, leaving here deathless legacies out of the rich abundance wherewith God had blessed them to all succeeding times.

But the great bell of St. Peter's sounds with its unwritten, but mighty music, and the Pope rides out in his splendid carriage and his six fine horses, and a band of music strikes up and the drums beat, and the French soldiers in the piazza present arms, for he is the Head of the Church—Christ's Vicar on Earth—his Holiness, Lord God!—the Pope. Verily, St. Peter himself never went out thus attended,

unless it were to execution. But times are changed. The Pope is kept on his throne by French soldiers, and though he is fallen from his high estate in the middle ages, he is thus brought nearer to St. Peter's condition. Austria or France either could destroy his temporal power in a moment, and restore him to what he was originally—a plain Bishop—for the first five hundred years after Christ; but through motives of policy, he being almost venerated by a large portion of their subjects, they suffer him to retain his present position. Or if they did not uphold his temporal power, it would go down from sheer weakness, as the fiction of a Pope is repugnant to the common sense of all modern times.

To-day, January 5th, has been one of those undelightful days that are not much relished by sight-seers—rain all day. I strolled along the Corso, the principal street of modern Rome. I called at the Palazzo Braschi, where the American Minister, Mr. Cass, resides, and at several other places, but have not yet entered on the vast and mournful study of Rome's ruins. There are many English and Americans in Rome at present, wandering through the glorious galleries and ancient ruins. There is much talk here at present in regard to the late earthquake near Naples, the account of which probably reached Paris and London before it did here, as papers and telegraphic dispatches and general news about things near, are luxuries unknown in Italy. It is said to have destroyed fifteen thousand people. It does not, however, deter persons from going there from Rome. I know nothing comparable in majestic interest to the mind equal to a visit to Rome.

To-day, January 6th, has been one of the great fête days of the Roman Church. Nearly a third of the year is, in all, occupied by these holidays, during which the people are not permitted by law to labor, and which, perhaps, may be one cause of so much beggary and wretchedness. You

see the people standing about in their raggedness, kissing statues of Jesus, the cross, or images of the Apostles, or attending Mass. The best-looking part of the people are the soldiers and priests. They all look fat, sleek, and well-cared for, and physically, are, in general, superior to the people—the best specimens of the latter being used to recruit the former. This feast is that of the Epiphany, or the showing of Jesus Christ, when a babe, in the manger. In some of the churches there is a theatrical representation of the Virgin and Child. One church has the Bambino, or little babe, a carved image of a child, said to have been cut out of a tree on Mount Olivet, and painted by St. Luke himself, who, as the Catholic Church had need of a painter, is selected to perform what legendary painting is necessary. This is shown to the people, and carried about, and has miraculous powers, and has wonderful influence in families in various *interesting* situations—being often sent for, and getting more fees than any physician. I visited the Sistine Chapel—the Pope's private chapel in the Vatican Palace—remarkable for the great fresco of Michael Angelo, representing the Last Judgment. Those who enter here, if gentlemen, must have on a black dress coat; if ladies, must be in black, with faces veiled, and no bonnets on. Several were excluded by the gorgeously attired chamberlains at the door, for lack of those prerequisites. Many Cardinals were present, splendidly arrayed—their carriages and servants in red livery—their selves in crimson velvet, with little boys, or domestics, bearing up the train of their long, flowing robes. The Pope, a benign-looking old man (Pius IX., now in his sixty-sixth year), came in by a private entrance; the cardinals kiss his hand, kneeling before him; he blesses them—they hold his mitre—and the whole thing is grand, imposing, and puerile. The music, however, is most rich and solemn—the music is always vocal when the Pope is present—and the whole ceremony of High Mass is a most

sacred-looking spectacle. It is a kind of repetition of the death of Christ.

But St. Peter's! I entered this the first church of the world. The sight is probably worth any other moment of our lives. There are five doors—the thick heavy curtain is drawn aside, and you enter. The impression is intense, painful, impatient, disheartening, like that which one must feel at the self-conscious height of all enjoyment. You see an immense pavement composed of various marbles; and at the further end—the church is a Latin cross—nearly six hundred feet from the entrance, you see the High Altar, standing over the relics of St. Peter, and in front of this, in a circle, are eighty-nine lamps burning night and day. There are four spiral columns of the Composite order, richly ornamented, supporting a grand canopy over the altar; at the latter, the Pope can alone celebrate mass. As usual there is a vast central nave, the roof of which is vaulted, and there are two side aisles, five massive piers separating them from the aisle. But who can describe St. Peter's! It is like jumping into the jewel chamber of Heaven. Genius has done all it could; wealth and taste have exhausted their resources. Grand and numerous as are the churches I have seen, none can compare with this. One can scarcely realize that he has seen St. Peter's after he has been in it. While I was in it, in one of the side chapels, as large as a very large church, mass was being performed—the music swept through the sublime church, like the rushing of mighty legions of angels' wings along the Empyrean of Heaven. Years may pass—all manner of events may beat and war upon the heart—but nothing can surpass, nothing can equal, nothing efface the impression left by the view of the interior of St. Peter's. Near the mighty twisted bronze columns of the High Altar is an expressive bronze statue of the Apostle Peter—it is kingly majestic; the Catholics in passing always kiss the toe, which they

have nearly kissed off. The chair in which he sat as Pope, enclosed in a huge gilded exterior of bronze, is also here, and the crypt contains his bones. It is a difficult thing for any human being to manage such vast size and coerce it into beauty, yet it is done in this church. The impression of the great old giant-souled Michael Angelo is the only thing about the church that is greater than it.

Thursday, 7th.—We are out to-day on a sight-seeing expectation—our plan being not to have any plan. Here is a large church in the Via Lata, near the Doria Palace. Churches of the twelfth century are no longer regarded by us as old. Many of those in Rome go back for their foundations to the second and third centuries, and are consequently fifteen hundred years old. They have, however, often been materially modified and adapted to the taste prevailing in different ages. This church occupies the site of the house in which St. Paul lived with the Centurion. We descend into the dark crypt, and see the Roman walls of the old foundation; and we see a singular spring of water near, the legend of which is that it sprang up miraculously to enable the Apostle to baptize the Centurion whom he converted; rather an impossible fact, by the way, as sprinkling, considered as religious baptism, was unknown for two hundred years after Paul's day, until introduced by the Catholics themselves, and at first only in cases *in extremis*. But now, through streets whose dirtiness and stenchiness are vast and almost interesting, yet along which are palaces of splendid architecture belonging to families whose names were renowned in the middle ages, and passing through a church built over the palace, we descend by a staircase, which is modern, into dungeons which are old—very. There are two dungeons, one below the other. The architecture is Etruscan, formed of immense rough stones, without cement. There were no doors, the prisoners being let down into them by cords, through an opening in the

floor. They are at the base of the Capitoline Hill, and are many feet below the present surface of the ground. They are fearfully dark and dreary, and are twenty-four hundred years old, being mentioned by the oldest Roman writers. Here Jugurtha, king of Numidia, was starved to death, the Catiline conspirators were strangled, and St. Peter was confined in it. The old priest who acted as guide showed us the pillar to which he was chained; and there is also a spring down deep in the lower dungeon, of whose waters we drank, which of course had sprung up miraculously, to enable St. Peter to baptize his jailers. It is like a well. These prisons were state-prisons, and were built in the kingly periods of Rome. Catholicism, which requires larger faith than any other system of religion whatever, as one must believe not only in the Bible but in the vast volumes of legendary lore, has of course converted these dungeons into chapels. It is one of the lovely winter-days of Rome, a bright day for exploring old ruins. We have come down through the Corso, then to part of the Capitoline Hill, through streets of hideous filth, into old Rome, and here it is sure enough, in all its voiceless, magnificent, mournful ruins. I have stood on the Capitoline Hill and looked at the ruins of Rome, strewn around. Here are the "chief relics of almighty Rome." Here the three hundred Triumphs ascended in proud and long array in the glorious days of past time, and here are their unextinguishable mementoes, speaking, though mute, in affecting eloquence. Here are statues of old Romans in bronze and marble, broken and sad looking. They have been found in many places among the ruins, dug up and placed here. One, an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, is admitted to be the finest equestrian statue in the world. It is astonishingly fierce, Roman-like, full of life and action. The piazza on the top of the hill is surrounded by buildings of the fifteenth century, and churches—these occupy the places of

the ancient Roman temples. On one side you pass amidst dirty houses, then through a garden where are orange and olive trees, and you come to the assumed place of the Tarpeian rock, and look down it, "where a thousand years of silenced factions sleep!" It is not very high now, not over forty feet, and is merely an abrupt declivity, the accumulations of the soil, the old houses below, and the abrasion of the hill, having reduced its size. Descending on the other side of the hill, (Capitoline) you have in one view the most extraordinary collection of ruins in the world. It is the place of the Roman Forum. It looks like the haggard spectre of a city. It is fifteen hundred years since the commencement of the decline of Rome and the Roman Mythology, and during that time the earth itself has grown up around these ruins, to the height of twenty or more feet. You see excavations that have been made by the French and private English noblemen, in some places disclosing the ancient Roman pavement of the Forum, mouldering and mutilated marbles arches, substructions of temples, Corinthian columns, fragments of the porticos of temples—some excavated down to the base, and others with buried bases, standing all as they have stood for a thousand years, and weary that the world would not be no more. Some are in clusters and some are solitary. Here are eight columns of granite in one place, supposed to have stood at the foot of the Temple of Saturn. What has become of the rest no one knows. Near are three Corinthian columns of beautiful white marble, supposed to be a part of the temple erected to Vespasian. Near there, a single column, to whom or of what long unknown, called by Lord Byron, "the Nameless Column, with a buried base," but recently excavated to the base, and ascertained from an inscription laid bare to be elevated to the Emperor Phocas, and supposed by some to be coeval with the Catholic religion. Further on stands another fragment of some temple of marble, grim and

black with age, but lofty and imposing. But why describe a marble wilderness of ruins! Who knows what or where these are or have been! Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Pompey, could tell—but where are they? You see the Rostrum, the Arch of Septimus Severus, with its Latin inscription and its bas relief. On others are portions of inscriptions, the remainder belonging to lost fragments. Ruins and mighty ruins, massive and strong yet. There come down to us over the gulf of time, the memories of the wars of the middle and declining ages of Rome—the names of Narses, Belisarius, Attila, Totila—it was the impossible object of the barbarians to extinguish Rome, when these temples were destroyed and every thing portable and valuable removed. The remainder, however, is a city of ruins. The Via Sacra passed along this route. There are people digging and working among the ruins, and on the unexcavated parts of the Forum are houses of the middle ages, during which the locality even of the Forum was lost—nor are its limits even now defined, and each ruin is the subject of numberless unsatisfactory disquisitions. The ground is called by an Italian name, equivalent to “Cattle market,” and the filthy inhabitants are spreading out clothes to dry, after washing on mighty and majestic Roman ruins and fragments of temples; and dirt and raggedness abound where even the very air is a loveliness, and the most classical memories cling like lost spirits. An orange tree is hanging out its golden fruit near, in mockery of marble desolation.

Priests, with black, broad, shovel hats, and long cloaks, and absorbed countenances, walk about. The whole place and people seem to have had their past long ago, and weeds and shrubs grow on marble ruins. The marble itself has peeled off the columns, and the statues look as if Time were trying his rough, awkward hand, on classic countenances; and the old Romans on them look as ragged as

the modern Italians. Along those now excavated stone pavements, and up those wasted and worn marble steps, trod once Cicero, Cæsar, and Trajan. What human wrecks, too, are amidst these ruins! You think of the brightness of Rome's past; you follow the suggestions of your heart as you look at these noble ruins; you then look around, and what do you see of the things of the present? Bloated, filthy, and wretched beings, that can only beg and rot in the sun; whose virtue and conscience you could buy in any matter in which the Virgin Mary is not concerned for half a paul. The very air is poisoned with their stench. Further on are eight columns, now standing, their bases below the surface, and their upper parts adorned with Roman sculpture; and an inscription is on the top: "To the divine Antoninus, and the Diviness his wife." The temple, of which these were once a part, or all that is left of it, has been incorporated into a church; but the aged marble and the massive stones abnegate the present and assert a grander antiquity than their present use. There are the bases and ruins of seven or eight temples, two or three Basilicas or courts of justice, three or four triumphal arches near the space occupied by the Forum. Further on is the Arch of Titus, almost entire, and really beautiful. It is of marble, and was erected to commemorate his triumph over Jerusalem. There is sculpture on the inner arch representing on one side Titus in triumph: on the other, the captive Jews, bearing the golden candlestick. It is a single arch of white marble. It has on it, "The Senate and People of Rome to the deified Titus." Then, on the right, you have the Palatine Hill, where was the palace of the Cæsars, now consisting of brick and undecaying substructions, and ruins overgrown with weeds, and vines, and ivy. On the left stand ruins that are massive and wonderful, but nameless and unknown, called by some the Temple of Peace, by others the Basilica of Constantine, consisting of three mas-

sive arches of brick work, beautiful indeed, and near seventy feet high, but overgrown with shrubbery and weeds. Not far from this are the remains of the Temple of Venus and Rome; and still further on the right is the Arch of Constantine. It commemorates the emperor's victory over Maxentius. It consists of three archways, many columns, statues and bas reliefs. The ordinary road passes under this as well as the Arch of Titus. But you are now before the monster of all ruins, the Coliseum, or Flavian Amphitheatre, commenced by Vespasian, A. D. 62, and completed by Titus or Domitian. It is therefore more than seventeen hundred and eighty years old. Its form is oval, and the space it occupies about six acres. It is built of large blocks of travertine stone, which has a soft sunset hue, and is more durable than marble, and large masses of Roman brick work. It looks almost like a prodigious rocky cleft in a mountain, chasmed and irregular. There appear to have been four stories, the three lower tiers of arches supported by piers; the fourth, a solid wall, faced with pilasters. In each of the lower tiers or stories there are eighty arches—the first Doric, the second Ionic, the third and fourth Corinthian—the whole one hundred and fifty-seven feet high. Within were the marble seats, sloping backward from the arena, and over the top was, in Roman times, a great awning. It could seat eighty-seven thousand persons, who could all see the fearful combats of wild beasts, and gladiators, and the mangling of the Christians—the wild beasts being kept in vast dens around the base of the building. Moss, and grass, and weeds—an entire and peculiar botany, upward of four hundred and twenty species of plants—are found growing on this most remarkable of all ruins. There are lovely flowers fastening on brick walls more than a hundred feet above us, like gentle thoughts clinging around a seared and lacerated heart. Here the Jewish captives taken in the wars of Titus toiled in a more hopeless slavery

than their Egyptian one, with no Moses to come to their deliverance, no Christ, no hope. Along the base and under the floor of the vast oval, were stalls for the wild beasts, the fierce inhabitants of the forests of Asia and Africa, famished for days, and then fed on Christians and Jews for the amusement of the Romans. But the Christians have all conquered where they died. The Popes have converted the Coliseum also; and all around its ample interior are Stations, or chapels, (fourteen) representing the Ascent up Calvary; and in its centre is a large cross, with the mystic spear and sponge; and an inscription on the cross promises two hundred days' indulgence to each one who kisses the cross. On one side is a pulpit, in which a monk preaches every Friday. It was constructed to last forever, but that is a vain thing. Yet it has already sustained more catastrophies and calamities than any other building whatever. Much of it has fallen down; the outer circle of walls is not near entire. Vast palaces have been built of it. It was used for two hundred years as a quarry; it has been used as a fortress; has indeed "fallen from its high estate," and been prostituted to all kinds of servile business; and it is now a church. But it cannot die till it shall have accomplished the compensations due to its past; and almost enough yet remains to build a city out of it. There are avenues and corridors all around it, on each story, between the vast columns, and under the lofty arches. Externally the appearance presented is that of three rows of lofty arches, one above the other, going entirely around the building, along which were numerous adornments—statues, frieze-work in stone. Brick walls have been constructed by modern Popes to keep portions of it from falling down. There it sits, an awful, majestic ruin, rising high in the blue air of Rome, an unhappy thing in spite of the sun, charnelling up its past—as if therein were garnered the

sacred ashes of martyrs long ago. Ah! no city has had the past that Rome has had.

From the Arch of Titus I ascended by a road between old walls to the Palatine Hill. This celebrated hill, where stood the palace of the Cæsars, part of which was habitable in the eighth century, where palaces had existed since the kingly period, and where Romulus is said to have made the first foundations of Rome, is now a garden where weeds, vines, ivy, cypresses, grow over the substructions, and brick foundations of the palaces and temples of old. The hill is about one-and-a-half miles in circuit. On one place you are shown where stood the Temple of Apollo—all around are strewn fragments of marble ruins, mixed with the soil. Here was the Temple of Jupiter, the house of Augustus, that of Caligula, and further on that of Nero. These buildings were probably of such splendor as to surpass all other palaces that ever existed. In them were the glorious master pieces of Greek and Roman art, and against them was especially directed the fury of Rome's numerous conquerors, so that nothing remains. Therein glittered gems and jewels of inestimable value—all that earth could do to render life a scene of enjoyments. The laborer's instruments of agriculture now harrow up this classical dust. There are several convents on the hill, and villas with their gardens. Taking a guide, I descended into a subterranean apartment in the hill, called the Baths of Livia. The guide lights a torch, and shows you ancient Roman fresco paintings of heads and animals on the blackened, aged wall, the colors of the paintings by some art now lost preserving their original brightness; there are portions of baths, niches for busts. You are in the under-ground apartments of the palace of the Cæsars. The very air is ghostly and old. The decline and fall of the mighty Roman empire, and the rise of all the kingdoms of Europe, have been since these things were built. All over the

surface of the Palatine Hill are desolate fragments of walls. The soil is fertile. Why should it not be, since it once grew temples and palaces, but now it feeds itself from their ruins. The soil has fragments of immortal marbles that sat in the pride and genius of art, almost living things, before Julius Cæsar. From an elevated modern villa, on the top of the hill, are most interesting views of the old city and its surroundings. The Tiber flows on one side, and the Circus Maximus was at the base of the hill between it and the Aventine. The beautiful little antique columned thing, with its ugly modern restoration into a church, the Temple of Vesta is seen. The Coliseum, the Arches of Titus and Constantine, the fragmentary columns of the Forum, with the ruined arches they support, the domes of the three hundred and sixty churches of Rome, the historic land of the mightiest political idea the world has ever seen—are before you. But the stupid gardeners and mule-drivers work on below you. What care have they for the antique! They care more for the paul you give them than for the entire past. It is useless to ask him, What is this, that, or the other thing? He merely confesses his ignorance by one word, whereas it takes others many volumes to show the same thing. You might as well interrogate the *manes* of Caligula: they would not answer, and he cannot. Who knows, after two thousand five hundred years of desolation, whether that ivy-grown wall was the Palatine Library, or whether these arches were erected by Augustus, or whether those crypts, now used as stables for cattle, were under Nero's golden house? Who knows any thing? He that knows he knows nothing. There are corridors, arches and vaults said to have been erected by Nero, and the building above, which was inhabited by the Emperor Heraclius as late as the seventh century, in other parts of the hill, most mournfully mantled with ivy and with creeping plants, and around them are the Farnese

Gardens. Such is the Palatine Hill. But 'tis time to return: Here, however, is a modern church (by modern is meant here not older than four hundred years) near the Roman Forum. You enter. A monk, eager to make a paul, (a little over a dime,) comes to conduct you. Though the churches are splendid on the outside and inside, the priests are generally poor. Many things that are really interesting to an American, or a dweller in a new country, are to be seen in all these churches, more than in many a museum. Above the altar he shows you a grand old painting, then down in the crypt he shows you relics of martyrs. Here is a splendid bronze tomb, with adornments of precious stones, as lapis lazuli, verd antique marble, angels in bronze and silver. How proud some people are after they are dead! He tells you here are the bones of saints martyred during the ten general persecutions of the Christians in the days of the Roman emperors; and all around are elegant marble vases, containing the bones of this and that nothing, and a lamp is ever kept burning out the darkness. Well, let us respect humble sincerity wherever found. There are worse employments in this world than attending to the bones of martyrs.

To-day, January 7th, we have employed one of the best guides in all Rome, who speaks a little English, and who formerly was in the employ of Louis Napoleon when he resided in Rome. The word "we" sometimes means an editor, sometimes a king, queen, and emperor—a Pope also; but at present it means ourselves. We are five or six Americans, travelers, who have met in Rome and Florence, and one English gentleman. Three of our party are ladies—one a sparkling, dark-eyed brunette, whose life has been transparently pure, and whose heart is an unclosed rosebud; one a more pensive, thoughtful, and paler beauty—that best of all created things, a true American woman—and we are out over the sights and scenes of Rome, starting usually at

ten and returning in time for dinner at five o'clock, P. M. Our guide takes us first to the Borghese Palace, one of the finest palaces of the modern Roman Cardinal aristocracy. Its Picture Gallery is extensive, containing more than eight hundred paintings, many of them very fine. The palace is near the Tiber, and is built of travertine stone, as are most of the palaces. This is a volcanic stone, which underlies most of the country hereabouts, and was thrown out of some vast, now extinct, volcano, ages ago, or it may be coeval with the original fluidity of all things. It is somewhat, and sometimes very much, porous. The palaces usually inclose a four-sided court; the staircases are of marbles; the lower windows have iron bars across them. The Picture Gallery consists of fifteen rooms. In each room are hand-books or catalogues of the paintings, subject and master, in Italian and French. There are liveried domestics in each room. You enter your name in the Visitors' Book, pay a paul to the guard who opens the door, if alone—if with a party, two or three pauls; and you walk through the splendid rooms, in which you find at almost all times travelers like yourself from various countries. It is a wearisome business "to go through with" these grand galleries. You are embarrassed with their riches. The celebrated "Entombment of Christ," by Raphael, is here; the "Cumæan Sybil," and the "Chase of Diana," both by Domenichino, and very fine. In some fresco paintings by Raphael—"Archers Shooting with the Arrows of Cupid"—there is vast genius. From this we went to the Capitoline Hill, and ascended to the summit of the tower. It has been remarked there is no scene in the world more interesting than that presented from this spot. The glorious past of Rome is in view. Here are the seven immortal hills. The one on which we stand is the Capitol, having had on it the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The Forum, with its mighty and beautiful ruins and excavated

temples, lies below us. Not far from this is the ruin-covered Palatine. On the right of this is the Aventine, convent-crowned. To the left of this, crowned by the Church of St. John Lateran, first in rank and dignity of all churches in the world, is the Cœlian. North of this is the Esquiline Hill. These hills, though within the walls, and in ancient Rome covered with houses and temples, are at present solitary and deserted, or covered with vines and gardens. There is, north of this hill, the Viminal, also a lonely desert inside the walls; and next to this the Quirinal, on part of which is the Pope's summer palace. These are the seven hills of the original city of Rome. Monte Pincio, the Janiculum, Monte Vaticano, and others now inside the walls, were added under the emperors—the Apennines and the Sabine Mountains, lying under white snows at present, with celebrated Italian towns on their slopes, on one side, the blue Mediterranean on the other—the long, plain, undulating, and ruin-sowed Campagna between them—all these are in view: the Tiber rolls between the city of the Cæsars, with its ruins and excavated temples; the city of the Popes, with its churches, all pass before the eye—an unparalleled panorama. It is Rome, the Mighty Fallen! In the tower of the Capitol is the great bell—rung but on two occasions: to announce the death of the Pope and the beginning of the Carnival.

Descending from this, we drove to the Church of St. John Lateran, ecclesiastically the first church in the world. It is grand and gilt beyond description, and rich in marbles and mosaics; relics also—containing the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, for the whole body of any saint is rarely all buried at the same place. One of its chapels, that of the Corsini family, some of whom were Popes, beggars description in its rich marbles and gems. It has fine statues and a porphyry sarcophagus. This church was originally founded by Constantine, and is fifteen hundred years old.

Though St. Peter's is larger and finer, this is regarded as the first and principal church of the Catholic world. Five General Councils have been held in it. Adjoining it is a palace, in which the Popes dwelt for one thousand years. The malaria is depopulating this part of the city, and as it thus was rendered unhealthy, the palace has been converted into a museum of sculpture. The statues in the sides of the nave, and around the roof of the church, are numerous; there are also very strange and old mosaics of the Virgin and saints in the interior. Near this church, or Basilica, as the seven chief churches of Rome are called, is the Baptistery, an octagonal structure of brick-work, built by Constantine. It contains the baptismal font of green basalt, in which Constantine was baptized; also, two magnificent red porphyry columns, fine paintings, but chiefly the holy staircase, brought from the house of Pilate in Jerusalem, renowned as that by which the Saviour descended from the judgment-seat, and marked with his blood. It is almost covered with wooden planks to protect it, and devotees were ascending it on their knees, kissing each step before ascending it, and thereby get two hundred days indulgence, investing thereby a fund of goodness out of which they can draw when inclined to sin. The Catholic Church have made out of Purgatory a bank which has been worth to them hundreds of millions, by which the other world is made of some use in this. I saw here a likeness of the Saviour at twelve years of age, said to have been painted by St. Luke. Near this we passed the remains of the great Aqueduct of Claudius, the Roman Emperor. It is a brick canal, on gigantic arches, perhaps fifty feet high. Six miles of this work still bestride the Campagna. It was originally forty-eight miles in length, of which thirty-six were underground. The aqueducts in ancient Rome were numerous; they conveyed water from fountains in the Apennines across the Campagna. Modern Rome is, perhaps, as well supplied

with water as any city in the world. Water is rendered a highly ornamental adjunct in most of the cities of Europe, in the form of splendid fountains, a thing we sadly neglect in America. One would think the Romans were ignorant of the hydrostatic principle that water will rise in a tube as high as the fountain, judging from these massive constructions to convey it on a plane. The aqueducts look like huge city walls, pierced with innumerable arches. Then we came to a recently discovered tomb, that of Eurysaces the baker, a vast monument, concealed for ages in huge walls. It has sculpture representing the domestic habits of the Romans, and the processes of making bread, and a bust of the baker and his wife. All these ancient tombs have no immortality on any of them. Affection clung around the dust of the departed; but except among such philosophers as Seneca, Plato, or Socrates, there is no hope of a reunion. Whereas that is the burden of the simplest modern Christian gravestone.

Then we visited another church—a Basilica—that of Santa Croce, or the Holy Cross, which contains portions of the true cross of Christ, the fragment of which is exhibited to the people on one day in Easter week, as a vast rarity. This church was founded A. D. 327, by the Empress Helena, who found the true cross on Mount Calvary, imbedded in the ground, and had it transported, with some of the earth, from Jerusalem to this place. There has thus been a church on this foundation for fifteen hundred and forty years. Ladies are not allowed to enter some chapels in this church, except one day in the year. There are many columns in this church, three of which are of red Egyptian granite. The High Altar has an ancient urn of green basalt. Most of the portion of Rome over which we had now passed, was a desert, or covered with ruins, vines, or olives. Our guide now directed our course to the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, one of the finest

churches in Rome. The view along the aisle of this church is splendid. There are two rows of Ionic columns of white marble. This church was founded fifteen hundred and three years ago. The display of ancient paintings along the sides and ends of the nave is wonderful; the vault over the Tribune, back of the High Altar, has very ancient mosaics. About the High Altar are four Corinthian columns of red porphyry. The great attraction, however, is the Borghese Chapel, said to be the richest chapel in the world. The altar of the Virgin in it has four fluted columns of oriental jasper, all kinds of marbles, rich and antique, and many kinds of precious stones. Ornament is exhausted in this chapel. We saw here a miraculous painting of the Virgin, said to have been painted by St. Luke. The tombs in this chapel of the Borghese family, and that of Sixtus V., in another chapel, are of extraordinary splendor. The nave of this church is two hundred and eighty feet long.

From this we drove to the Church of St. Peter in Vincoli, so called because it contains a portion of the chain with which St. Peter was bound. This is shown to the people only on rare occasions. It is in the usual form of a Latin cross, with low rows of antique, fluted columns along the aisles. It contains the powerful and most impressive statue "Moses," by Michael Angelo, regarded as one of his greatest works. The statue is sitting, and the expression of lofty, commanding intelligence in the face, is most remarkable. In the cloisters adjoining the church, which are formed out of some ancient ruins, we saw Guido Reni's most lovely painting, called "Hope," represented by a beautiful woman: one of those paintings at which the heart gazes as well as the eye. There is a pensive looking forward in this picture—a leaping over the troubles of the present into the future, which is enchanting. There is also here a very fine and impressive painting by Domenichino, the angel liberating Peter.

The Catholic churches are open all day, except, generally, from twelve to three; there are persons nearly all times in them praying; priests at all times, who, for a small fee, unlock the doors of the side chapels, or cloisters, or unvail the celebrated paintings, and demean themselves toward strangers with politeness. Old beggars are, in general, around the entrances, beseeching you, in the name of various saints, for alms.

Returning toward our hotel, we passed through ancient streets, in different parts of which stood ancient columns, crumbling ruins, half buried, mournful in their mutilated sculpture. Then we came upon the excavated Forum of Trajan, several feet below the present surface, with its broken pillars and its strange, voiceless, but eloquent desolation. The Forums appear to have been places of public resort, adorned with lofty and elegant columns, libraries, where the people met, conversed, promenaded, heard orations—a kind of elegant lounge among choice treasures of art. They were built by various Roman Emperors, as a kind of compliment to the people, to commemorate their reigns and display their taste in the fine arts. Much of this one is excavated; but a third of the space occupied by it is supposed to be under the adjoining streets and houses. The original height of the gray granite columns was about fifty-five feet. The column of Trajan, which has stood unbroken for seventeen centuries, stands near the Forum. It is regarded as the most beautiful historical column in the world, and has been the model of innumerable others: that of *Napoléon*, in the *Place Vendôme* in *Paris*, is merely an imitation. It is a column composed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, is one hundred and twenty-seven feet high, and has sculptured on it twenty-five hundred human figures, besides many horses and fortresses, all representing the victories of Trajan, who extended the Roman Empire beyond any previous limits. Trajan, returning from his

wars, died on the way, and never saw it completed. His ashes, placed in a golden urn, were deposited under the column. The figures are sculptured in bas relief. Sixtus V., the Pope who undertook the conversion of all the obelisks and ancient columns of Rome, converted this one also, and had it surmounted by the statue of St. Peter instead of the Roman Emperor. The columns of granite standing around were broken very irregularly; some are yet fifteen or twenty feet high, others only two or three feet, others higher. This Forum was finished A. D. 114. After this we drove by the beautiful fountain di Trevi, the water falling over artificial rocks. Many priests were seen in the course of our day's sight-seeing. They were almost as numerous as the beggars. They wear long black cloaks, broad black hats; and you may see, occasionally, extremely black negroes walking side by side with white priests—intended for missionaries in Africa—the Universal Roman Church making no distinction of color. Many Cardinals are seen riding in their red carriages, or on horseback—some hideous and ugly-looking. Antonelli, the Pope's prime minister, ought to take the premium for ugliness. They are attended by servants in red livery, and their rank is that of princes. Many processions of various kinds are seen, monks in coarse clothing and sandal-shod priests in white blankets and costumes denoting their order; also, processions of boys, who are being educated for priests. Catholicism has succeeded and failed, or it has failed by success. No success over heart, head, here and hereafter, was ever so complete. Yet its success is the failure of all freedom and prosperity, and the establishment of a spiritual tyranny.

This morning, January 8th, I visited the church Santa Trinita de Monti. It is on Monte Pincio. You ascend by one of the most beautiful stairways of stone in the world, consisting of more than one hundred steps. In part of the

church and convent is one of the Egyptian obelisks, of which there are so many in Rome. This one is of red granite, with hieroglyphics. It is on a pedestal, and the height of the whole from the ground is nearly one hundred feet. Nearly all of these obelisks stood in ancient Rome, but during the middle ages had fallen down, and were imbedded in the mud, until they were re-erected within the last two or three hundred years. I was admitted through a side door into the church by a mild, gentle-faced man. There are some very fine paintings here—one, a Deposition from the Cross, by Daniel da Volterra, assisted by Michael Angelo, regarded by some as the third greatest painting in the world, being surpassed but by two others. It looks very old, and is somewhat injured; but the persons seem almost like statuary, and all show the magnificence and power of great genius. It is a fresco. There are some other fine paintings here—one a Madonna in the pre-Raphael style, that is truly lovely, sinless and holy—one of those creations on which we love to dwell, till our heart gives life and humanity to the creation. The nuns devote themselves to the education of girls, whose voices are most sweet when blended with the organ, and the music is of the best style. Here a series of sermons, in almost all languages, are delivered on each day in a different language. This is to show the universality of the Catholic religion. The church is internally a most splendid one, and on the altar were statues dressed and representing the Virgin and Child, and the three Wise Men of the East and the Star above, all scenic and well represented. The preacher, who was from Nova Scotia, expatiated in English on the abuses resulting from private interpretation of the Scriptures, much, as I suppose he thought, to the edification of the Protestants who formed a considerable part of the audience. The Bible, with the Catholic interpretation of it annexed, is the way they receive the Scriptures; in

which respect they are not singular, since many Protestant sects receive it as expounded by their various creeds.

The sufferings and trials of the Virgin Mary were much enlarged on, so as to arouse our sympathy and concern, and indeed a very pretty case can be made out of it. This is their favorite subject.

“They turn from grizzly saints and martyrs hairy,
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.”

Conversions, as they call them, rather perversions, are said to be numerous at Rome from the Protestant faith. In general, Catholics are well instructed by the priests in the polemics of their faith, and they can argue better than most Protestants. Their course of argument is most insidious and dangerous, and really they make the idea of the “Holy Apostolic Catholic Church,” with its antiquity, its long array of Popes, and its brilliant history, and the self-denial of its priests and nuns, a very imposing thing. It has so much of what appeals directly to the senses in its traditions and relics, that it is difficult to see how, by the ordinary laws of the human mind, one who is educated in it can be otherwise than Catholic or infidel. Those who do not think are the former—those who do are the latter. Protestantism is regarded as a kind of modern, vulgar humbug, gotten up by a renegade priest, and is hardly thought to be respectable. Little is known of the various sects of Protestantism, who are generally considered as all Lutherans and Episcopalians. The number of Protestants living in Rome, this does not include travelers, is two hundred and sixty-three. The Jews are nearly ten thousand. The rest, about one hundred and eighty thousand, are Catholics. After the exhilarating exposition of the error of attempting to interpret the Scriptures for one’s-self, I proceeded to the stately palace of Prince Spada, where, in a lofty old hall, I saw the gigantic statue (nine feet high) of

Pompey the Great, generally admitted to be the one at the base of which Julius Cæsar fell. It is of Parian marble, and the attitude, gesture, and expression, are most imperial. The left hand grasps a globe. It was dug out of the ruins. The picture gallery here contains some very fine works, though underrated by Murray, in his excellent Guide Book. A painting of Jesus Disputing in the Temple struck me as very good: a grand, earnest, and noble face is given to the Saviour. There is one of Dido on the funeral pyre of her husband, that is very fine. From this I wandered through Rome. The city does not improve any of course. There are restorations, frescoes are cleaned, churches kept up, pictures restored, some ruins dug out, but few houses are built. Then I crossed the bridge of St. Angelo, built by the Emperor Hadrian, as a passage to his mausoleum on the other side of the Tiber, now a strong French fortress, from which there is a covered way to the Pope's palace, by which he can secretly escape to the fortress. I then spent some hours in St. Peter's. This church impresses one greatly on account of its vast size. Persons appear like pigmies when seen from opposite ends of the church. The letters around the vault of the dome are six feet long, but appear not more than five inches. They are in Latin. "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church. I give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven." The Evangelists are represented in mosaic, and appear of the ordinary size, though the pen in St. Mark's hand is six feet long. There are confessionals in every living language in St. Peter's—no matter of what nation a person may be, he can find a ghostly father here able to receive his confession in his native tongue. They sit on the confession boxes, and some have long wands in their hands, by which they touch those kneeling in front, and give them spiritual benefit. The women confess much more frequently than the men. All must confess however occasionally, since the

neglect of it involves the loss of their civil rights if persisted in. There is one confessional in which a Cardinal sits once a week, with authority from the Pope to pardon great offenses, which no ordinary priest can forgive. St. Peter's, like three other churches in Rome, has a holy door, by which in years of jubilee persons may go in, but never come out. It is walled up during the intervening years. The temperature of St. Peter's undergoes no change, perhaps on account of its vast size. In summer, it is cool and pleasant—in winter, warm and delightful. Few or no Catholic churches that I have seen have fire-places, stoves, or seats. You must kneel or stand, and if cold must shudder through your devotions if you intend any. In some places there are chairs, which are occasionally put into the aisles of the church. The absence of seats or pews enables one to see the fine marbles and mosaics of the floor, the tombs, etc., besides rendering church-going not quite so luxurious a thing as in some Protestant churches. In St. Peter's there are mosaic representations of most of the great paintings of Italy. Oil paintings and frescoes both fade, but mosaics are immortal, as many remaining from old Roman times prove. The Florentine mosaic is the best and most valuable, consisting of real stones or gems of various colors, set in so as to make the picture; the Roman, of which these in St. Peter's are formed, consists of small pieces, variously colored with a composition prepared not much unlike glass. Standing at the proper distance, it is impossible to tell them from oil paintings. There is but one oil painting in St. Peter's. Besides a piece of the true cross found by the Empress mother of Constantine, St. Helena, on Mount Calvary, the head of St. Andrew, and pictures of St. Peter and St. Paul, this church has the handkerchief, retaining the impression of the Saviour's face, on which he wiped his brow, when ascending Mount Calvary: this is exhibited on certain occasions. Some of the Catholic

legends are beautiful. One about the cross is as follows. Adam, when about dying, being sunk in deep remorse on account of the disaster brought on the human race by himself, dispatched Seth, his son, to implore the Cherubim guarding the entrance to the tree of life in Paradise, to give him some of the fruit to renew his life. The angels denied the request; but breaking off a small twig from the tree he threw it over the walls of Eden, informing Seth that when that branch had fruit his father would recover. Seth returning found Adam dead; he however planted the twig, and it grew to be a vast tree. After various occurrences, it was cut down by order of Solomon to make a bridge over an approach to the Temple, by which the Queen of Sheba was to pass on her visit to him. When passing over it she had a vision, which revealed to her that when that wood ran blood, Jerusalem would be destroyed; which, when Solomon hearing, he ordered the wood to be thrown into the Dead Sea. Ages passed, when by some convulsion of nature the wood was thrown near the foot of Calvary, and the persons making the Cross of Jesus Christ finding no other wood convenient, appropriated it for that purpose. Thus it ran blood, and from it the Second Adam revived—Christ being its fruit.

The Bambino ceremonies, which took place at the various churches on the 6th inst., attracted much attention. The Bambino consists of an ugly-looking, scared babe, carved out of an olive tree, from Jerusalem, which St. Luke, kindly appearing, painted while the artist was taking a nap. It is carried about in procession by a company of priests, and attended by a band of soldiers with music, the people kneeling, and esteeming it a great happiness to get a glimpse of it. It looks most extremely like gross idolatry. The Bambino goes about in a carriage, to visit women in labor, and performs many splendid cures.

This morning, January 11th, we are out again over the

sights of Rome. The air is rich and delicious. Yesterday we suspended sight-seeing. I went to the Palazza Braschi, the residence of the American minister, where, in a room in that spacious palace, the Presbyterian service is performed every Sunday—the minister kindly inviting all Americans to come; the seats are free, and there is not a word said in reference to a paul as pay, preparatory to a preach. Protestants are not allowed a meeting-house in Rome. On Sunday evening, the great resort in Rome is the Pincian Hill. A first-rate band of music performs here, splendid carriages and fine horses are seen, and the whole population of Rome are out, enjoying the scene and the sunlight, the mirth and the music. It is melancholy in its mirth, however, when one thinks of the powerful and mighty empire, that has passed away, beneath our feet, whose inhabitants, two thousand years ago, enjoyed the same scene that we do now. Our party of eight or nine, this morning (Monday), with our guide, rode rapidly through the streets of Rome. The streets are all narrow, and without foot pavements. Here we stop at a huge, four-sided marble superstructure—the Temple of Janus Quadrifons—possessing the solid and time-enduring attributes of a Roman structure. It is supposed to have stood at the junction of four different streets in old Rome; the streets, with their population, have all passed away, but it remains. Each front is fifty-four feet long, and about forty high, and the four principal arcades are surrounded by numerous blind arches, etc., and the whole ruin is tree and shrub and moss-grown. Opposite are the remains of another temple, with sculptured bas-reliefs on it, and then through a long, narrow, dirty lane of walls and houses, we descend to works still more ancient—the Cloaca Maxima, or great ditch, constructed by Tarquinius, King of Rome, more than twenty-four centuries ago. It still serves as the sewer, or drain of Rome, as it has done through almost half of all time. It is a subter-

anean, covered arch, terminating in the Tiber, composed of massive stones, without cement, and its antiquity and identity have never been doubted. Many of the stones of the arch are five or six feet in length, and two or three feet thick. About these temples and great works are very mean, modern Roman buildings, and mean-looking Romans at work. There is a stream of fresh, clear water near this, where Castor and Pollux, the demigods, watered their horses, after assisting the Romans in some battle of old. Here Roman women were washing clothes. We then stood on a bridge over the Tiber, and saw the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima, the yellow, golden river flowing near by mean houses and scenes, instead of the temples and palaces of yore. Near this is, however, the beautiful little Temple of Vesta. It is circular, and surrounded by twenty beautiful Corinthian columns of Parian marble; the height of the columns is thirty-two feet; the roof and other portions are modern. But little remains of the ancient building, except the columns, one only of which is lost. It is now a chapel. The remains of the Temple of Fortune, now incorporated into a church, stand on a recently excavated basement, and have a number of beautiful Ionic columns. Passing along the base of the Palatine Hill, with the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars on our left, and the site of the Circus Maximus on our right, we came upon portions of the old Appian Way, on parts of which we saw the Roman paving above ground. This way was, in old days, lined with stately tombs. We soon came to the Tomb of the Scipios, discovered some years since in excavating for a wine cellar. We descended, with lighted torches, some distance down into the ground. There are numerous windings and caverns deep in the ground, formed out of the volcanic rock, and we saw the niches where the urns were, containing the ashes of this most renowned family, the inscriptions over the places where the stone coffins and sculptured sarcophagi

had been; they are now removed to the Vatican Museum. All was gloomy and dark here, as a fit shrine of departed greatness. When we had threaded the avenues of these celebrated tombs, which are twenty-three centuries old, and paid the grim tomb-keeper, we returned to the light of day and pursued our course. The road on one side was skirted with ruins; the marble of the temples and the gray columns was all gone, but the foundations of the buildings, those things which could not be destroyed, and which time could not devour, stood proud, lonely, but enduring in their age, partaking not of the transitoriness of even the Roman Empire. We soon came to the Triumphal Arch of Drusus, standing almost entire in its age and grandeur, a thing Roman and renowned. Drusus was the father of the Emperor Claudius. It is a single arch, very high and overrun with Italian ivy. Its age is about seventeen hundred and fifty years. We now passed outside the walls of Rome by the Porta Santa Sebastiana, or gateway Sebastian, and were on the Campagna. The present walls of Rome are, in general, those built by Aurelian, sixteen hundred years ago. They are generally of Roman brick, are fifty feet high on the outside, and have nearly three hundred towers. There are twenty gates in all, but at present seven are walled up. The portions belonging to the imperial times, consisting of walls somewhat like net-work, patches made by Belisarius and the Popes are also seen. The wall makes many angles in its course. We were now on the Via Appia, or Appian, which once extended to all the eastern and southern possessions of the Romans in Italy. Until within the last few years it had been confounded with the Campagna, and its ancient course only known by the ruins of tombs; the paving was many feet below the present surface, but of late years a number of miles of the way has been cleared out. The earth itself rose against the Roman ruins, and wanted to hide them. We passed various ruins of tombs; there

were no cheerful dwelling-houses, no country seats to greet us, no orchards, nothing but the Campagna of Rome—the seared, world-blighted Campagna, scorched and scathed by war in all ages, till it had grown superannuated before the world would cease. Its surface is irregular, and without trees or fences or hedges. We came to a church erected on the spot where St. Peter, fleeing from Rome to escape martyrdom, met the Saviour, and asking him, “Lord, whither goest thou?” received for answer, “To Rome, to be crucified the second time!” upon which Peter, gathering courage, returned to the city, and submitted to a crown of martyrdom. The Saviour imprinted his feet on the solid slab of black lava stone on which he stood. We were shown the fac simile of the original. Along here we come upon the City of the Sleepers—the places of the ambitious dead—the weary, nameless, brick monuments, erected to contain the ashes of unimmortal dead. But who could tell what is, or is not. Is that shapeless heap of brick, denuded of ornament, fresco, and marble, the tomb of Geta? Another place is claimed as the Columbaria of Augustus, where, in brick holes (not unlike dovecotes, whence the Latin name is derived), the ashes of the freedmen of Augustus were deposited in urns—the family burying-ground of the Roman emperors. Nothing is more melancholy than perished greatness—than the ruins of an empire. We now come to the Basilica, or church of St. Sebastian, founded by Constantine fifteen hundred and thirty years ago, underneath which we, taking an old priest as guide, he giving to each a torch, descended to the great Catacombs, which are underground passages, gloomy caves, caverns, and corridors in the volcanic rock, and passing under the city of Rome itself, and even as far as the Mediterranean—having openings at various places in the city, under churches, and in the Campagna—the whole forming a subterraneous Rome. These passages were originally excavated, it is said, to pro-

cure a peculiar species of volcanic ashes, called pozzuloni, which, in conjunction with lime, formed that cement which has contributed to render the Roman work almost imperishable. Afterward, they became, when abandoned, the resorts of robbers, and in times of great persecutions of the early Christians, they hid here during the day, and brought the bodies of those who had suffered martyrdom. The early Christians believing in the resurrection of the identical body, did not burn the remains as the Romans did. The bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were originally buried in the Catacombs of the Vatican. When Nero was about to erect a circus over that place, they were then removed to the Catacombs of St. Calisto, connected with those which we, at present, entered—the entrance to them being a few hundred yards nearer Rome. Descending under the church, we went down a great number of narrow steps in the volcanic rock, the monk preceding, the ladies growing a little paler as the air became heavier and more sepulchral, and the number of windings increased, so that in a few moments it would have been utterly impossible for any of the party to have found the way out. The monk showed us the niches in the walls for the bodies, which were generally walled up and covered with cement, with some mystic symbol—the Greek letters representing Christ, the palm branch indicating martyrdom; the instruments of torture by which they were put to death, were also found here. In some places large rooms appear to have been excavated, and here, the monk said, the early Christians assembled to sing and pray, as in a church, seventeen hundred and twenty years ago—that being about the time when the most violent persecutions raged, when they were smeared over with combustible substances, half buried in the ground, and set on fire to light Nero's gardens with. What fearful and tearful meetings must have been held here, when the braver ones returned, bearing the mutilated corpse of some one

who had died triumphantly and gloriously in the faith. How, while the flesh grew weak at the sight, the spirit was strengthened! What joy and hope grew out of the grave of sorrow! and they were more happy than Nero in his golden house. In some rooms were the burial-places of an entire family—husband, wife, and several children. The word “Martyr” was inscribed on some slabs. Most of the inscriptions here now are only copies, the real ones having been removed to the Vatican Palace, where I saw many of them. The old monk asserted that seventy-four thousand persons had been buried here. He showed us where the remains of St. Sebastian were found, who was shot to death with arrows; they are now buried under the High Altar in the church. The air here was stifling and sepulchral. We could hear the carriages rolling along on the Via Appia, over our heads. Persons have been lost in these Catacombs, and the guide told an awful story of a teacher, and a school of thirty children, who had ventured in without guides, and all perished—the tortuous nature of the route soon confusing the mind. The old monk, however, said he could go many miles through them without lights, and not lose his way. The return to the light of day was pleasant. In the church, we saw some of the arrows with which St. Sebastian was put to death; also, the original stone on which the impression of the Saviour’s feet was made, and other relics, all of which we, as Protestants, doubted extremely.

Resuming our route, we visited strange and extensive ruins on the Campagna, called the Circus of Maxentius, and the Tomb of Romulus. There are mighty ruins strewn over the Campagna, consisting of brick walls and the foundations of stately palaces. The circus is fifteen hundred and eighty feet long, and two hundred and sixty in breadth, constructed of brick and small stones. The balcony where the Emperor sat to view the races, is yet seen. Obelisks stand here, and many works of art. From some of these

points, the view embraces miles of Roman ruins, remnants of huge, arched aqueducts. Returning, we visited the so-called Temple of Bacchus, now a Catholic church. There are some paintings here of the eleventh century. In front are four white marble columns, of the Corinthian order. Near this we saw a most beautiful grove of live oaks, called the Sacred Wood, which is the only cheerful, living feature almost in this horizon of ruins. Near this we visited the reputed fountain and grotto of Egeria, where Numa, the second King of Rome, held nightly consultations with the wise counsellor-goddess. It is an artificial vaulted chamber, hollowed out of a steep bank; there are niches for the divinities. It is partly in ruins, and there is a small fountain whose waters precipitate themselves into a bath. The waters are reputed as medicinal. The walls have been clothed with slabs of marble; the ruins are covered with moss and evergreen plants, hanging down. The distinctive character of the Campagna is here clearly seen. It looks like an accursed present grieving over a glorious past. It is a very irregular level, having numerous holes and caves, leading, no one knows where—catacombs of dead men's bones below, and ruins of palaces above. We now visited the fortress-like tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Appian Way, about two-and-a-half miles from Rome. It looks like a once strongly fortified, now dismantled castle. It is nineteen centuries old. Within, all is in ruins, but the strong outside circular walls remain. It has a simple inscription on a marble slab, "To Cecilia," daughter of some one, wife of some one. The tower is circular, resting on a quadrangular basement, and is seventy feet in diameter. The upper parts had fallen down, but when it was changed into a fortress, were replaced by battlements. Few travelers see this remarkable monument, without experiencing a singular sympathy for the strange and unknown Cecilia, whose ashes were placed in this, the most beautiful sepulchral monu-

ment in the world. A marble sarcophagus was found here many ages ago, in a small vaulted apartment, surrounded with walls of great thickness, in the interior of the monument. A golden urn, containing the ashes, was in it; this latter has long since disappeared. She is said to have been the wife of Crassus, the wealthiest of the Romans, who perished miserably in a war against the Parthians. The tomb is a very conspicuous object along this road of ruins. It rests on a wall of lava, strengthened with large stones. Some ivy has covered a part of it. It is probably eighty feet high. Here the Roman paving of the Via Appia is very distinctly seen. We pursued the route for some distance, then returned toward the city; on our return, visiting the house of Rienzi, the great Roman Tribune of five hundred years ago, the destroyer of the ancient nobility of the country, and who secured, for a brief period, something like popular Roman liberty. We then stood on the Ponte Rotte, one of the bridges over the Tiber—ruins of temples visible all around—the yellow, careless river flowing beneath as in ages ago, when Rome was in its youth, and thirst for empire had every gratification. The miserable, modern city was full in view above, and the island in the Tiber, shaped like a vessel, with its churches—the ancient glorious, but the present desolate. To our hotel, then, with our heads full of ruins.

To-day, January 7th, our party start again with our Cicerone. We first visited the palace of the Corsini family beyond the Tiber. There is a fine collection of paintings here—some most beautiful ones by Carlo Dolce and Murillo. There is a most beautiful marble sarcophagus here, with sculpture on it in bas relief. Opposite to this is the Farnesian Palace, which contains some beautiful frescoes by Raphael. These palaces are not inhabited, except by servants. They belong to the King of Naples. The latter palace is a melancholy place. The frescoes of Raphael are left in

damp and decay. The Galatea, one of his finest productions, is here. She is represented in her shell, drawn by dolphins. There is a strange, active, *livingness* in the face and form of Galatea. From this we revisited the Strada Palace, on the other side of the Tiber, where we reside—saw again the great statue of Pompey, and some other ancient but most broken statuary, many of which are affectingly powerful in their age, their mutilation, and their mystery. From this place we returned to the ruins, these last places being amongst modern houses and squares, though on the ground occupied by the ancient city. We entered the long and immense corridors and vaulted apartments of the Baths of Titus. All here was Roman and imperial. They are on the Esquiline Hill, not far from the Coliseum. The baths were stately, kingly residences. These covered an area of eleven hundred and fifty feet by eight hundred and fifty. They were built on the ruins of the palace of Nero's Golden House—the latter being built on the ruins of the palace of Mæcenas, the prime minister of Augustus. We saw on the high ceilings and on the walls, by the light of the lamp, elevated on a long pole by the conductor, the frescoes and paintings of the ancient Romans, still preserving their colors, though, until recently, buried under the accumulations and rubbish of centuries. The mosaic pavement of the house of Mæcenas is yet visible. It is out of these extensive and yet only half excavated ruins that many of the valuable antique statues of the Museums have been dug. Further excavations will reveal, doubtless, several new discoveries. The French have excavated many of these chambers. The improvements of Rome consist in penetrating into the ruins of ancient buildings. It appears that Titus, who was the conqueror of Jerusalem, and reigned only two years, had these buildings constructed in haste, and that he threw down the Golden House of Nero and other buildings, whose anterior ruins

are now brought to light. The paintings consist of animals and flowers in arabesque, of the most graceful and beautiful outlines. We went through numerous half-excavated halls; and few places have impressed me so much with the grandeur and power of old Rome. From this our guide took us to the Academy of St. Luke, or Academy of Fine Arts. There are paintings here by Titian, Raphael, Guido, Vandyke, Poussin, and other great masters—some of them nude, and formerly reserved in the Secret Cabinet.

To-day, January 13th, we revisited the Vatican Palace. The day was cool and clear, without being frosty. At such a time the old historical city, but especially the piazza in front of St. Peter's, is most beautiful—the stately and immense, but irregularly built Vatican Palace; the two glorious fountains, which are like upward cataracts; the noble avenue of columns, inclosing two sides of the piazza, and supporting arches, on which are probably, on each side, fifty statues; then the unquestionably ancient Egyptian obelisks, eighty-three feet high, elevated on the backs of four marble lions, which rest on a lofty pedestal; the column, with its aged, granite, Egyptian appearance, despite its being “purged from an impure superstition” by the Pope, as an inscription on it states; then the great St. Peter's, fronting all, with its saints, angels, and martyrs in marble, on its lofty façade—its two large statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, near the beautiful and gradual ascent to the church—its grand vestibule, and the marble interior, lofty and large—and though not the product of any one mind, or the result of any continued plan, yet is imposing, impressive and rich in gilding, mosaics, and marbles, and general effect beyond description. We visited to-day the Sistine in the Vatican, the Pope's private chapel. It is not large, but very lofty; and the sides, and ceilings, and ends are covered with celebrated frescoe paintings. Among them, at one end, is the greatest of all frescoes, sixty feet long by thirty

broad, the work of seven years of Michael Angelo's life—the "Last Judgment"—a painting often criticized, and in some respects unsuited to the taste of the present age, yet full of living and remarkable power. The position and gestures of the Saviour are probably not commanding and dignified. There appears too much mere power, without majesty. There is not the awfully merciful and great face of Leonardo da Vinci. The introduction of Charon and his boat, and other specialties, might have been avoided. Michael Angelo seems to have taken Dante and certain heathen writers as better delineators of the Last Judgment than the inspired writers. It is a congeries of too many ideas for the simply grand. It is nearly three hundred and twenty years old. Parts have peeled off; the smoke of the candles and the incense have blackened parts of it, and fastidious Popes have employed inferior artists to drape the nude figures; the air and light are absorbing the colors: yet it is probably the best fresco painting in the world; and it appears in the dim light of the Sistine Chapel like a tremendous, portending, approaching shadow of the future. The persons stand out almost like sculpture; and there is a wonderful solemnity in the whole scene which grows on one and draws one with it. The Judge is in the act of saying, "Depart ye cursed," to the wicked below, on his left hand, who rise from the dead begirt with flames, and entwined with the folds of serpents, and with demons grasping them. They descend, with faces of unutterable woe and voiceless despair, to the mouth of an unreturning hell. Above, on the left, are the martyrs, with their instruments of martyrdom, presenting them in awful fear to the Judge. The un pitying Judge has the compassionate Virgin by his side. On his right are angels blowing the last trumpets and opening the Book of Life. Below, on the right, are the righteous rising from the dead in the embrace of angels, and with their first glance on the face of the Judge.

From this we walked to that great resurrection-to-life-again of ancient art, the Vatican Museum, where inscriptions from Christian catacombs and Roman tombs, sarcophagi and mummies from Egypt, four thousand years old, Greek and Roman statuary exhumed from the ruins of temples, baths and palaces, are around you, almost alive with dead genius. The Gallery of Inscriptions, the one first entered, is two hundred and thirty yards long, and contains sepulchral inscriptions going back to the times of the earliest Fathers of the Church. They also indicate the periods when certain things now recognized as matters of faith were introduced. The Virgin and Child, so common in the middle and later ages, does not appear as a composition till near the sixth century. The crucifix, and the allusions to it and the cross, seem not to have been so common in the very early ages as in later times. Adjoining this is another Museum, containing over seven hundred specimens of ancient sculpture, in thirty compartments. These consist of Roman emperors, orators, gods and historical characters. The drapery of these statues is marble; the perfect oneness of expression in some of the faces, and their grand, antique dignity, are remarkable. There is a statue of Demosthenes here of ancient Greek workmanship, remarkably dignified, and with the Grecian robe in graceful folds over his shoulders. Many of the floors are of ancient mosaic figures and designs restored. Very many of the statues have lost portions—some an arm or a nose. In many instances these have been restored by illustrious modern masters. Another Museum is then entered, the various rooms having received different names, after the Popes by whom they were enriched, or in whose reigns these specimens were found. In one place we saw the sarcophagus of Scipio, a most remarkable object. The skeleton was found entire when it was first opened, two thousand years after the death of Scipio. It was found in the Tombs of the Scipios, which we visited

a day or two ago. Then there are four cabinets around a cortile or court, containing by far the most celebrated pieces of sculpture that have come from the chisel. I looked at the Laocoon—doubtless the finest creation ever drawn out of marble—the father and two sons in the deadly folds of the serpent. There is the action of passive suffering in it. There is no weakness in the father, though there is no escape. The serpent, winding his folds around the group, and awaking them, seems like an impersonation of relentless Fate, overcoming struggling human will. This group stood in the palace of the Emperor Titus, and is described by Pliny as superior to all objects whatever of either painting or statuary. It is of Greek workmanship. Though the subject is not a pleasant one, you can gaze at this till you almost partake of its action yourself.

Then in another cabinet near is the great Apollo Belvidere, a glorious type of manly beauty, the most graceful, dignified and perfect human statue in the world. It is also a Greek work, probably twenty-three centuries old. You can scarcely believe it mortal, but a god just alighting on the earth. A slight, lofty, and passionless indignation seems on the lips and eye, as if scarcely disturbing the proud, intellectual serenity. He stands as if looking at a fallen foe, whom he had slain not in anger but in justice—not elated, but satisfied. People go into raptures and grow enthusiastic over these pieces of sculpture, and no wonder—every thing is so extremely life-like and beautiful; not an attitude, a gesture, a nerve, a vein, a feature, that is recognized as untrue to nature. Then we went into the Hall of the Animals—some in flowered alabaster, some in oriental alabaster, some in black or yellow marble: then into the Gallery of Statues—some by Praxiteles; there are hundreds of these of the heroic and godlike times: then into the Hall of the Busts of many historical characters of Roman and Grecian times; of these several hundreds: then into the

Hall of the Greek Cross—containing fine Egyptian statues of colossal size, in red granite, but chiefly two immense sarcophagi of red Egyptian porphyry—one contained the ashes of the daughter, the other those of the mother of Constantine; these are most splendidly ornamented with high bas reliefs: then into the Hall of the Biga, or Greek War Chariot—horses and harness all cut out of splendid white marble—a wonderful work of art.

To-day, January 14th, our party, attended by our guide—who is useful in general merely to show the localities—visited first the Pantheon, the temple erected to all the gods, by Agrippi, twenty-six years before Christ, the best preserved of all the Roman ruins, which is said to be owing to its having been, at an early age, converted into a Catholic church, which it now is—the saints ruling where the gods reigned. It is a vast rotunda, surmounted with a great dome; the floor is of porphyry and marbles; much of it is broken. The portico is regarded as a master piece of architecture. It is one hundred and ten feet long, and forty-four feet deep; has sixteen Corinthian columns of oriental granite, with capitals and bases of white marble. Each column is of a single block, and is forty-six feet high and five feet in diameter. The building is of Roman brick, with numerous blind arches to strengthen it. The doorways are of marble. In the centre of the dome, at the top, is a circular opening to the sky, supplying the only light the building receives. The rotunda is one hundred and forty-three feet in diameter; the walls are twenty feet thick; the height from the pavement to the summit is seventy-two feet. The building is well preserved, though so many centuries old. It, however, wears the blackened and impressive mantle of time, and seems strangely out of sympathy with the buildings around it. The earth, too, has risen around it. This region is a great resort of dirty beggars. The Pantheon has one attraction, which must ever render it

remarkable. It is the burial-place of Raphael. His tomb is the third chapel to the left, on entering. He died on his birth-day—Good Friday—when thirty-seven years old—A. D. 1520—having achieved the immortality of genius on earth at that early age. He is the glory, the *ne plus ultra* of all art; but Michael Angelo surpassed him in variety of genius—being almost as good a painter, the greatest of sculptors and architects. Michael Angelo, however, had a long life, as he died in his eighty-ninth year. He had more power and grandeur and dark energy than Raphael, who has never been equalled in enchanting sweetness, grace, softness, and ethereal beauty of expression. There is no room in the endowments of humanity to carry the art of painting beyond that to which it was carried by Raphael. Raphael was one of the noblest of mankind. He died, it is alleged, by some amorous excess, but most probably from exhaustion—his genius exhausted his body.

After this we proceeded to the Vatican, the great treasure house of genius and mind. We went to the gallery of paintings, not large—only fifty in all—but most choice. We passed through stately halls, and corridors, with fading frescoes of rare genius, then into the interior of the building, up grand flights of stairs, then through galleries, whence extended views of Rome, rich and lovely beyond the power of language. We entered the first room of the Picture Gallery, where were paintings by Titian, Perugino, Raphael—some on wood, and some very old. We then entered the second room, in which are but three paintings, but two of them are the first and second paintings, in excellence, in the world. We stood before the Transfiguration, by Raphael, the last work of this, the greatest of masters—the one on which he lavished all the magnificence of his genius, and which has, for more than three hundred and thirty years, been considered, as a whole, the first painting in the world. The works of true genius have a mag-

netic, thrilling, and awful effect—as if the dead souls lingered there in their embodiment. This is the stamp of immortal genius, looking out imperishably from the canvas. The Saviour is represented, surrounded by a glorious effulgence, on the top of Mount Tabor—the Mount of Transfiguration—on one side is Moses, on the other Elias; they are in the air. The three Apostles are on the ground in confused positions, as if overwhelmed with the glorious appearance. Below, in the vale, are the rest of the Apostles, essaying, in vain, to cure the possessed with a demon, who is held by his father, and is surrounded by his relatives and friends, mother and sister, kneeling and beseeching, with faith and confidence, the further exertion of their power. The Demoniac's face is horribly distorted; the father's face expresses hopeless and anguished, yet still persevering affection; the mother is pale with weeping and watching, and begs, with unconquerable affection, for her son; the sister is a lovely portraiture of pleading sympathy. One in the group of the family has abandoned all hope; others press on, eager to see. Some of the Apostles express, in attitude and manner, "We can do nothing!" Others point in the direction of the Mount, as if to say, "He can!" The whole is wonderful and most subjective. Heaven, with its beatitudes—earth, with its affections and agonies and solitudes—and hell, with its horrors and devils, are all there. The face of the Saviour expresses a noble and compassionate sublimity. It is heaven with the duties of earth still struggling. I cannot say I think it equal to the face of the Saviour in Leonardo da Vinci's painting in Milan. Raphael's has more loftiness and sublimity, but there is also an expression of slight impatience, as if to say, "O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you, and suffer you." Then benevolence prevails, and he says, "Bring him hither to me." But Da Vinci's is unmixed, wounded, godlike, sublime affection,

the regard of a great soul that suffers, but suffers in love. We all stood and looked at the solemn and awful painting in silence. It is three hundred and twenty-seven years old. The coloring is yet most brilliant. It is regarded as the world's best effort—the best work of the greatest master.

The verdict of all the great masters who have seen it, pronounces it, as a whole, the greatest production ever painted on canvas. Sculpture is probably a higher department than oil painting, and fresco painting, like that of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, is regarded as more difficult. In these last two, as well as architecture, Michael Angelo excelled all men. But one sometimes will turn from his grand and cold creations, where energy and intellect and power predominate, to the sweet humanity—the softer affections, the more gentle and endearing influences that permeate the divine productions of Raphael. Having seen the best paintings in Europe, I have no hesitation in according submission to the opinion, that though parts of other paintings may be as good as parts of this, even the face of the Saviour himself, that this, however, is the best. The painting is seen under a good light and to great advantage. It is about twenty feet long, and twelve wide. By its side is the second best painting in the world—the “St. Jerome Receiving the Sacrament, and Dying”—nearly the same size, or larger. Every thing here bears upon the principal event—the cherubs above waiting to escort his soul, the sorrowing and silent attendants around, the priest with the wafer, the old and dying man, whose appearance is remarkably striking, and all are distinct-charactered, and impressive. It is by Domenichino, who was born A. D. 1581—died, it is alleged, by poison, given him by enemies jealous of his talents, A. D. 1641. He was a man of great amiability, and of excessive timidity and modesty. In the same room is Raphael's Madonna di Foligno, a beautiful

painting. In two or three other rooms are several fine and celebrated paintings. But what can now please, after having seen the *chef d'œuvre*?

We then visited the Etruscan Museum in the Vatican, containing many of the most celebrated remains of those singular people who preceded the Romans in Italy. These remains occupy no fewer than thirteen chambers. They have very numerous remains of terra cotta, or earthenware—some of most ingenious designs—vases, coffins of baked earth with paintings on them, urns for holding the ashes of the dead—some found in ancient tombs in Civita Castellana, and Ostia—many of the deities of the Greeks, with stories from Homer, articles of kitchen furniture; also, some gold filigree work, female ornaments, bracelets, ear-rings, which are not surpassed, and rarely equalled, in the present day for minuteness of work and taste—all these, and an infinity of others, the production of a people three thousand years ago, and far older than the Romans. There are, also, ancient Roman chariots, a bronze frame on which dead bodies were burned, instruments for sacrifice, cups, goblets. There are stamped clay pieces, supposed to be Etruscan money, a series of idols in black earthenware, and a vast number of polished mirrors. Many of these works, as well as many old buildings in various parts of Italy, demonstrate that three distinct nations—the Pelasgi, the Umbri, and the Etruscans—whose works, style of buildings, and manners, all differed essentially from each other, inhabited Italy previous to the Romans. They were, probably, colonies from Greece or Egypt, and as their existence is only problematical, it may tend to reconcile us to that obscurity which is the fate, not only of individuals, but of entire nations. The history of these nations is only written in their sepulchral remains, and in the their desolate, earth and moss-grown walls. The Roman Empire has swept over Italy, and itself decayed, since the *then* that then was. What is

salled the history of the world, is very meager indeed. Most of the nations of the world are unknown to history. The originators are generally unknown to history. The more ancient nations were originators; the Romans learned from the Greeks and Etruscans; and in London and Paris there is but little architecture that is regarded as excellent, that is not a copy of some Greek or Roman temple. The Gothic style, so well adapted to churches, originated amongst a northern nation.

From this we went into the Egyptian Museum again, observing their idols all presenting a grave, singular appearance of repose in their style, the mummies, also, four thousand years old—a horrid sight. This collection is in ten rooms. The specimens of papyrus and Egyptian glass are very curious. From this we went into what is called the Stanze or Chambers of Raphael, which are four chambers, the paintings on the walls and ceilings of which were executed in fresco by Raphael and his pupils. There one is surrounded by the genius of the great master. The subjects are numerous, but seem generally intended to represent the glory of the Church. Some were completed by the pupils of Raphael, after his untimely death, from his designs. Much of the history and many of the items of belief of the middle ages may here be studied. There are various paintings in each room, but the room takes its name from the principal painting in it. One represents the burning of part of Rome, A. D. 847. There is one representing the “Dispute on the Sacrament;” another called “Philosophy,” or the “School of Athens;” another, the “Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple,” a story founded on one of the Apocryphal books; another, “St. Leo I. arresting Attila at the Gates of Rome.” Attila is represented in the midst of his cavalry as shrinking at the apparition of St. Peter and St. Paul in the heavens. Then there is the “Deliverance of St. Peter,” a remarkable painting, with four lights;

and then the "Battle of Constantine and Maxentius," a fierce and energetic representation of a battle. You can scarcely believe that the action is not going on before your eyes, so furious seem the combatants. The style of Michael Angelo appears to be infused into some of these paintings. The Vatican is of such immense size that some rooms and even chapels have been lost in it; that is, remained unknown for many years, till accidentally discovered again. Scarcely any place in it, however, wonderful as are its collections, is more interesting than these Chambers of Raphael. From this we went into the Library of the Vatican, remarkable for its valuable manuscripts. The books are not seen, being inclosed in presses and receptacles in the centre of the vast rooms. One corridor through which we walked is two thousand feet long. We saw, in the various rooms, many most interesting things—instruments of torture, found on the bodies of martyrs in the Catacombs; paintings in fresco, found in old tombs; ancient Byzantine paintings on wood; figures in ivory; very old and celebrated books; presents from various emperors to the Popes; the magnificent vase, or font, in which the present French Prince Imperial was christened, a present from Napoleon III. to the reigning Pope; many specimens of works in malachite, alabaster, etc. The Vatican Library was formed by the donation of the rare and valuable manuscripts and books of old monasteries; also, various kings, queens and dukes, families and cities in distant countries, have enriched it. The collection of Greek, Latin, and Oriental manuscripts amounts to twenty-four thousand, being the finest in the world. Leo X. sent agents into distant countries to collect manuscripts. Some of the manuscripts present examples of the erasure of an ancient classic work on parchment in order to write a monkish legend on it; but by extreme ingenuity the latter has been erased and the former restored. In one place I saw a fresco of Charlemagne, one

thousand years old; a celebrated Roman painting representing a marriage, two thousand years old—a remarkably expressive work. The Vatican contains, in what are called uncial letters, that is letters of large size, the Bible of the sixth century, containing the oldest version of the Septuagint and the first version of the Greek New Testament; a Virgil, in capital letters of the fourth century, and many other very interesting manuscripts.

We pursue our investigations through the ruins and Museums of Rome. We see the long processions of hooded monks and friars; some with black cloaks, probably not unlike the toga of their heathen heroic ancestors; others, in red blankets, some in white. Passing by the great Coliseum ruin, we entered the Museum of the Lateran, for one thousand years the residence of the Popes, and contiguous to the Basilica of St. John Lateran. There are seven Basilicas in Rome, and each one of them has the privilege of according six thousand years' indulgence from the penal fires of Purgatory. The Museum is in many stately rooms, and contains all sorts of things in the way of old Roman statues, fragments of ornamental columns, bas reliefs on baths and mausoleums, sarcophagi, and beautiful marbles, busts and statues of Roman emperors and generals. The stories of Niobe and Orestes are in bas reliefs on some of the sarcophagi. There appear to be placed here those things for which no room is found in the Vatican. There are thirteen rooms, many of them most magnificent ones. There are two sitting statues of Tiberius and Claudius; others of Drusus, Agrippina and Fulvia are erect and draped. In the apartments above we saw some elegant paintings; some of them very old, taken out of various churches. Some are on wood, and in the Byzantine style, strongly suggestive of the peculiar ghostliness of the tenth or eleventh centuries. In one of the rooms we saw the great mosaic pavement, found in the Baths of Caracalla, representing the

boxers of ancient times. It is first seen from a passage along the wall, several feet elevated above the mosaics. It looks, indeed, very *striking*. The scene around this part of the city is Roman and renowned; broken and ruined walls of aqueducts on high arches are visible for some distance. The high obelisk of the Lateran, before that church, the largest now known, aged Egyptian, and the reputed oldest work of art in the world, is of red granite and covered with hieroglyphics. It was elevated by the Roman emperors fifteen hundred years ago, but during the middle ages fell down and was broken into three pieces. With the ornaments and base to the top of the cross it is one hundred and forty-nine feet. The weight is said to be four hundred and forty-five tons. Returning from this we passed by the aged and grand Coliseum, saw the immensely large stones of which it is built, in base and exterior, and the grasses and flowers growing out of the walls, and the open passages and arches of the huge ruin. The Catholics have given it the idea of a church; and the souls of the martyred ones in it, if they take delight in scenes earthly, may look down now and see how they have triumphed where they died. I also revisited the hoary, round Pantheon. It is truly impressive. It is without windows, and presents the appearance within of a vast dome, with pillars of marble at regular distances. The niches where the gods sat are now occupied by saints. It is a gloomy, old, sad, venerable place. The modern houses around these old buildings—the Coliseum, the Pantheon and the Roman Forum—are fifteen or twenty feet above the ancient level of the ground.

But the ascent to the top of St. Peter's. It is one of the rich, lovely, blue air days of Italy, (Saturday, January 16th,) and our party of nine, accompanied by our guide, having procured permits, undertake the ascent—a broad carriage-way leading two-thirds of the way up. St. Peter's is always warm and pleasant in winter—said to be occasioned by its

absorbing so much heat in summer as to keep it warm all winter. The ascent is at first rather easy, being up an inclined plane of brick work, which carries you round and round, and thus you ascend the mighty pile. You go up some two hundred and fifty feet, when you come to a gallery around the inside of the dome, from which you can look down into the interior of the church. You are now near the great mosaics around the inside of the dome, which on the pavement of the church appeared of such delicate execution and of the size of life, now seem like monsters. You ascend perhaps one hundred feet higher to a second gallery, when the view down into the church becomes almost awful. Persons walking about on the marble floor below appear like pigmies. You feel the grandeur of the great pile gathering about you like a portion of immensity. Rising higher between the double walls of the dome, you come at length to an exterior view—one of the most glorious ever witnessed. I have stood on the high Alps, on Mount Righi and the Alleghanies, and have seen mountain after mountain receding—irregular, wooded, or snowed and glaciated over for noteless years; and I have seen the red light of morning come tenderly and inquiringly along their giant, awfully chasmed ridges, which lit up at its approach like aged want before a benevolent mistress—but I stood on St. Peter's, and saw the Eternal City sitting on her seven hills, four of them blasted, barren and buried in ruins; the Tiber, the Apennines, the Mediterranean sixteen miles off, the ancient, remarkable, world-weary looking Campagna all around. No scene has had such a past as that. The Rome that conquered the world sits at your feet like a mighty giant, bound hand and foot by the gossamer, yet strong web of a majestic superstition. The palaces of Rome, the castles, the ruins, the monster ruin the Coliseum, are all in view. The semicircle of colonnades on each side of the great place before the church, the lovely fountains,

the gray, old, erect pyramid, (tomb of Caius Cestius,) and Rome's mighty volume of two thousand five hundred years of history came into vision. Returning to the interior of the dome from the outside gallery, in which we had this view, we ascended, one by one, by an iron ladder, to the ball, four hundred and forty feet above the floor. This ball, which from below appears scarcely larger than a foot-ball, is capable of containing sixteen persons. Some climb up to the top of the cross which surmounts the church. This we did not do. On our descent we stood on the solid stone roof of the church, several acres in superficial extent. Here are some houses for the workmen, who keep the church in order and repair. It requires one hundred persons, all the time engaged, at an expense of thirty thousand dollars per annum. There is a fountain on the roof, and there are numerous statues, eighteen feet high, near the façade. At last we descended to the church again—the beautiful church, with its wealth, and warmth, and splendor. What a scene had passed into the soul and been imprinted there as one of its imperishables! Two thousand five hundred and five years ago Romulus, standing on the Palatine, and Remus on the Aventine Hill, derived from the flights of birds their prognostics. And now—but Rome cannot be said to be no more while St. Peter's Church remains! We then visited the manufactory of mosaics in a portion of the Vatican Palace, where we spent some time. The workmen have the painting, which they copy in mosaic, before them. They break and grind the glass-like composition, variously colored, and place them in order, and thus gradually build the picture, the pieces varying in size and color, as the requirements of the painting demand. Some of the stones, or pieces of glass, are very small, others as large as a grain of corn, or larger. Some have the color in the composition, others have it painted on them. Some paintings require ten years to complete

them in mosaic. The guide asserted the workmen have twenty thousand different tints in the glass. The business of copying in mosaic does not require great genius, it is merely mechanical.

It is usual among those travelers who remain some time in Rome, to rent furnished lodgings, and have their meals brought to them from restaurants which make this an especial business. By this means one can secure better rooms, more privacy, and have one's meals when, and what one wishes. The meals are sent perfectly hot in large tin baskets, kept warm by charcoal braziers, at a regular hour, and at a fixed price, the dishes being varied each day. The meals cost in general about fifty cents to each person. We have rooms on one of the principal streets, near the Corso and Piazza di Spagna, in an old, ghostly-looking stone building, formerly a palace. Our rooms are well furnished, and an Italian woman named Raccali, the Italian for Rachel, waits on us. She is from Bologna. The landlord and his wife, who are very attentive—the latter has the Italian suavity and grace, the former speaks French—are both courteous and attractive. I have engaged an Italian schoolmaster to give me some additional lessons in his language, and with whom I can talk about his people, and come more in contact with them. He says he is descended from the Samnites, who were more ancient than the Romans, and who, in the early ages of the Republic, humiliated all Rome, by requiring the Roman army, one hundred and fifty thousand men, whom they had entrapped into a disadvantageous position, to pass under the yoke, (two swords forming an arch,) an ineffaceable mark of disgrace. The Samnites, he says, lived among the mountains of the Apennines, and being poor did not offer any attractions to the nations and barbarians who successively conquered and occupied Italy, and were never thoroughly incorporated with the Roman people, who at

best were but mighty intruders in Italy among the powerful tribes and nations and distinct communities who preceded them, and whose domains generally consisted of a central city on some inaccessible mountain peak, and a few miles of territory, and who lived unprogressively but peacefully and poor from age to age. The Romans were the fillibusters of those ages—those mighty, restless spirits that change and revolutionize communities, and evoke in convulsions the deeper and stronger agencies of the human soul. He says the present Italians are not generally descended from the Romans, but rather of the original indigenous nations that preceded them; that the barbarians who conquered Italy, as well as the Romans, did their due on it and passed away, and made scarcely any permanent settlement in it, except in Lombardy, where they were attracted by the fertility of the soil. The Campagna around Rome having been so often conquered and desolated, soon became, and remained the desert it now is.

I have observed with what freedom Americans especially are conversed with in Europe. With the people of no other country can the middle class find vent for their unexpressed ideas about freedom, politics and religion, with which their hearts abound. The Americans are well thought of in Italy. The Italians know the history of America sometimes better than that of their own country—Carlo Botta, an Italian, having written one of the best histories of America. He told me they were not allowed, in the Pope's dominions, to write and print their lives without first submitting them to the Inspector or Censor, who would make them omit whatever he does not like—that works on politics or religion are prohibited, the Bible being the first on the list. I have not yet seen a Bible in the Pope's dominions of any kind, except in the hands of English or Americans. He says there are spies about at all times—that he was not sure of sleeping in his bed that

night—that at any time the police might knock at his door, take him off to prison, where he might remain months without knowing what his accusation and who his accusers were—if at the end of that time he should have a trial, and be declared innocent, no compensation would be made him for loss of time or health. He said only the ignorant in Rome believe in the Catholic religion—that he and many others only attend church once a year to keep from being suspected—that all this machinery about the Virgin, and relics, etc., was worn out—that they did not believe, many of the people, in either Catholicism as such or Protestantism, and that they thought the Pope had no business to be their temporal as well as spiritual ruler. Evident it is they do not like their government; and like most of the other governments of Europe, except the English, it is merely kept up by force and French soldiers.

To-day, Sunday, January 17th, we attended service in the Palazzo Braschi, in a room of which is the American chapel. There is the Presbyterian service in the morning, and Episcopalian in the evening. At three o'clock we attended the English service, in a building just outside the walls, which it has been granted to the English to erect, as they are not allowed to have one inside the walls. The two Protestant congregations do not agree very well. At the American service, it is said, the chaplain declined praying for the Queen, in form, whereupon the English minister omits praying for the President of the United States. In the English church, I listened to the fine music and the rather good sermon. Really, the various Protestant sects have reformed a good deal from Catholicism, and if they would examine the Bible for themselves more, and listen to their preachers less, they might, in the course of time, get right. I heard the minister read a portion of Paul's letter to the Romans. Eighteen hundred years have passed, and here we were, in Rome, listening to that Epistle, just out-

side the walls. I thought how anxious the Apostle was to come to Rome—how he came, and suffered death here. Yet, how directly pointed seem the Apostle's appeals to be now, on the very place to which they were first addressed—since then read in all languages. The saints he alluded to have all gone to dust. They worshiped God, and read his Epistles in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian; they hid, during the day, in those subterranean receptacles, and brought the bodies of martyrs there for burial. St. Paul was himself put to death in Nero's Circus, on the very ground where St. Peter's church now stands. The most splendid church in the world is erected on the place where he suffered, and there a worship, in which the death of Jesus Christ is recognized, has been performed for fifteen hundred years. Over the Catacombs rises, also, a splendid Basilica. St. Peter was crucified, with his head downward, in the place where now is built the fine church, San Pietro in Montorio. Their triumph is complete.

But the sunset on Monte Pincio—who that has ever been at Rome can forget it? The splendid carriages wind up and down the zigzag route, from the Palazzo del Popolo up to the sunny summit, where are gardens, villas, music, statuary. The setting sun throws a yellow sea over all the west—then the hues are merged in roseate tints, and the numerous domes rise up in the soft blue air of Rome—and an angel-looking visitant, the young moon, comes out of the sky, as if wondering at all this loveliness. Thus, and here looked she when Cicero and Cæsar and Rome had their great past.

But to-day, Monday, January 18th, was one of the great days of St. Peter's, the festival of the removal of the Papal Chair from Antioch to Rome. The times when all ecclesiastical matters took place have been accurately settled by the Roman theologians, and if there be any historical doubts or discrepancies, a papal bull is called for, which

most effectually silences all difficulties. The Pope simply decrees that it was so. We were there at an early hour, and as we entered, we heard the mysterious singing of the Pope's chorus, in one of the side chapels, coming as from a far distance. The scene on entering the church is always interesting. The eighty-nine bright lamps, burning day and night around the crypt, in front of the High Altar, within which crypt are the headless bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, and over which rises the High Altar, immediately under the great dome, with its four immense columns of fluted bronze, with all kinds of adornments, garlands, cherubs, vines, etc., sculptured on them—the columns supporting a splendid canopy. The Pope's Swiss Guards, in their curious uniform, invented, it is said, by Michael Angelo, composed of yellow, black, and all sorts of stripes, and looking like the *ne plus ultra* of harlequin ugliness, came around and stood guard, admitting none to a near view, excepting gentlemen in black, with dress coats on, and ladies arrayed entirely in black, and with no bonnets on their heads, which were to be enveloped in a black veil, and excluding all others. The principal ceremonies were to be in the Tribune, or open space behind the Great Altar formed by the junction of the Latin cross. The ex-queen of Spain, now living in Rome, came, with her attendants, and sat down in a place specially prepared for her. A space in the grand central aisle, through which the procession was to pass, was kept clear by armed soldiers. Some seventy or eighty of the Pope's guards, composed of the chief Italian nobility, arrayed in splendid and imposing uniform, armed with swords—other soldiers, armed with halberds and lances—formed on opposite sides of the Tribune. There were thousands of people in the church, but owing to the vast size there was most abundant space for all. It was one of the few occasions in which High Mass is performed at the Altar of St. Peter, by the Pope in

person. Suddenly, there was the noise of voices in acclamation, the sound of a trumpet in the far distance, toward the entrance of the church (we were at the other end, near the High Altar), has attracted all attention, and looking toward the entrance, we perceived a grand, moving spectacle approaching us in gilt and gold—the Pope of Rome in a golden chair, which was borne on the shoulders of twelve cardinals, advancing slowly up the grand nave, lined on each side with soldiers and people. Nothing could exceed the splendor of this procession. You might think of Antichrist, the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, Mystery, Babylon the Great, or what you please, but this grand array at once realized all one might know or dream of, that was stately and imposing. Two enormous fans, composed of plumes of ostrich feathers, on long gilt wands, carried by two men, preceded him. He was arrayed in a large folding robe of white satin, embroidered with gold. He had on his head a triple crown, or tiara. He crossed himself frequently, and blessed the people as he advanced slowly along. Bishops and cardinals arrayed in crimson, with attendant train bearers, preceded and followed; there were mitres and crucifixes, resplendent with gems, borne along. This scene, in such a church, seemed to mock even the splendid sunlight. When he reached the Tribune, he was assisted to alight. When kneeling on a rich cushion before the altar, his crown was taken off—the cardinals removed their red caps, knelt, and all were supposed to be “making their devotions”—after which he rose, and walked to the throne erected for him in the Tribune. Cardinals, in long, red robes, with prodigious tails, or trails, which were carried by their servants, came up and kissed his hand, or the hem of his robe, or the cross on his slipper, bowed three times, as is said to him, as to the Father, on his right, as to the Son, in front, and on his left, as to the Holy Ghost. Other ceremonies were gone through, such as holding a large

gilt book before him, with immense lighted candles on each side, though in the splendors of day, so that he might read; there was singing, also, in which the Pope joined, with a rather full, strong voice. There was, also, much putting on and off done to the tiara, or crown, considerable blowing of the nose on the part of his "Holiness," great staring on the part of us Protestants; there was frequent dispersing of incense, carrying golden cups and dishes, jewelled and gemmed, display of large golden crosses, etc. A priest then ascended a small side pulpit, knelt to the Pope, then made an oration, and, when closed, he knelt again. The Grand Mass then went on, the music, performed wholly by the Pope's choir, seated on the right of the Grand Altar, was of the most splendid character. The music was all vocal, as is generally the case when the Pope is present, but, with the exception of the grand organ at Freiburg, I have never heard any thing so remarkable in the world of sound. Occasionally it proceeded rather monotonously, and rather wearisome, but at times there rolled in a chant, awful, frightful, and tremendous, like thunder rattling along the embattled walls of heaven. It was no music of this world—the genius of the other world was in it. Then it wailed like some sad spirit, stalking among the marble-sculptured ruins of the Roman Forum; then it came out in fearful sublimity, like a voice that could shatter earth into atoms. Then it grew loftier and wilder, as if it went up to lose itself among the stars, and then lonely as the wail of the angel, who had, in vain, sought the boundary stone of creation. Then it ceased. The Pope again was assisted to the cushioned stool, knelt, and immediately behind him knelt the fifty or sixty cardinals, two and two; the Pope's head was uncovered; the guards all dropped on one knee, the clangor of their arms on the marble pavement resounded; the scene in the splendid, immense church, with its vast dome above, the curious and rich altar below it, the lamps,

the long, massive, and numerous wax candles burning, the gorgeous dress of the cardinals, the sudden silence, the sunlight on the great marble columns, and the glorious paintings and mosaics, the presence of that most historical of all characters, the Pope of Rome, claiming to be the two hundred and fifty-ninth in regular apostolic descent, from St. Peter, asserting, and believed in by the one hundred and twenty millions of the Catholic world, to have mysterious powers over hell and heaven, all made the scene imposing and solemn. It was at the elevation of the Host, as it is called, or that part of the Mass in which they are called on to adore the piece of bread, or wafer, which it is the most important idea of the Catholic faith to regard as really the flesh of Christ. The Pope was then elevated again, by the assistance of the cardinals, on his chair of state, and carried around to that side of the altar where we were, passing close to us, and giving those who knelt his blessing, which seemed to be all he had to give. The spirit of Martin Luther was strong in our group, and we did not kneel, nor even bow; upon seeing which, he intercepted the blessing he was about to give us. The infallible Pope of Rome had made a mistake. In old days he would have burnt us at the stake. But the politics of Protestantism have taught him to respect its religion. Passing along the nave, the pageant disappeared, the Pope passing by a side door into his palace of the Vatican. The Pope is a well fed, fat, benevolent-looking old man, in his sixty-sixth year. Of all the persons in that house, it is probable he, least of all, had his own way. He is a part of the great machinery of Catholicism. It is necessary that the station be filled by a nonentity. He cannot undertake any reforms. His duties and his sphere are all fixed and defined, and he cannot depart; if he did, his life would be sacrificed to his office. The present Pope, in the early part of his reign, attempted liberalism, but was soon given to understand his bed would

become one of thorns, and he has gone back into the "things that are." It is evident, however, that such ceremonies, in the name of religion, must become tiresome. It would never suit Americans. We love change—something new—we soon become tired. But Europeans reverence the old, and are attached to their time-honored customs. But the Pope and his tiara of two thousand sparkling diamonds, a present from the ex-queen of Spain, his guard of nobles, and his Swiss Guard, and the name and station of Apostolic successor, are out of St. Peter's. On the place where he stood, St. Peter, eighteen hundred years ago, suffered martyrdom. What a change from the scene of *then* to the grandeur of *now*. Yet the Pope to-day looked humble, and seemed by no means proud, and doubtless is as much the successor of St. Peter as any body else in Europe or America, and probably has far less pride than many who have far less pomp and circumstance. But if it be not as gross idolatry as was ever practiced in the four hundred and twenty-four temples of ancient Rome, it is hard to tell what it can mean.

At half-past three o'clock, I attended Vespers in St. Peter's. There were two grand organs, and two choirs. It was in one of the side chapels of St. Peter's, as large as an ordinary-sized church. The music of the old Masses seems more interesting than the religious feeling in them. Many of the voices were very fine. In former days, and perhaps at present too, it was the custom to procure some poor persons, who were made eunuchs in order that their peculiar contralto voice might fill some of the parts. It is said the performance of these pieces has been attempted in vain in other places, and that the true interpretation of them is given nowhere but in Rome, and at St. Peter's. Many persons object to the music, as too operatic; but they forget, probably, they are making the circumstances under which they have been educated the standard by which to judge of

the feelings and wants of others. In these climes, in the south generally, there is a greater tendency to theatrical display; even devotion seeks a dramatic form; human feeling is here more objective—emotion is all external—and all feelings seek action; and we, in our more subjective nature may, perhaps, only condemn what is as natural and proper in them as our course is to us. The same feelings have various forms of manifestation in different nations.

But this most lovely of days, January 19th, one of the finest, most deeply clear, most brightly blue, most truly sunlit days I have ever seen anywhere, I am in the Barberini Palace. From the Piazza di Spagna, you go out the Via Felice, or the Happy Street; you come to the Piazza Barberini, with its antique fountains and its beggars lying in the sun, to the palace, which, like many other Italian palaces, is not very cleanly in its surroundings. The lower stories of some of the palaces may be a temple or a stable or a café—you can only find out which by observation. This family has decayed—though some of them were Popes—into an old semi-idiot, the Cardinal Barberini. Beggars may be seen lying about the stately columns which surround the lofty inner court, and fountains, with marble statues, may be found playing amidst filth. But it has its treasures of art, its picture galleries—like most others—its statues and sculptures dug out of ruins, its mosaic tables and bronze chimeras, and it has some lovely, glorious, speaking pictures by Raphael and Guido. I stood before the extraordinary picture-portrait of Beatrice Cenci—the lovely, the unfortunate, the stern and the gentle. She is looking back on you as she goes to execution, like a half-regretful sunset—weeping, and yet glad to go—dying, yet remembering, loving, yet regretting. It is one of the most poignant paintings I have ever seen. It is youth and warm, fresh life under a dark cloud of wrong—one who must die, and who would die, yet cast a last, lingering look

behind. Who is it that knows not her most tragical history? She is the favorite in Rome, next to the Virgin and St. Agnese. The family is long since extinct. The painting is by Guido, who saw her as she cast a glance back, on her way to execution for the alleged murder of her father, "The Cenci," by way of eminence, whose name is pronounced with a kind of horror in the voice by the Romans of the present day. She was beheaded at Rome in 1599. Her father, in the vast stone castle of Petrella, on the route to Naples, as well as in the Cenci Palace at Rome, performed untold horrors, for which he purchased absolution from the venal Pope, and at length attempted incest with his own daughter. She having no resource, the servants of the Count, to save her honor, and in assumed but never expressed compliance with her wish, murdered him. Beatrice maintained her innocence to the last; but the influence of a powerful family, who had much to gain by the extinction of the Cenci family, and the occurrence of a similar crime at the same time, induced the Pope to order her execution. No copies of this painting are allowed to be taken by the Count Barberini, unless at request of a crowned head. Few pictures, however, are more common, in all the picture shops of Rome, than this, but they are miserably inferior. Beside this picture is the Fornarina, by Raphael, the lady whom he loved, a splendid, living painting—gay, lascivious beauty, and ability to give pleasure, yet a rather unpleasing picture. The heart turns to the sad, pensive, yet young, fresh, and dying Beatrice. Her golden hair falls around her shoulders. She is habited in the white robe in which to die, but immortality and the other life look out from her eyes, mingled with the majestic sorrow of leaving this world in innocence and disgrace, and the last of her name. Seldom, except in Leonardo da Vinci's painting at Milan, of the "Last Supper," have I seen embodied so much expression. There is also a very

good painting here of Adam and Eve, by Domenichino. But I have ascended the one hundred and twenty-four marble steps leading to the church, Ara Cœli, near the Capitol, and on part of the Capitoline Hill, and on the site, as is supposed, of the great Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. It is said to be twelve hundred years old. The ceiling is flat, gilded, and carved, and the floor is in mosaic of various designs. The monks and priests, hooded and unhooded, are walking about, or kneeling in the various aisles, or altars, and a large black cat is stepping demurely over the marble floor. There is an aisle on each side of the nave, formed of massive columns, taken from the ruins of temples, or brought from Egypt in old days. There are many tombs and paintings, the latter by great masters, images and relics; and here is also the miraculous Bambino, or wooden babe, that cures the sick and performs divers miracles. The church is of great size; the long rows of columns look grand, and it is rich in pictures and statues, and is paved with tombs. Outside, on the portico, grass-grown and old, you look over Rome, and the hills beyond, and you see the ascent, leading to another part of the Capitoline Hill, whereon you see the equestrian statues of Castor and Pollux, the Egyptian lions, the ruined statues called the "Trophies of Marius," and in the middle of the piazza, the great bronze Roman statue of Marcus Aurelius, on horseback. It is Rome you see—but Rome, old, dead and gone. On this hill was the chief Temple of Jupiter, "the father of all the gods and men." The columns of his temple have been used to build this old church and the convent adjoining. Man will corrupt every thing he touches. Catholicism is corrupted Christianity, as Paganism is the corrupted, ancient, sublime traditions that came from Adam, as a legacy from Paradise. The saints and sisters are the reappearance, in other forms, of Pagan ideas. Jupiter and Venus are displaced, but Peter and

Mary have come up. "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

But here, in another part of the city, is surely the most horrid, hideous, hateful, hellish, of all places that I have seen. It is "Il Ghetto." Not only Rome, but mankind here seem in ruins. It is the Jews' quarter. Filthy, abominable, narrow, and dirty streets, crowded with hapless mortals; old clothes vendors and dirt vendors of all kinds are here. Any one who has a taste for the weird, the outre, the antique, for a small, irregular slice of hell, for humanity in decay, for a people on whom the self-invoked curse—"on them and their children"—has wrought and reached its uttermost, can here get gratification. Here, in the midst of all, stands the gloomy, old, stone Cenci Palace, looking as if haunted by the ghosts of demons. Here lived Beatrice Cenci. The demon, her father, here attempted the violation of his own daughter, and filled the house with whores and horrors. The dwellers about tell you "It is the Cenci!" and almost cross themselves immediately, to exorcise the thought of them. Its lower story is barred, and the windows have iron grates to them. It was long uninhabited, and the family is now extinct. Around here you may read remains of long Roman inscriptions, half effaced. You may see ruins of temples, theatres, carved columns, and relics of Rome, portions of which were used to construct the Cenci Palace.

The yellow Tiber, swift and compact, flows near, and the soft bright sun is over all in his glory, beauty, and brilliancy, yet what wretchedness and ruin below. Those who have their existence anywhere else than here, may well be thankful. Among these people, however, occasionally you may see at times a face or form of rare, dark eastern Jewish beauty, a kind of reassertion of the old beauty the race once had on the hills of Palestine. The Jews have to appear each year before the Governor of

Rome, and beg permission to live another year in this most filthy quarter, which is granted them on condition they pay the expenses of the Carnivals. Formerly they were shut in by bars and gates each night, and not allowed to come out till next morning. Near their quarter is a church for them to look at, having on it, in Italian, "All day long have I stretched out my hands to a stiff-necked, rebellious people." Yet the Jews are the unmixed and true aristocracy of all mankind. None have so noble an origin, so pure a blood, or so grand a literature, or have conferred such benefits on the world. Humanly speaking, Isaiah, and Joel, and John, are not only superior to Homer, Virgil, and Dante, but the assertion of any superiority in the latter is merely grandly ridiculous. Crossing the little old stone bridge here, you reach an island in the Tiber. This bridge was built just two thousand years ago. Small as the island is, (it was cut into the form of a boat) it has several large churches. On one of them is inscribed: "In this church is the body of St. Bartholomew, the Apostle." The remains lie under the principal altar, in a sarcophagus of red porphyry. Rome would be nothing were its relics and ruins taken from it. Returning toward the city you pass the "Street of Consolation," rather inaptly named, as it passes the base of the Tarpeian rock, where criminals expired, being precipitated from above. Yet along here, and amongst mean houses, what royal ruins appear—they seem the wrecks of a lovely past, strewn about by time and carnage.

To-day, January 20th, I went to the Colonna Palace, belonging to the once powerful and princely family of the middle ages; but now, like most of the other great families of that period, it is much reduced. There are said to be seventy-five palaces in Rome, and that no city can boast of so large a number of fine palaces. They generally belonged to Papal families, and the Popes having no

children, descended to collateral branches. The palace contains some hundreds of paintings, but the best of the once large collection have been sold or removed to other places. There are some works in tapestry, and some antique bronzes here, and in particular a splendid cabinet, with various designs in ivory relief—in particular, one representing Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. Some of the paintings are in an immense hall, reckoned one of the grandest in Europe, and which is itself a wonder. There are old Venetian mirrors, frescoes on the ceiling, some antique statues, besides the paintings. The domestics of the family, in livery costume, receive you in each room, take your paul, hand you the catalogue of paintings, and warm their fingers over the charcoal brazier in the room, there being no fires. Most of these cold marble halls are not very comfortable, though there are crowds in them each day they are open, many ladies ugly enough to belong to the higher classes of the English nobility. Then through divers dirty streets we went to the Roman Forum, and vainly sought to disentangle the past from the present, for Rome has been eight times destroyed and rebuilt, and the antiquaries unsettle one's faith in every thing by endless discussions. Here, in the space now generally called the Roman Forum, were once eight or ten temples, gorgeous and glorious—there were Arches of Triumph, several Basilicas or Halls of Justice, numerous lofty columns, and the accents of Cicero have been heard on this classic air. Twenty feet of earth have accumulated around the bases of the ruins, and it is a resort for cattle vendors, has numerous low and filthy shops, beggars lay in the sun; ragged, cheerless men stand about and lean on the cold old columns of marble half sunk in the ground, and pillars of porphyry that have been incorporated into churches. Other marble columns stand alone with the ragged ruins of time about them; the old marble itself has wasted,

while in other places is the elegant frieze-work and sculpture of twenty centuries ago, distinct, scathless, and defiant of time. On your right are numerous isolated columns, fragments of temples, and on your left are the vast ruins of arches of Roman brick work, remains it is said, of the once magnificent Basilicas of Constantine, fifteen hundred and twenty years old. Further on we see the remains of the Temple of Remus and Romulus, erected in the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, around which are strewn many fragments of granite columns. These are near the monster ruin, the Coliseum—which, from its high old gray walls, on which here and there are growing tufts of vegetation, seems to mingle with the blue sky above, emulating in its eternity of decay the everlasting serenity of the heavens. Around you are the huge basement walls of the building, nearly two hundred feet thick at base, in which were the dens for the wild animals; also corridors, passages, and stairways. The Coliseum is the most grand, affecting, and mournful ruin in the world.

It is just enough ruined. Parts of it would have fallen down, but that the present and preceding Popes have had it propped up by walls. Here, on those ascending sides from the interior, once lined with marble, were seats on which the Romans sat and looked down on the wild beasts devouring the Christians; the Romans have all passed away and Christianity has conquered the world, and rules and reigns in the proud city, and even in the Coliseum itself. They saw the Goths and barbarians fighting here for their amusement—these barbarians have formed empires surpassing Rome in civilization. All is gone but the ruin—the gray, sad, aged ruin. Eighty-seven thousand persons could sit at one time in the vast interior; and here they assembled day after day for hundreds of years; but they are all gone now like the leaves of past autumns. The Coliseum, however, is almost time proof. It seems treas-

uring up some mighty past in its great heart. It has the curse to live and wither through the moonlights and sunlights of ages to come, and may survive Rome itself. When the Campagna malaria shall have conquered the many-times conquered city, and be its last subduer, the Coliseum will stand on the depopulated base of the seven hills, garnering the Christian dust till the last trumpet shall awaken the martyrs on the spot where they fell. Christians were brought from the remotest quarters of the empire to be tortured here. They were hunted out of the Catacombs of the Campagna into which persecution had compelled them to fly. St. Ignatius was brought from Antioch, and exposed to the wild beasts here for a ferocious feast for the Romans. The Coliseum never disappoints, but always surpasses expectation. St. Peter's may perhaps disappoint. It is vastness overdone with minuteness. The Coliseum is simply and ruinously grand. The size of St. Peter's seems to be in conflict with, and wondering at its trappings. The Coliseum has no ornaments. It is architecture gone back into nature; it is stone, old, gray, square stone, forgetful that it had once to do with men, fleeting, busy, hasting, hurrying men, and pleasant, light and lovely women. It had to do with Paganism and Jupiter, and Romans and martyrs.

But to-day, January 21, I was in the Capitol Museum, containing, like the Vatican, the remains of ancient sculpture. The building occupies the left side of the square of the Capitol. I have looked at the "Dying Gladiator." Lord Byron's description of it is wonderfully accurate. The size of the wounded man dying is larger than life; the effect is melancholy on the beholder; it is so evidently a thoughtful man gradually conquered by death. It is one in cheerful, fresh, hopeful life, who had never thought of death as a thing in which he was concerned, over whom not the thought, but the reality, had come suddenly and

surprisingly. He has fallen, and leans on one hand, and looks toward the earth. The cold prostrate statue has some of the awfulness of death about it. You feel solemn and impressed, as if more than marble was there. It is described by anatomists as being true to nature in every particular. It was dug out of the Gardens of Sallust. There are here many other statues and busts—some of emperors, gods, goddesses, and chimeras, extracted from various ruins. There are antique busts of nearly all the Roman Emperors, in the true, severe, Roman strictness of feature; and it is interesting to gaze at these most life-like representations of monsters of men, as some of them were, and observe the conformity in their general appearance and physiognomy, to the facts of their history. Then there is an adjoining apartment containing the busts of nearly one hundred persons, the most eminent in all antiquity. One of the best heads here is that of Alexander the Great. There are also Homer, Socrates—the latter remarkably ugly; Alcibiades, Plato, Cleopatra, etc. In another room I was particularly struck with a bas relief on a sarcophagus representing the battle of the Amazons with Theseus. In another room is a remarkable Roman or Grecian mosaic, representing four doves drinking—a work of most singular accuracy—much admired by the ancients, in which there is only *not* life. The doves are represented as drinking, and the shadow of one darkens the water. The pieces of natural stone of which it is composed are so small that one hundred and sixty of them are contained in a square inch.

The great subject of conversation among all classes of late has been the attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French on the 14th of this month. It has thus been attempted the second time by Italians. The Italians hate him—hate the whole Bonaparte dynasty. They say the first Napoleon sold them to Austria; that they in Rome are merely French subjects; that if they do any thing whatever,

the French soldiers are ready to punish; that on account of the Austrians in the north, and the French in the middle of Italy, their own condition is hopeless. The Italians have passion, pride, impetuosity, genius—but are superficial and powerless. Their dream is a republic; but it would be a most bloody one. The different factions would rule by destroying each other. No people have been so much victimized by their own governments. Others have a temporal despotism to groan under: these have a temporal and spiritual one too. The French emperor will now have still more confidence in his destiny. It created a profound sensation in Rome, though at first it was regarded as a *ruse*, gotten up by the emperor to manufacture a sensation. It is true the Romans here, and the Pope also, are mere French subjects. The French have the Castle of St. Angelo and other points that command the city. But it is better for these people to bear “the ills they have than fly to others that they know not of.”

To-day we visited some of the studios of the painters and sculptors. Rome contains many of these—not only Italian, but English and American artists. We saw a painting by an American artist, Mr. Rothmuller. It represents King Lear, Edgar, and Gloster his father—the king in the act of saying, “Aye, every inch a king!” The position, attitude, and gesture of the king are all extremely fine; that of Edgar is also good. This painting is regarded here, among the best artists, as a fine work; and after three hundred years of age perhaps it will be regarded as a great work. I saw also some landscape paintings by an Italian artist who painted twenty years before he showed any of his paintings—these seemed to be glowing *fac similes* of nature. His name is Castelli. We also visited to-day the Sciarra Palace. It is in the Corso, and has some fine paintings. Those of Raphael are of course first looked at. One of his productions here, “The Violin Player,” a simple

portrait, yet has that under half-alive expression which the great painter could give. You expect his paintings to move and speak, or you seem to recollect such persons in your past life. Raphael more than paints; he paints expression and soul, and it is easy reading. There are some by Leonardo da Vinci, whose works are characteristic and peculiar. The one, "Vanity and Modesty," is a study for hours. There are several lovely Madonnas and Magdalenes. These two ladies of olden times are presented in various ways and characters. The Virgin is always beautiful, holy, scarce of the "earth, earthy," pitiful; the Magdalene is repenting, enticing, alluring—half-sorrowful, half-sinful. She is always a lovely sinner.

To-day I have visited the Church of St. Cecilia, beyond the Tiber, in that part of the city called Trastevere. St. Cecilia is mentioned by Paul in his letter to the Romans. Portions of her house are yet shown among the foundation-walls of the edifice. She is buried under the High Altar. She is said to have been the inventress of the organ. I heard the fine music of the morning mass, and the nuns could be seen, with their pale, soft faces, passing dreamily and calmly about. The establishment of nunneries, convents, monasteries, affords a living to a vast number of persons in Catholic countries. They get a mere living by abnegating the common and natural ties of the heart, and by the performance of their stereotyped devotions. The world becomes to them that portion of it within the walls of the establishment. The probability is that they have as severe internal struggles as those have who remain without engaged in contact with the world. Many of these establishments are wealthy, having legacies left them by some discontented and wealthy old person who had sought within their walls seclusion and repose—or left them endowments by way of atoning for sin. Some are poor, however, and beg, starve, and teach. I looked at the mosaics

and frescoes here, which are one thousand years old. The church has a wide nave, with two side aisles, separated from the nave by long rows of beautiful columns. Not far from this flows the Tiber, and you may see here some ships that have come from the Mediterranean; and here are also the remains of the oldest bridge in Rome, about two thousand three hundred years old. It is the bridge on which the noble Roman Horatius Cocles stood, defending the narrow pass against the army of Porsenna, till the Romans broke the bridge down behind him, when he swam ashore and escaped. The foundations of the piers alone remain. Crossing the river, and passing down it along the base of the Aventine Hill, having on the left numerous substructions of ancient and unknown palaces and temples, all ruined and gone, and continuing to walk some distance over now deserted spaces, once a populous part of the city, one arrives at a most sad, sweet, quiet spot, where are the old and new Protestant Cemeteries and the great Pyramid of Caius Cestius. The old Cemetery is small, and is surrounded by a deep ditch, and has numerous cypresses and pines. It is close adjoining the old Pyramid of the Roman, built of marble, now blackened by time, which rises high, and gray, and stern, above the smaller monuments beneath. The new Cemetery occupies the slope of a hill, and is walled around, one side of it being inclosed by the walls of the city. It is well kept; the gravel-paths are in fine order, and bright flowers are blooming underneath the tall cypress trees. The inscriptions are generally in English; some are in Greek; and some persons here buried are from the United States. Some monuments are to members of the English nobility who have died in Rome. One of the plainest I noticed had on it nothing but "William, fifth Duke of Manchester." The walls of Rome, built by Aurelius the emperor, with their falling towers and gray, ivy-covered ruins, form an interesting object, viewed through

the funereal cypress plantations around the graves. Most of the monuments are of marble; some are of travertin—volcanic stone. I stood by the grave of Shelley, the genius, misguided and erroneous, but amiable and benevolent. It is a plain slab, almost level with the ground, close to the ivy-mantled old Roman wall. It has on it his name, time of birth, and death, and the Latin words, “Cor cordium,” “heart of hearts.” There is also dimly written below :

“Nothing of him but doth suffer a sea change,
Into something rich and strange,”

in allusion to his being drowned near Leghorn. The body having been washed ashore, was (such having been Shelley’s wish) consumed by fire; the heart, however, not burning, was buried here. No place more fitting could have been found for him who wrote “Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude,” and “Prometheus Unbound,” with its “thrice three hundred thousand years.” In the old Cemetery, which has been much longer in use, I found the grave of the eminent English surgeon, John Bell, and also that of the author of a line which will be remembered while earth exists—

‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever,’—

John Keats. It is a small marble monument, without his name, time of birth, or death. He is described as “a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malice of his enemies, desired these lines on his tombstone, ‘Here lies one whose name was writ in water.’” Keats died in Rome, where some of his last words were, “I feel the daisies growing over me!” They do grow over him. His death is generally attributed to the ill-natured criticism on his works, which appeared in the “Quarterly Review.” Keats, as has been well remarked, was the greatest of all poets who have died so young. The

"Eve of St. Agnes" will be admired and read one thousand years after the coarse productions of Gifford, who is supposed to have written the critique, have been inhumed. Keats, in regard to true poetry, is worth three Wordsworths and five Southseys. The gray Pyramid of Caius Cestius, the walls of the city built partly around it, with its old marble Corinthian columns on each side, is one hundred and twenty-five feet high; the width at the base, one hundred feet; the walls, of travertin and brick-work, and coated with marble, are twenty-five feet thick. The wall of the city here indicates the decline of the empire when its old age came upon it, and the Goths and other barbarians menaced its existence. I entered by a low tomb or cave-like aperture, into a vaulted apartment in the centre of the pyramid, where the guide, who had provided torches, showed me, on the sides of the chamber, the rapidly disappearing frescoes of birds and human figures. The chamber was empty, damp, and dripping. The body of the proud Roman—he lived in the Augustan age—with its sarcophagus, has long since disappeared. The ground around the pyramid has been elevated many feet in the lapse of years. The Roman is forgotten in his own tomb, and new religions and new empires have grown over the place. Returning, I passed over the Aventine Hill, crowned with several churches and convents, and also some fine gardens of olives and oranges. I shall never forget the piled-up clouds of the Italian sunset I saw here. They rose from the sea, and rested on the blue hills that bound the Campagna, like a tent stretched for the tenantry of heaven, who had come down to look at the ruin-seared scene of earth's history. The view from the Aventine is most lovely. But every thing around is Catholic. You see written on the churches, "Full indulgence every day, for the living and the dead." It is said, in some of these churches, a person, by a skillful investment, can purchase twenty-nine thousand years in-

dulgence from the fires of purgatory. Images of the Virgin and Child, and crosses, occupy the most conspicuous points.

To-day, January 25th, our party, consisting of six persons, ascended the great ruin, the Coliseum, to the top. The Coliseum seems to have been built with four very large and thick concentric walls, and proceeding from the centre, which was lowest and next to the arena, rising higher to the exterior one. On this, the Emperor, Vestal Virgins, and chief persons sat—the other circles of walls, with seats rising higher, being in the rear. On the highest tier, the common people sat. The inner wall, which was probably highly ornamented, is in utter ruins. We ascended by staircases of brick, to the second, third, and fourth stories, there being landing places and wide corridors between each wall, supported by enormous arches, in some places almost ready to fall. It looks almost like a craggy chasm in a mountain, when you look into the interior from the summit, nearly one hundred and fifty-seven feet high. Around you, on the exterior, are the usual views of Rome—the great ruins which are very near, the arches and ruins of temples, the sea sixteen miles off, and the past-world looking Campagna. We walked along the brick corridors and platforms between the walls. Snails, lizards, and many other animals have taken a secure retreat in the ruins. Trees and shrubs and weeds are growing out of the walls, and a whole botany of wall flowers are beguiling the great ruin with their brief beauty. Woodbine, and many other creeping plants, here forever vernal, would bind up the broken places with verdure. But in vain. It cannot turn from its hoary, stone-petrified past. An army might well encamp in it yet. It was begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus. Five thousand wild beasts are said to have fought in it to dedicate it. The triumph of Trajan, over the Dacians, was celebrated in it, by the combat of ten

thousand gladiators, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, the sports continuing four months.

Some bas reliefs in the Vatican Palace represent scenes in the Coliseum, by which it appears that there were subterranean caves, or passages, under the floor of the arena, and by suddenly lifting, by machinery, the stone doors of these, the wild animals beneath, mad with pain and hunger, sprang up like lightning, and devoured the Christians, after chasing them around the arena, or in some cases the latter were chained to stakes.

Returning from the Coliseum, we entered the gallery of paintings on the Capitol Piazza. Many of them are very interesting; there are also some antique sculptures; some striking ones of Julius Cæsar, recognized at a glance, as conveying an idea of this lofty, proud, able, sagacious, heartless man; the celebrated, antique, bronze She Wolf, the nurse of Rome—thunder-stricken and scarred—with Romulus and Remus, as twins. There are also some frescoes here, and some tapestry works.

But the Coliseum by moonlight, and alone! Down I go, along the Via Condotti to its entrance into the Corso, the principal street in Rome. What crowds of Italians! some walking on the very narrow side walks, many in the middle of the streets, each with long cloaks, which might well conceal a stiletto. Some with little earthen pots, carrying red-hot coals, to keep their hands warm. Then you pass Roman palaces, with their wide, arched gateways, entering to a large quadrangle, or inner court. You come to the Venitian Palace, where the Corso terminates, enter narrow, dirty, old streets, where you might easily be stabbed and robbed and forgotten in ten minutes—there is the pleasure of danger, however. Then you begin to ascend the Capitoline Hill, with its buildings, by Michael Angelo; its equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius; its relics of ancient Rome, those stately and grand initials—the proudest that

ever were, S. P. Q. R., the Senate and People of Rome—on many objects, and you now have left the city, and have come upon the ruins—columns, fragments of temples, sunken pavements, worn with the feet of Romans, ancient arches. You are upon the Via Sacra, then the round, grand, monster of a ruin rises up before you, and fills half the sky, like a visible embodiment of a mighty past. The jagged shadow falls on the ruins around, the trees and shrubs on the walls look like the waving garments of the multitudes who sat there in olden time, the stars are seen through the “rents of ruin,” and the moonlight lays its soft, white hand on all, and seems to bind up the chasms tenderly, like a hand of beauty on a rugged, heart-seared brow. The night wind sighs through the arches, and along the vast, lonely corridors, and cloudy patches of mist, sweeping over the sky, shed alternate light and darkness, shade and shadow, moon and mystery, over the age-blackened walls. You pass under one of the arches, and stand within it. How large it appears in the dim light—the hallowed heart of a mighty, seared, scathed, and blasted empire, seems around you. The Palatine Hill, with the ruins of the Cæsars’ Palace—the Coelian, cypress crowned—all these, and countless generations are around you; two thousand years of Roman empire seem here. Though conquered and kingly have alike passed away, yet the Coliseum, like an old world that has had its day, lingers on, a past amidst a present. It is well to have seen the dark, old desert in the moonlight, it leaves so solemn and mystic an impression on the heart; it looms up in the mind as the sublime of architecture and age. The clouds flit over the blue, Italian sky—the moon comes among them, and embroiders them with silver—both change and flit incessantly; but it stands beneath, mute, and mighty, and changeless—the Niobe of ruins, in the solemn darkness of moonlight, mystery, and age.

Of late we have suspended sight-seeing. The cold, clear,

wonderfully brilliant weather of this climate still continues. Great preparations are making to celebrate the Carnival, of which Rome is now the head-quarters. It is to commence in form next Saturday, and will last eight days.

In Rome there are several reading-rooms, in which we can read papers from all regions. The New York Herald and several other American papers are taken; and it is really refreshing, after a day of toil spent among the ruins of Rome, to spend an hour in perusal of the more intense and energetic life in action in our own country, now far distant. There is always an appropriate stand-point at which to see any thing to advantage; and I must say that here, in the midst of decrepit and extinct nationalities and ruins of mankind, and systems of religion or rather superstitions, our young, flourishing and vigorous government appears to great advantage as a refreshing and green spot on the world's arena, where a broad and fertile land offers bounteously all the rich products of nature, and where a congenial government is at once the index and encourager of advancement and progress. We can almost feel the on-rushing tide of our country's destiny—and its assertion of a great future of new principles. There the people have got the government of themselves in their own hands; the very air inhaled is freedom; and the clanking shackles of tyranny, the chains on mind and the degradation of body are not, and the largeness and greatness of our country write themselves on heart and soul. The artificial barriers of caste and rank are not; and the only distinctions are those resulting from individual efforts, and the wide, grand work of developing life to its utmost is open to all. If we have faults, they are those of youth and exuberant health; and our undiseased activity and energy will not stop with the levelling of forests and the subjection of nature, but will utter out a history that will overshadow and render tame all earth's past. America is the rejuvenescence of

mankind. The first settlers found no established institutions there, and proceeded to make all things new. Never was such a theatre given to man for a fair trial of principles. Never has the result so honestly answered to the circumstances. The object in the eternal archives of destiny was simply to give human nature a fair chance. A continent was dispeopled of a nonimproving race to make way for the experiment. The greatness of the interests at stake required their subjugation. The individual must yield to the general. The individual must be pained for his and the eventual good. The eventual settlement of the slavery question—that singular mental hallucination which affects the minds of so many men at the North—may now be foreseen. Its abettors, whatever moral honesty they might have had in regard to agitating that question—having of late years made it a political question—it will spend its force and descend to the tomb in company with other exploded issues, leaving the relative and natural position of the two races unaffected. The Kansas question, it appears, remains unsettled. Like the disturbed pendulum, it will vibrate awhile, but will eventually settle on the broad and firm principle of popular sovereignty, as expounded by the President—not the licentious will of a mob, nor the asserted numerical majority of a non-voting population—but the legal will of the people, as officially announced through constitutional channels. The condition of the African race—American slavery—being the highest and most excellent condition in which they have ever been known in all history, will be fully set forth; and presidential expectants, like Douglas, who flatter themselves their prescience has discovered a principle, by assuming the popular side of which they expect to be borne into power; and the miscellaneous tribe of small calibre men, like Greeley and Seward, whose astonishing, inflated arrogance is only equalled by their destitution of moral principle—soft-headed, sleek,

weak men, like Sumner and others, who are able to master one idea, and even make a speech on it—all these, in their small efforts to retard, or thwart, or divert the advancement of our country, will be cast aside by the great, sweeping tide of our onward history, as floating weeds old ocean's waves only elevate on her bosom to overwhelm in a yet deeper oblivion—while the influence of natural feelings, the common inheritance of American pride, the iron bands in the form of railways, the natural bands in the form of rivers, and the real interest of all—will tend to unite our people, and evoke for them happier auspices than the “ample page of history, rich with the spoils of time,” has ever yet disclosed.

Such men resemble the foul sores and ulcers that discharge the peccant humors of the physical system; they are the fungi of our rapid growth, and though foul themselves, they are the conduits, the dirty ditches and sewers, by which the political system is purified. It is better to let men twist the rope by which to hang themselves than, by suppressing free speech, convert them into assassins and conspirators. Words and editorials are preferable to weapons and daggers, which such men might use if not unvenomed in some way. If they talk of morality, conscience, or philanthropy, or consistency, they are to be suspected of undertaking a deeper game, since these, as well as honor, are used by them, not for their inherent value, but as drapery to conceal their selfish ends. They forget that Freedom is a relative term, and always implies to be free *from* something, and that which may be freedom to one race is slavery to another—that the African race, though in a state which would be slavery to us, are in a state of freedom, relative to them and their ancestors—and that though we have destroyed the Indians by our civilization, we are elevating another race, by and through their slavery to us. But the common sense of America is sound, and

our government differs from others in that, while theirs appears fair in the exterior, within are the seeds of ultimate dissolution, while ours is sound at the core, and casts off, at the surface, through the convulsion of untrammelled, free suffrage, its foully engendered humors, and permits them to rot in their own degradation. While they assert that our practice stultifies the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are born free," they stultify themselves, since, though a man may be *born* free, he does not continue so one moment after birth, but immediately comes into subjection to the laws of his being, condition, and circumstances; the slave comes under the conditions of his being exactly in a similar manner in which every other person, each according to his position, relations, and circumstances, which he may modify, after birth, to some extent, but cannot very conveniently do so before. Each is born with certain influences—hereditary, national, moral, legal—under which conditions he has his being, and the slave is, in no respect, any worse off in these particulars than that of the agitators themselves—his condition being as natural to him as theirs is to them. People are not elevated by merely changing their condition; the slaves are elevated in and through and by their condition, in a greater degree than the agitators are in theirs, who, if one may judge by their narrow premises and halting conclusions, their rampant and gaseous denunciations, stand in great need of some other engine, than their vaunted freedom, to elevate them into mediocrity. From the papers I see, it appears the President has taken a judicious course in regard to these matters, and it is well-known he has the requisite firmness to adhere to them, seeking his applause in the constant vindication of his own conscience, and the coming verdict of posterity. The normal state of the negro is to be a slave. A nation, or a man, is in their normal state when they progress, or are in a state of their highest development. The negro, in Africa re-

mains stationary; the free negro, in general, amongst whites, retrogrades—is not so industrious as when enslaved, does not increase so fast, is less courteous—and bears in his countenance the infallible *indicia* of his circumstances bearing hard upon him. He is pensive, melancholy, and short-lived. The race have not the stamina, the substratum of self-support. The attrition of slavery is, however, a compulsory progression. They increase faster, live longer, are more developed physically, are more cheerful, and are consequently more in their normal state. Nothing but slavery can civilize them. It is well-known, by those that know them well, that the true nature of the negro reappears in them often, under certain circumstances—the cannibal, atheistic, cruel, regardless, conscienceless negro of Africa, utterly uncivilized and degraded for centuries, with low and beastly proclivities—which nothing can extract from their blood but the compulsory industry and progression of slavery. Nations die, if not in their normal state, as certain tribes of Indians are killed by civilization. The true and absolute essence of the Indian nature, not having vent, breaks and dies, but will not bend. Therein the negro differs. He is pliable, and can be civilized, and slavery is his civilization.

To-day has been one of those remarkably bright and sunny days of Italy, in which heaven seems glad and the earth joyous. What a scene from the Pincian Hill, which overlooks the Piazza del Popolo, with its churches and their domes, and its great Egyptian obelisk of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics. It is seventy-eight feet high, and was brought from Egypt by Augustus, but having fallen down in the middle ages, was broken into three pieces. It was re-erected nearly three hundred years ago. It originally stood before the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis. Augustus rededicated it to the Sun. Of course it is now, like the others, surmounted by a cross. These

obelisks are the greatest wonders in Rome. They have outlived the gods and goddesses of three religions. On the populous plains of the Nile they adored the gods of Egyptian mystery. In ancient Rome they worshiped the refined mythology of Jupiter and Venus. They now devote themselves to the saints of Catholicism and the Virgin Mary. Defaced inscriptions on them of each era announce they were "purged from a vile superstition." How each age libels the preceding! The temples of Pagan Rome were built into Christian churches, and the obelisks of Egypt have been taught to adore the Cross. The old Roman inscription remains on it. On the right, beyond the Tiber and the city walls, is Monte Mario, covered with dark cypresses. St. Peter's, with its grand dome, the strong, dark-looking, circular castle of St. Angelo, surmounted by a gigantic Archangel in bronze, in the act of sheathing his sword, are in front. On the left is the city, with its numerous church domes—that of the Pantheon in particular—dark, ancient, and grand. A fine band of musicians are about to perform in the gardens, immediately in rear of the walled brow of the hill. The scene is most beautiful, both in its past and present, beneath this Italian sun. The musicians, more than sixty in number, with brass instruments, form a circle—they are in fine uniform—the leader stands in the centre, and their utterance of music swells over the mute, but expression-full statues, like the wailing of Rome's past of glory. The crowd collect around, the red carriages of the cardinals, with their outriders, their servants leading riding horses, while my lord cardinal walks along the gravel paths, servants bearing their flowing trains. The costumes of various nations here, the long-robed and dark-cloaked priests, the groups of friends and tourists, all make a scene of rich interest.

To-day, I have been in the Doria Palace, probably the most splendid of all the palaces in Rome—excepting those

of the Pope—this family retaining a portion of their ancient wealth and grandeur. There are fifteen or eighteen rooms, lofty and splendid, in which are contained eight hundred or more paintings, rare and old sculpture. The windows are hung with elegant silk and satin curtains. The floors are, many of them, of magnificent mosaics. One grand hall is surrounded with costly Venitian mirrors. Rich tables of various kinds of marbles are in each room; lofty chandeliers sprinkle light from their numerous branches, and an air of tasteful and regal magnificence and elegance is diffused everywhere. The rooms are on the first floor, or in our country it would be called the second, and surround the court of the grand quadrangle. The paintings, with their gilt and gold frames, and various devices, are seen to great advantage. One, a Deposition from the Cross, struck me as remarkable; it is in a small cabinet. Another, a Crucifixion, said to be by Michael Angelo, displays some of his rare power. There are some most splendid landscape paintings, surpassing any I have seen in Rome of that kind of painting—some by Claude, others by Gaspar Poussin. The palace is in the form of an oblong square, surrounding a court yard, with colonnades. In this court are trees, flowers, statuary, and fountains.

To-day, February 2d, has been quite a great day at St. Peter's. It was Candlemas, or the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin. We entered the church about half-past nine o'clock. The impression this grand church makes on the mind, is fitly compared by Lord Byron, "to climbing some vast Alp." About two hundred soldiers, in uniform, were drawn up on each side of the grand nave; these kept the central part of the church clear, admitting, however, several thousands of persons, who stood outside their ranks, between the lofty columns and the numerous side chapels and aisles. The Pope's Guard, composed of the nobility of Rome, in a most splendid uniform, but a rather more showy than effi-

cient-looking body of men, were there also—and the Swiss Guard, also, in a most outre, middle-age-looking attire—and kept order, guarding the images, candles, columns, and every thing, from secular intrusion. The Pope came in, as before, in his gilded chair, borne aloft on the shoulders of twelve cardinals, dressed in tunics of magnificent red velvet; he was himself also thus habited. He looked weary and weak, but rubicund; he blessed the people, crossed himself, and muttered prayers as the splendid procession moved along, in the middle space, between the files of soldiers. Arrived near to the Grand Altar, over the crypt containing the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, and where now were immense wax candles burning, the Pope alighted, and the ceremony of blessing the candles soon commenced. The Pope first made the sign of the cross over them, then sprinkled them with incense, then with holy water, and it was done. Possibly five or six hundred candles were thus blessed. Then each person, with a candle in his hand—the Pope carried in his chair, bearing also a candle—went in procession around a space guarded by soldiers, near the Grand Altar, singing, or chanting, and the candles being lighted, the whole had a grand effect. After this, Grand Mass was performed, the Pope assisting, during which rich vocal music filled the air. In the High Mass, the Sacristan eats of the wafers, and drinks of the wine and water, prepared for the Papal High Mass, an immemorial custom, as a security, lest the Pope should be poisoned in using them, as has been the case, in history, when he partakes of the consecrated emblems. The Pope was then carried out, and the grand thing terminated. After the churches of Rome, and the ceremonies of Rome, there is nothing more of that kind remaining in the world worthy of being seen. The only thing left, is to come back again to Rome, and be again astonished. The proof of Christianity must always be in its practice—its effect on the heart. This is the ground it

takes, as appealing to each one's personal experience, as to whether the practice of it does not make him better; but whether such splendid ceremonies, these dresses flaming with gems, and these rites in reference to candles, have any *enlightening* effect on the mind, may well be questioned. The Catholic religion presents us with an imposing, ancient, venerable, infallible something, called the Church—to which you must be reconciled—in which salvation is possible, and out of which damnation is sure—it being a cardinal principle that all Protestants are damned necessarily. This thing—the Church—is, in the aggregate, superior to the Bible, custom, history, and is itself the only authority; and most splendidly is this assumption kept up. Many of the Italians here regard the whole thing as superstition; that this machinery and mechanism of devotion are stale and worn out; that they are rife for something else; that it is believed in only by the vulgar; that the priests themselves do not all believe in it, and regard religion as a profession merely by which to live; that the better and more intelligent class only attend church occasionally, in order to prevent being watched, and have spies set over them. Catholicism suits well, either a highly objective mind, as that of the lower orders in Europe, or a highly subjective mind, like that of a profound philosopher, who sees in its symbols the thing signified, and extracts the good from the evil. But the middle class of Europe, who will make themselves felt in its future, are not satisfied with it. These great, imposing ceremonies, which have continued for more than twelve hundred years, and have all the sanction of venerable antiquity, have had their day, and will pass away. Doubtless there was some good in them; they are powerfully impressive; and stripped of their adornments, they are commemorative imitations of the naked facts they relate to. They have therefore a value, and upstart ignorance could find in itself a more appropriate subject for ridicule than

these ceremonies. Religion, it is true, is a thing divine, and to all, and in all persons, essentially the same; yet, it is equally true, that "he that takes it, makes it," that is, it receives a form, a phase, a color, and a guise from the qualities of his own mind. It is thus that Christianity becomes Catholicism, and Protestantism becomes Lutheranism, or Methodism, or Presbyterianism. Religion is a divine idea, knowledge, or fact, thrown into this world to operate on the mind and heart as a component part of the general experience of humanity. It is an element in an enlargement of, and a direction to the human soul—a phase of progression, and a connection between this world and another. As it argues a higher elevation hereafter to its recipients, so does it entail a deeper suffering to those in contact with it, for the Universe is economical, and each thing has a value, a relation, a comparison, a compensation, a reverse and a real. Catholicism is full of ghosts and legends and relics—things coming out of the middle ages, and entrenching on the present. St. Peter's is always interesting, but on a grand occasion like this, is wondrous. You stroll about as if you were in a forest; you see confession boxes for penitents, in all languages; you see the priests in them, blessing the children, and also grown persons, by long rods by which they touch their heads. The great, grim, bronze statue of St. Peter (said to have been formerly one of Jupiter) is kissed by the devotees. You see the sublime statues, chiseled out of marble by Canova, and the great mosaics of Raphael's Transfiguration and Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome, and other works, while the vast size, the height, the splendor of the church, the crowds of costumes and colors—for Catholicism admits all into the body of the church—impress you in a thousand ways. The only thing greater than Catholicism, is the simpleton who stands and laughs at it, and sees no virtue, nothing respectable, nothing true, but that to which he was brought up. The only thing

smaller than nothing, is sectarian and narrow-hearted bigotry and illiberality, that, instead of quietly learning, scornfully criticises. People are not puppets in the hands of fate, to be, or believe just what circumstances dictate, but they are wills, free within certain limits, and therein responsible; and a Catholic, in his circumstances, may be as truly convinced of the truth of his creed as a Protestant in his, and both should respect the other, and not "judge, lest he be judged."

To-day, February 4th, we visited the Quirinal Palace, the winter residence of the Pope. The day was truly lovely—one of those deeply blue-air skies of Rome. This palace is on the Quirinal Hill, one of the seven hills of ancient Rome. Special permission to visit it must be procured. It is here the conclave of cardinals sits to elect the Pope; and from the balcony over the principal entrance the result of the election is announced to the people. As most of the other palaces of Rome, it is built in the form of a large quadrangle, enclosing a spacious court between the walls. You pass up a large marble staircase, and you are shown by the polite Major Domo the various apartments—first, an immense, long and high hall, one hundred and ninety feet long, richly decorated; then into others—the throne-room, the audience-chambers, the Pope's bed-room, the splendid brass bed on which he sleeps, and on which Pope Pius VII. died; then halls of ambassadors, the dining-room and many others. The Pope always dines alone, except at a few stated times, when certain of the cardinals are admitted. His religious duties are all prescribed to him; and if he does them he is no idler. Many of those halls have most splendid silk and satin hangings. They abound in magnificent ivory crucifixes. Some of the paintings are of superior excellence. One representing the "Annunciation," by Guido, struck me as very fine. A tapestry work of the French Gobelines' manufacture, representing St. Stephen,

appeared to be a remarkable work. There are some mosaic floors, extremely ancient and interesting, excavated from the ruins of the Emperor Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli, eighteen miles from Rome. From the palace we went into the Quirinal Gardens adjoining. These are very splendid. Very old live oak trees, box wood, hedges of great height cut so as to resemble perpendicular walls of verdure, magnolia trees, palms, and many Oriental looking trees, orangeries and lemonries, with fruit in all stages; ancient sun-dials, statues, fountains, old Roman marble baths and sarcophagi, now serving as receptacles for plants; cool, dark, shady recesses—all these are here in their beauty and interest. Descending a stairway leading to a lower part of the garden, we came to a small casino, in which is an organ, played by a water-wheel. The water is let on and off the wheel from a reservoir: the wheel is arranged somewhat like the wheel within a music box. Here also various fountains can be made to play in a moment, and in a manner most unexpected by the beholder—some resembling an ascending brisk shower of rain; statues of angels connected with the the organ blow trumpets, and the whole scene is like fairy land. Returning, we again strolled through the gardens, from which the view over Rome, with its numerous churches and the hills beyond, is very fine, especially on a blue Italian day like the present. In front of the palace is a square, where there is a beautiful fountain, with equestrian statues, bearing the names of Phidias and Praxiteles; they were probably dishumed from the ruins of Rome.

To-day, February 5th, we visited the Villa Albani, just outside the walls of Rome, by the Porta Salara. The walls of Rome are nearly fifteen miles in circuit, and those parts that I have seen are mainly of brick, with portions of the old Roman walls of stone appearing occasionally. There are strong battlements and towers at short distances. But the walls look old and crumbling; they are probably forty

or fifty feet high. Much more of the ground inclosed by the walls consists of ancient ruins, villas and desert hills, than the modern city occupies. Entering the gates of the villa, to see which special permission must be obtained, you are amazed at the elegance and taste in which the grounds are kept. Long avenues of evergreen trees, forming an arch overhead; hedges of boxwood and other kinds, straight or square, with antique statues looking out of the vacant spaces in them; circular walks, fountains, and every thing that wealth could devise, meet the eye. The villa itself is a modern house, built about a hundred years ago, having in front a splendid portico, with many columns of Oriental granite and marbles. There are no less than forty-four columns of various marbles. This portico contains numerous antique statues—one I noticed of Julius Cæsar, who was a man probably of as much compact ability as any in antiquity. Ascending the grand staircase, we were shown numerous and stately halls, containing collections of statuary regarded as inferior only to the Vatican and Capitol galleries. The French, during the reign of Napoleon, carried off nearly three hundred of the finest pieces of sculpture to Paris. At the downfall of Napoleon the Prince Albani was allowed to reclaim them; but being unable to sustain the expense of reconveying them, he sold the greater part to the King of Bavaria. Notwithstanding this reduction, this collection is still a most noble one. Paris, during the reign of Napoleon, had nearly all the chief treasures of art, both of painting and sculpture, that were in Europe. It was the object of the emperor to make Paris the most interesting city in the world. The mosaics, bas relievos, various kinds of marble columns, paintings by distinguished masters, and all kinds of Greek and Roman works of art—are all a study and all interesting. One bronze statue is shown as the work of Praxiteles. There is a most beautiful bust in bas relief in marble remarkably fresh looking and expressive—"An-

tinous crowned with lotus flowers," reckoned next after the "Laocoon" and "Apollo Belvidere" of the Vatican in merit. There are hundreds of others—many of them of Roman emperors and Greek writers—all remarkable for their clear, distinct, forcible, antique expressiveness—those of Esop, Scipio Africanus, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Homer, and Epicurus. These busts are generally ascertained to be what they are designated by their resemblance to faces in ancient times, or by some allusion to them in old writers, or some characteristic historically known. There are also sarcophagi with whole histories in allegory, urns, baths, Egyptian vases of rare material, relics of the mighty past of Rome, trophies found in the eternity of her ruins. Many of these have suffered in the rude attacks of the barbarians of the middle ages. The Campagna soil is full of pulverized marble statuary; and the few that remain show us what the treasures and magnificence of the Roman empire were, and especially what the skill and genius of the Greek artists were: for it is probable that many of the finest pieces of ancient statuary were the work of Greek artists settled in Rome. The Bigliardo, or Billiard Saloons, and the Coffee House are in other portions of the grounds, and, like the principal villa, are repositories of ancient art in profuse and melancholy grandeur. The villas around Rome are the creations of the cardinals, who, having no posterity, spend their wealth in surrounding themselves with taste and learned magnificence. None of the great Roman families of the present day can deduce their origin from the ancient Romans—but generally arose in the middle ages from the Popes, who, having no issue, ennobled their nephews. This villa belongs at present to the Count Castelbarco, a Milanese nobleman, to whom it descended in the female line from the Cardinal Albani. Many of these villas are kept up, not as residences, but as mere appendages to the rank of those who own them. The custodi, to whom you

give two or three pauls for showing them, is more benefited than the owner. One is almost astonished at the rich display of various kinds of marbles in these villas, and the eye and mind grow weary with gazing at them. The views from the upper apartments of the Casino are fine—embracing the mountains, other villas on the desert Campagna, dreary as a storm-tossed sea.

Returning to the city, I entered the Church of the Capuccini, or the Capuchin Monks, on the Piazza Barberini. Here are some fine paintings; one, the Archangel Michael fighting with Lucifer, a grand painting; also, one or two by that great master, Domenichino. There are some monuments to princes and cardinals; an epitaph, in Latin, on one of the latter (Cardinal Barberini) is curious—"Here lie dust and ashes, and nothing else." There is a monastery attached to this church, as to many others in Rome. The brethren go about in their coarse, brown hoods and cloaks, with sandals on their feet, and no hat. Beneath the church is the cemetery, or crypt, the most horrid place I was ever in. Death here appears in all its frights. Approaching it, you see various, half-obliterated, Latin inscriptions, such as "Respect the end," "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity." The monk lights a lamp, and you enter a Golgotha in all its terrors, a place of skulls and dead men's bones. There is quite a number of these low, stone chambers connected with each other. Around the vaulted roof and along the sides, close together as possible, are fastened human bones. Piles of these also in regular order, like walls or pyramids, are all around, and fleshless skeletons stand in all directions. In each room stand four or five skeletons of monks, with their black clothing on, a cross over their hearts, their right hand holding a small placard, on which are written their name and age and time of death. They all seem to grin horribly, ghastly, and deathfully in their decay and ruin. These occupy open spaces in the walls of bones. 'Tis a

fearful and hideous spectacle! A lamp, the frame of which is of human bones, the skull forming the receptacle for the oil, hangs from the ceiling—a chandelier of human bones. The articles of furniture here are all of human bones. The earth, constituting the floor of this dreary place, was brought from Jerusalem. When a monk dies, he is put, with his ordinary clothes on, in the place of the skeleton longest here—the bones of which are then piled up with the others. The skinny corpses *will* have an expression about their fallen jaws, their white teeth, their heads to one side, their stretched-out fingers of bone, that is the perfection of the awful and horrible. They have rosaries around their necks, and seem to be praying in death. It is pleasant to get out of this charnel house, and see that the world is yet alive. It is a pleasant thing to be alive; but must we all come to this?

To-day I have visited a church near the Porta del Popolo, at the base of the Pincian Hill. It has the usual garniture of a tomb pavement; it has splendid side chapels, with paintings of frescoes and mosaics, and an air of solemnity and death and dread, generally. This church is said to have been built on the place where the ashes of Nero were found, and scattered to the winds and destroyed, and where ghostly phantoms were seen at night, hovering around the place, to the great dread of the inhabitants. This church was then built to keep them down, and since its erection, they are seen no more. There is some painted glass in this church—the only thing of the kind to be seen in Rome—reminding one of the Gothic churches of England and Germany; and there is also a statue of “Jonah, seated on a Whale,” which is said to have been modeled by Raphael. With regard to the grave of Nero, it is a singular circumstance, as related by some ancient writers, that for a long time there were some who strewed it with flowers, indicating that the ferocious, cool, reckless tyrant, must have had some

one really attached to him. I also visited a Casino, belonging to the Rospigliosi Palace, which contains on the ceiling the celebrated fresco by Guido—the Aurora. It is very beautiful. Some of the female portraits, representing the “Hours,” are very graceful and lovely. The representation is a chariot, on which is seated a youth, personating the Sun; the chariot is drawn by twelve horses, and preceded by a female figure, scattering beautiful flowers—the whole symbolizes Morning. There is also here a beautiful picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise, by Domenichino. In the garden are some very rare trees—some magnolias from our own clime; there are fountains and old statues and arched promenades. Descending the Quirinal Hill, on which this palace is situated, one comes to the Tower of the Conti, built apparently from portions of a Roman temple, the columns of which, with their bases many feet below the present level, and their ornamented Corinthian capitals, and the ancient, mossy, massive remains, generally, are some of the nameless ruins one meets everywhere in Rome—shattered and time-worn, as if ruin’s self had breathed on them—yet still beautiful and respectable amid the dirt and filth and human ruins around. Further on, beyond the Coliseum, rises the Coelian Hill, on the slope of which are vast ruins of brick walls, with openings into underground apartments, overgrown with ivy and rank, luxuriant vegetation. These are the substructions of the Temple of Claudius. Above them is a row of dark cypresses. Below, toward the Coliseum, is a public promenade, planted with mulberry trees. Around, and on the Coelian Hill, near, are several churches and convents, into one of which I entered. The views of the arches and falling ruins here are very fine, embracing those of the Palatine Hill. It was here that the finest part of ancient Rome lay. The modern road yet passes under the arches of Titus and Constantine. Beyond the Coliseum, in the direction of St. John Lateran, is the

very old church of St. Clemente, who is mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans—this church being built on the site of his house. You see its flat, richly ornamented ceilings, and its side rows of various kinds of columns, probably, in some of the restorations of the church, filched from heathen temples. The floor is of numerous small pieces of variously colored marbles. Old, staring, mosaic figures look at you from the Tribune, back of the High Altar. They are of the Byzantine style of the middle ages. On each side of the nave are marble pulpits, from one of which the Gospels, from the other the Epistles were read, in the early Christian times. Several cardinals are buried here. In one of the chapels are interesting mosaics, representing the old legend about St. Catherine.

To-day, Saturday, February 6th, began one of the great festivals of the Roman Church—the Carnival, or “farewell to flesh”—a time of feasting, fun, and recreation, preparatory to the forty days fast of Lent. The last eight days of the Carnival, which in reality begins on the first of January, are the most interesting, and it is those on which we now enter. The weather to-day has been unpropitious for the amusements, being cloudy and rainy. The Carnival began in form to-day, at twelve o’clock, as announced by the ringing of the great bell of the Capitol, which is rung but on this occasion, and on that of the death of the Pope. There was also the firing of cannon and a general display of the military; and if there are any criminals to be executed, it is done on this occasion—the object being to impress every one duly in the first place that there is some law about, and inspire a wholesome terror. It has been remarked that the people of Rome are the gravest and most serious-looking people in the world. This may be a consequence of their inquisitorial government, or their dwelling on the graveyard of a mighty empire. On this occasion, however, every

“one fools himself to the top of his bent.” Soon after twelve o’clock, many open carriages, in which were seen all kinds of persons, or all kinds of dresses, the most fantastic and absurd imaginable, began to move along the Corso and principal streets. The city seems, however, relieved, as it were, and you feel a new impression everywhere. Every thing is allowed to be ridiculed, except the government and the religion. Those riding in the carriages were generally masked—some with a simple black covering over their face, others in half-mask, some with wire gauze over their faces, some with dominoes, some with vast pasteboard projections, intended to *take off* noses. In short, there is scarcely a feature or profession that was not caricatured. The dresses were very gay—flaring colors predominating—many of them trimmed with gold lace. Some essayed wit by appearing in curious hats of many shapes, and the whole population seemed inspired with harlequinism and odd fun. There were many bouquet sellers along the streets—the Campagna flowers being made into small bouquets and sold to the revelers, with which they pelted each other as they passed in the streets, or were pelted from the balconies and windows above. Others had large baskets of comfits, made either of flour or else of lime, and some were made of small seeds, rolled in flour—the usual size was somewhat larger than a grain of wheat; these were sold in great quantities, to throw on each other, directly in the face or on the clothing, which latter soon became whitened by it, the mask protecting the face.

At various places along the streets, on the side walks, and in front of some of the palaces, are erected balustrades and seats along the different stories of the houses; these are let out at high rates to persons that wish to see with convenience. At the two ends of the Corso, the Piazza del Popolo and the Piazza Venezia, there were extensive, raised wooden structures, with seats or chairs, at two or three paws each,

for the evening; by which one has an extensive view of the proceedings. All these windows and balustrades were filled, and the roofs were almost covered with spectators. I allude to the Corso, to which street the performances are principally limited; the other streets and parts of the city, excepting the Via Barberini, and the Via Condotti, and the Piazza di Spagna, being almost deserted. The Corso is about one mile long, extending from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza Veneziana—the carriages passing to these two points, then returning, sustaining an attack of comfits and flowers from the windows and balconies all the way, which they returned with spirit. Carpets, flags, curtains, streamers of every kind, were hung from the balustrades along the street; the ancient gloom of the city was gone, and an aspect of gayety most singular and exciting had arisen. About five o'clock the whole population of the city was assembled in the Corso, and along the narrow banquettes; the military, who also occupied the entrance to every street from the Corso, and stood at each corner of every street, and occupied places in the square, then galloped up and down the Corso to keep a space in it vacant. All carriages were then interdicted, and a wall of packed humanity lined each side. Several races of dogs, in the first place; then about ten spirited horses, without riders, but with tin, metallic clappers, with goads or small spikes in them, bounding up and down on their backs, to urge them forward, were let loose from the Piazza del Popolo, and ran the whole length of the Corso to the Piazza Venezia, where they were stopped by carpets stretched across the streets. The judges sat near this, and decided which horse was the winner. The horses ran very fast; they were small but spirited animals; and the clattering of their feet on the paved Corso, and the cheering of the crowd, presented a scene enlivening and amusing. The prizes of the winners are squares of fine velvets, furnished by the Jews as the terms of their being

allowed to live in the city. Formerly they were obliged to run themselves through the streets for the amusement of the Christians. Since the revolution, or rather attempt at revolution in 1848, masking at the Carnival has been prohibited by the government. It is now allowed on certain days. The race terminates the public proceedings for the day; the people disperse to more private, but perhaps less sinless diversions—a general relaxation of morals and virtue being expected during that time.

To-day, Monday, February 8th, I strolled with some friends into the large Hall of Inscriptions in the Vatican Palace. It contains, on the right hand, Greek and Roman monumental inscriptions, found in tombs; on the left, similar ones, found in catacombs and other places, of the early Christians. Many of them are remarkable for their very bad Latin or Greek, and also for their very incorrect orthography. Then, as now, it appears the schoolmaster was not perambulating miscellaneously, in other words “abroad,” when monumental inscriptions were making. Some of the inscriptions are, however, inexpressibly touching. Sometimes, on the Heathen ones, there is the whole name, and then the simple but beautiful Latin word, “Vale! Vale!” as if the farewell were understood to be eternal. In the Christian inscriptions there is more hope; and the Greek word “Eirenes,” or “Peace,” is on many of them. We also walked again into St. Peter’s. In one of the chapels on the right, when entering, is what is called a “Pieta”—the Virgin holding the dead Christ on her knees—a group in marble, by Michael Angelo. The Virgin looks like a young girl about fifteen. It is assumed in Catholic legend that she never grew old, but always continued young and beautiful. Perhaps it is in imitation of her that some of our American ladies never get beyond “a certain age.” There are many monuments here to persons of great note. The splendid monument to Clement XIII., regarded as the finest

in the church, by Canova, is a splendid affair in marble. The Pope is represented as praying: the Genius of Death, with his torch reversed, sits on one side; on the other, is the figure of Religion holding the cross. The lions at the angles are most beautiful creations. Gregory Nazianzen is buried in this church. The three "Pretenders," the last of the royal house of the Stuarts, have a beautiful monument here by Canova. They deserve it as well as any, having lost the throne of Great Britain for Catholicism. It is said the expense of this monument was defrayed by those who profited by the downfall of the Stuarts—the house of Hanover. The monuments to the Popes are generally at the expense of the cardinals created during their reign. In one of the chapels is a column, said to have been brought from the Temple of Jerusalem, and to be that on which Christ leaned when disputing with the Doctors. There is but one oil painting in St. Peter's—the "Fall of Simon Magus"—the rest are all mosaics and frescoes. The length of St. Peter's in the interior is six hundred and thirteen feet. The length of the transepts across the church is four hundred and forty-six feet.

To-day, February 11th, we descended into the crypt, or subterraneous grotto, underneath St. Peter's Church. The priest took a torch, and opening a door in one of the colossal columns, preceded us down a winding marble staircase. We passed through numerous and narrow corridors, on each side of which were numerous and very ancient bas reliefs in marble—some mosaics and paintings by distinguished masters. Every thing here was marble and splendor, underneath as above. Occasionally we stopped before little chapels to some saint, in which lamps were burning, shedding a dim light through the tomb-like darkness resting on the dwellings of the dead. We were shown the shrine in which rest the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul. They rest side by side immediately under the great dome,

Protestants ridicule relics, but a uniform tradition of fifteen hundred years in duration is at least respectable. Advancing, the apartments grew lower; the air much more suffocating; every thing plainer and more ancient-looking; the pavement ceased to be of marble, and looked more antique and Roman, and some of the low vaults and arches required stooping. This is the Grotte Vecchie, the crypt of the ancient Basilica, or church erected here by Constantine more than fifteen hundred and fifty years ago, which stood for more than one thousand years, when the present church was begun. In the times of the emperors Nero's Circus stood here. The bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were removed to this crypt from the catacombs of St. Calisto in the fourth century. We saw around us, in the dim, dull light, graves in grandeur of Popes and German emperors of ages gone. Some in large and splendid or Oriental sarcophagi. Some of the stone coffins are very large and plain; others have sculptured on the lid the marble effigy of the sleeper beneath. We saw the urns of the Stuart family. The inscriptions on them call them James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England, France, Ireland, etc. The Pretender and his brothers, the last of whom died Cardinal York, expelled from England for being Catholics, justly sleep here in the proudest fane of the Catholic world—having lost a kingdom and dynasty for that religion. The bodies of many Popes, among them that of the wickedest of men, Alexander VI., rest here. There are around numerous sacred places—stones inclosed in iron gratings, which on sundry occasions have asserted miraculous powers by spouting blood; sacred relics; antique crosses, old and almost extinct frescoes of the Virgin, one thousand years old, that look at you with ghostly, fading loveliness, and that have miracle-working powers. The numerous corridors and chapels have iron doors, which the monk opened with his keys. You feel almost, indeed,

when down there, as if it were a holy shrine. What a compensation in such a church having been built on the spot where stood Nero's Circus. Coming up into the magnificent sunlit church above, what a change! No women are allowed to go down into the crypt except after complying with certain prerequisites, stating their object is devotional.

We also revisited the Sistine Chapel, and gazed long at the powerful fresco of the Last Judgment, sixty feet long by thirty in breadth, and three hundred and thirty-six years old. It is much defaced by neglect. It is an aspect of the Judgment in which there is little mercy and much vengeance. Yet it is most grand, notwithstanding the severe censure it has received. Faces of more unmitigated horror, agony, and despair, were never depicted. Serpents twist and twine in relentless folds about the wicked. Some sit in unimaginable despair and silent endurance. The great Judge of all is represented in an attitude of decisive, mighty power, from which there is no appeal, and whose dictates are eternal. You would expect to be damned as you look at it. It is a dreadful subject in the hands of a master. Michael Angelo was a man of fierce power. No Pope could rule him, but he ruled them. One of them thought the figures in the Last Judgment were too nude, and was advised to make Michael Angelo drape them. Michael Angelo replied, "Let the Pope go on and reform the world, and then the figures will reform themselves." But by suggestion of one of the fastidious cardinals, an eminent painter was employed to drape some of the figures. Upon which, Michael Angelo introduced the cardinal's likeness into the painting, in the hottest part of hell, encircled with serpents. On the cardinal's complaining to the Pope, Michael Angelo said "the Pope could not deliver him, for he had put him in hell, over which the Pope had no power." It has been suffered to remain, and is the figure

in the right and lower corner of the picture. One of the Popes paid Michael Angelo an honor which in form is without parallel, in visiting him at his house, attended by the cardinals. The Pope of course never visits any but crowned heads. On the roof of the chapel, and around the frieze, are frescoes also by Michael Angelo; they represent the Creation, the Eternal Father calling the world out of chaos, Paradise, the Expulsion of Adam and Eve, Sibyls, Prophets and Apostles. These are wondrous works also, and, as paintings, are regarded as superior to the "Last Judgment."

The Carnival goes on, notwithstanding the rainy weather. You see a narrow but splendid street, lined on each side with noble houses and palaces, from every window of which are suspended balconies, from which hang curtains, carpets, or tapestry, red, white, and gilt materials, from the front of each, along the streets. In the balconies, and on all the superstructures, stalls, and galleries along the streets, are ladies, girls, women—gentlemen, boys, men, dressed in red and white, masked and unmasked; some with loose, white linen wrappers on, and painted hoods—all in fun, frolic, immense enjoyment—all in high blood, health, and merriment—all classes, from the highest to the lowest, meeting on the common ground of enjoyment. They have numerous small, light missives, bouquets, flowers, small colored comfits, of which there is a great manufacture for this occasion—also small pieces of paper; these they have in a basket by their side, and shower down on the people below, who, as well as the passers in carriages, attack them in return. Everybody knows everybody, and everybody pelts everybody. The ends of the streets terminating in the Corso look like flower gardens, on account of the great quantity of bouquets in baskets for sale. Carriages continually pass along the streets, filled with maskers in all manner of ugliness, in fantastic dresses, between whom and

those on the balconies wages a war of fun, frolic, and frivolity. About half-past four o'clock a procession of splendid, red, gilt, and crimson carriages of the cardinals, preceded by a band of musicians, and attended by the Pope's guard of young nobles, on horseback, passed through the Corso. The first carriage contained the Senator of Rome, a person appointed to hold office during a term of six years. A company of dragoons, in splendid uniform, also rode by. The street was thus cleared; the race horses were then brought out in an enclosure near the Egyptian obelisk, in the Piazza del Popolo; the rope between them and the Corso was then dropped, a cannon fired, the crowd shouted, and as the horses carried almost a tinner's shop of clappers, rappers, flippers, stickers, and prickers on their backs, it may be presumed they burst forward. I witnessed the race this evening from the top of the Pincian Hill. Unfortunately, the other evening, a man was killed by one of the horses, when springing forward. The whole scene is one of innocent and joyous mirth. The police and soldiery are stationed all along the streets, and instantly arrest or fine those who throw larger bouquets or missives than those of the legal allowance. Some Americans of our acquaintance were fined twenty-five dollars for being too strongly and heavily funny.

To-day we visited the church of St. Onofrio, with its convent, on the summit of the Janiculum Hill. The way is along a dull, narrow, dirty, lonesome-looking street, extending up the hill. The view over all parts of the city is very good—the Castle of St. Angelo, once the Mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian—the orange groves around on the near hills—the Tiber and the valley below, and in the distance the Sabine hills covered with snow. We entered the damp, sepulchral-like lonely church, all paved with tomb-slabs. We stood by the side of the splendid new monument, where repose the bones of Torquato Tasso, the great Italian poet.

In the gardens around here he walked and peacefully passed away the latter years of his life—he who, for loving a princess, was thrust, as deranged, into the dungeons of Ferrara.

“I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art ;
But thou, when all that birth and beauty throws
Of magic 'round thee is extinct, shalt have
One half the laurel that o'ershades my grave !
Yes, Leonora, it shall be our fate
To be entwined forever—but too late !”—BYRON.

In a room, kept almost in a sacred manner, we saw a cast in wax of his head ; his princely brow bears the stamp of genius. It was taken just after his death. We also saw his belt, and his inkstand, and his crucifix. This is the cell in which he lived and died. He died in 1595, at the age of fifty-one. The monks afforded him an asylum here. We passed into the convent, up the staircase, and along the brick-paved corridors, with the cells of the brothers on each side. They live and dress very plainly, watch each other, pray to the Virgin, work, sing doleful chants, say Mass, lead a joyless, but calm, gentle, useless sort of life, and then are buried in the vaults of the church, and their chance of salvation is the greater the nearer they can get to the High Altar. There are some frescoes here by Domenichino. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the great master of languages, who probably knew more languages than any one man who ever lived, rests here. The inhabitants of this side of the Tiber claim to be the only direct descendants of the ancient Romans, though much the larger part of the city is on the other side. They refuse to intermarry with any others than those living on their side. On this side of the river I saw the handsomest lady I have yet seen in Europe. She had that modest, full, reserved kind of beauty one sometimes sees—the dark, clear eye, the elevated expression, the soft, brunette complexion, and then that covering of soul, that

nameless, natural grace and elegance which constitute the highest charm of female loveliness. I saw her but a few moments—shall never see her again—but she left the impression of a Roman lady, an unopened volume of soft and bright thoughts.

To-day, Friday, February 12th, there is no Carnival. The day is very lovely and clear after the late rains. We visited, to-day (the “we,” at present, consists of myself and two traveling friends, one a gentleman from England, the other from New York), the great church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. It is a splendid church in the interior, being in the form of a Greek cross, and was constructed by Michael Angelo, out of parts of the Baths of Diocletian. The exterior looks like extensive ruins of rough Roman brick-work. Within, the church has a beautiful and smooth marble floor, numerous and excellent paintings, some fine statues, and it has also a number of ancient Egyptian columns of granite, which supported the grand hall of the Baths of Diocletian, now converted into this church. The houses of the palace, with the baths, are stated to have been, in the reign of Diocletian, a mile in circuit, and to have employed the labor of forty thousand Christians, who, as slaves, were compelled to labor in their erection, and it is said, though perhaps on insufficient authority, that some of the bricks have been found with the mark of the cross on them. The introduction of the cross, however, as a symbol of Christian worship, is thought to have occurred much later. Eight columns in this church are of the ancient edifice. They are of one piece—are forty-five feet high, and sixteen in circumference. It was in the reign of Diocletian that the last and most dreadful of all the ten general persecutions of the Christians occurred. He afterwards resigned the empire, which he had governed with great wisdom, and died in honorable obscurity. The buildings out of which this church was constructed, are sixteen hundred and fifty

years old. Adjoining the church is the very extensive Carthusian convent. One of the monks, in a white, blanket-looking cloak, and small cap, which he took off whenever he came to an image of the Virgin, or an altar, led us around the large cloisters, which are covered arcades, supported by carved pillars, enclosing the gardens of the convent. The cloisters being secluded on all sides, except toward the gardens, afford an admirable place for the monks to walk in during rainy weather, and meditate and study their breviary. In the centre of the garden grow around a fountain four very large cypress trees, planted by Michael Angelo, three hundred and forty years old. Orange trees, bending beneath their yellow, golden fruit, are all around; the birds sing on the branches, and the fresh and pleasant sunlight casts a soft splendor on the ruins as we wander through them. Near this church is the studio of the late lamented American sculptor, Crawford, recently dead. We entered it and saw numerous casts, and some statues, reminding us very much of our own country and its statesmen. There are still some men at work in his studio, all Italians, finishing the works to which the chisel of Crawford will never be applied again. We saw various models or casts in plaster—the cast or model being first made, and the sculptor working at the marble with the cast before him. We saw “Adam and Eve,” a most beautiful finished group in marble, a little boy and girl intently examining a bird’s nest. This seemed to me very beautiful, probably as beautiful as any modern statuary I have seen. There is also an extensive cast of an allegoric representation of the progress of civilization in our country, a noble statue of Beethoven, and many others. From this, our walk lay toward the Porta San Lorenzo, through long lanes, on each side of which are high walls enclosing gardens and desolate villas over ruins—this part of the city being scarcely inhabited at all. Near the Porta, or gate, are vast ruins

of aqueducts on high, brick arches. The gate of the city walls is a low arch, built of very large stones. Above it are Latin inscriptions of the fourth or fifth century. The gate has two old towers. The view from this out into the Campagna, once so flourishing with villas, and so populous and fertile, shows a vast, undulating, ruinous waste, apparently yet fertile, but in ruins only, and earth-weary and fallen. The old, thick, patched-up city walls, with towers of square brick-work at short distances, the upper parts of both walls and towers falling into ruins, the work, it is said, of Stilicho, one of the able generals of Justinian, in the fifth century, when the might of empire was departing from Rome—when she began to feel the weakness of old age—when the northern hordes, like a dark cloud, were preparing desolation for her ancient grandeur—when the night of the middle ages and of superstition was coming on. This was after Constantine had removed the seat of empire to Constantinople. This wall is seen winding around the vast open space, where was once a populous city, but where are now only ruins, vacant villas, and dark avenues of orange trees, leading, perhaps, to some old chapel or deserted temple. Passing along the Via San Bibiana, we came to a gateway leading into a garden, in which are strewn numerous ruins of ruins, but in the centre of which rises, covered almost with ivy, mantling the scars and seams of ruin, and with evergreen trees, one of the most picturesque ruins of Rome—the Temple of Minerva Medica—about sixteen hundred years old. The thick brick walls, ten sided, surround a circular space and support a dome, much of the latter being fallen in, and the walls of the sides being crushed and time-rent. It was, in old days, lined with marble and adorned with statues and altars. Few ruins seemed to me more impressive than this ivy-grown desolation. The malaria is rapidly depopulating this part of the city, and marching on the other parts also, with a silent step, but more fatal and resist-

less than those of the Goths and Vandals, and from the ruin effected by it there is no resurrection. Returning by the ruins of the Trophies of Marius, and other vast remains of Roman aqueducts, lofty, inspiring, and sublime in the gray age of ruin, we soon reached the modern city.

To-day, Saturday, February 13th, has been one of the soft, pleasant, sunny, and rather relaxing days of Rome. The Carnival, after the temporary cessation of yesterday, was resumed this afternoon with great spirit. The military were everywhere, to preserve order—dragoons, with drawn swords, being stationed in the middle of every street, and at short distances from each other. The carriages were numberless, insomuch they were ordered by the police to file up the Via Condotti to the Piazza di Spagna, there turn and come down again to the Corso, thus much lengthening the distance and time. Masking was not allowed to-day, there being but two days this year on which it is permitted, Thursday and next Tuesday. Most persons, however, wear a thin gauze over their faces, to protect them from the comfits, which were constantly thrown in handfuls on them. Some of the comfits are made of small seeds or berries rolled in lime or flour, and are sold at three baiocchi (about a cent) per pound. Small bouquets, which were very numerous, are sold at a paul (about ten cents) each. The carriages were full of Italians of all classes; the rather pensive, subdued, confiding, and earnest beauty of the higher ranks was pelted as well as the common classes, and the reward was a smile or a bouquet thrown. A stream of carriages passed up one side of the street, another down, the inmates of which pelted each other, and both were pelted from the windows and balconies above. All was democracy, enjoyment, and an irrepressible outburst of pent-up hilarity. The Carnival is peculiarly Italian, and has never succeeded in any other country. The appearance of the Corso, its gay hangings of red, white, and gilt, the numerous car-

riages with the strange, flaunting dresses, the gay, pretty girls, all aspiring to every shape, form, and color of oddity, the bouquet sellers, vendors of chairs or lodges to sit or stand, the horses flying with the rattling tin clappers to urge them on—all seemed to make old Rome glad in her gray age, and she seemed to have put on the habiliments of youth and former years, and to have forgotten the stern, mouldering ruins of her bosom, and to have dressed herself in tinsel for a brief gladness. They show the same *abandon* their ancestors did when the attraction was the exposing of the Christians to the wild beasts in the Coliseum.

To-day I rode out on the Campagna, passing out by the Porta Sebastiana, near which, on the side of the walls next to the city, is the very ancient arch of Drusus—the foundation of it being of large blocks of volcanic rock—the road passes under it, and there is the usual garniture of green vines and ivy around it. Passing the gate, the view of the battlemented and macchiolated walls of brick and stone, with the mouldering buttresses, is very striking. On the Via Appia you are surrounded with relicts and remnants of ruins; brick aqueducts for miles stretch over the Campagna, falling and crumbling at various places; other remains attest the former existence of great circuses; other round brick walls are called the tombs of various emperors, defying the crumbling hand of time—the now yellow, thick ivy waves like long, yellow hair over the ruins, as the breeze comes by, seeming to threaten the evanescent mortals that come to inspect such gigantic ruins. One such pile of picturesque ruin, with the thick ivy around it, rattling over the cold bricks like an aged monster shaking his locks, seemed to me one of the most singular and expressive ruins in this ruin land. It is near the Catacombs of St. Calisto. We again entered, further on, the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, getting a monk, the ugliest of mortals, to conduct us through the grim retreats of death.

Descending many steps, we came to the long, winding passages, through which no stranger could ever find his way or return. They extend to the Mediterranean, sixteen miles. They are the most fearful places imaginable. At first we heard the rumbling of carriages on the Via Appia, just over head—a thin layer of volcanic rock between—this died away as we descended lower and lower, for the Catacombs are in some places four stories deep. The church itself is built directly over them. We came to apartments where they sang and prayed two thousand years ago, where they brought the bodies of martyrs and interred them in niches in the sides of the halls and passages, walling them up and cementing the lids. They had nothing here but cold walls, dens—nothing but God, religion, and a hope of resurrection. After being in Catacombs under Catacombs deeper than we went before, we were quite glad to reascend to the light of day from these dreary sepulchres. The whole Appian Way was full, above and below ground, of tombs—below, the humble ones of the Christians—above, those of the proud Romans. The most remarkable tomb of all antiquity, is that of Cecilia Metella, a little further on, now surmounted by feudal battlements and additions of the warlike middle ages, when it was converted into an impregnable fortress. About it are many smaller buildings of the middle ages, and opposite are the remains of an old Gothic church, the only one of that style I have seen in Rome. It resembles some of the old churches in England, but is an utter ruin. The tomb is circular, about seventy feet across, and the inscription on a marble tablet, next to the Via Appia, is affectingly simple, “To Cecilia, daughter of Qu. Creticus, wife of Metellus Crassus.”

“Metella died—

The wealthiest Roman’s wife—behold his love or pride!”

Her ashes have long since gone into common dust, and her

sarcophagus (supposed to be the one in the Farnese Palace) is problematical; her tomb has been made a fortress of, and now frowns over that sea of ruins, the Campagna. Yet it is beautiful and symmetrical in its strength, and a soft influence of tenderness and affection seems to linger over the place after all the tumults of war and the conflicts of nineteen centuries.

To-day, Monday, February 15th, I attended the funeral obsequies of a cardinal, who died on Friday. The celebration took place in the church of San Marcello, where the family of the deceased had a vault. The noble church was, in the interior, draped with splendid black velvet, edged and trimmed and barred with gilt and gold. A monk was mumbling some ceremonies in each chapel as I entered. In the middle of the aisle was a splendid hearse, covered with a gorgeous pall of velvet, and around it were several hundred wax candles burning. The Pope being expected, though he did not come on account of the somewhat unpleasant weather, a splendid canopy, under which was a throne, was prepared for him; his grandly attired Swiss Guard were also present. The cardinals came in one by one, an attendant bearing their long trails. Each one had on a small, circular, red cap. They approached the bier—a priest handed to each a censer, kissing the hand of each—the cardinal swung the censer several times toward the bier, then handed the censer to the attendant, who kissed his hand again on receiving it. Another priest held a large book before him, in which he read aloud a few words, then he passed to his seat in the other part of the church. Each cardinal having performed this process, the chanting began—a wild and rather painful, and occasionally musical strain—after which the interment took place. The cardinals are nearly all old men, apparently well fed and hearty. It is said in Rome they always die by threes. Two others are, therefore, expected to die soon. There are six cardinals of

the order of bishops, forty-six of the order of priests, and twelve of the order of deacons. They are princes of the church—the number is limited to seventy—the Pope fills up all vacancies that occur. The cardinals constitute the Sacred College who elect the Pope—they are shut up till they agree—the voting is secret. The result is determined by two thirds of a majority, subject to a privilege possessed by Austria, France, and Spain, to impose a veto each, on one candidate. The Pope is required to be a cardinal, and an Italian by birth. The income of the Papal States is about twelve million dollars—the expenses more than thirteen million. The Pope's private expenditure is about sixty thousand dollars. There are said to be, at present, about two thousand Englishmen and Americans in Rome—the former being about four fifths of that number. The expenses of these average about five dollars per day, and perhaps ten dollars would be a fair average, as there are many of the English nobility who keep up extensive, and consequently expensive establishments. The foreigners mainly sustain the hotels, shops, artists, workers in mosaics, sellers of paintings new and old, etc.

To-day we visited some of the artists' studios—principally Americans. Some of these, without doubt, pursue a very *high* style of art, for we found them on the fifth story. In Mr. Chapman's studio, we saw a most beautiful, fresh, and inspiring work, the "Four Seasons." In T. Buchanan Read's studio, we saw several very beautiful works—one a kind of "Nymph of a Waterfall," in which there is both poetry and her sister art, painting, blended. The manner in which the vapory particles become drapery around the central female figure is exquisite in idea and admirable in execution. In Mr. Bartholomew's studio—he is an American sculptor—we saw a statue which is certainly a grand and splendid work—Eve in her beautiful sorrow—certainly a statue of most superior excellence. Mr. B. is a pale,

thoughtful-looking, genius-gifted man. In the studio of Mr. Gibson, an English sculptor, we saw a beautiful statue of Venus, painted a flesh color. The ancient Greeks painted some of their marble statues the color of life, but the practice is very rare in modern art. The combination of the two arts seems an improvement, and this beautiful statue seems a thing to love and live for.

But to-day, February 16th, was the last and greatest day of the Carnival. In the morning I visited the church, Santi Maria della Pace, where is one of Raphael's celebrated paintings—the "Four Sibyls." It is an interesting work, but probably not much of Raphael remains after some three hundred years, and occasional retouching by other artists. Michael Angelo said of it, that each head was worth one hundred kingly crowns. The faces have an extraordinary depth of meaning in them. On a chapel in this church is written, that for every Mass said in that chapel, one soul is released from purgatory. In a large and splendid church on the Via Ripetta, near the Tiber, I saw Raphael's "Isaiah," an expressive and grand face. There are some other very fine paintings here, and some statuary. The Tiber along this part of the city looks most old and desolate, and the people very degraded and miserable. One of the streets I entered here is called the "Via di Inferno"—the "Street of Hell." Not far from this I saw the remains of the Mausoleum, where the Emperor Augustus Cæsar was buried, and many of his family. The remains consist of parts of the reticulated walls, being small, square stones, set upright in one corner in the shape of a diamond, or extended net. It is surrounded by mean houses and thoroughly filthy streets, obnoxious to every sense, and is now used as a cock-pit. Such is the grave of Augustus, and such is the end of the great. Though all the streets of Rome are well paved with hard lava, or volcanic blocks of stone, and the revenues of the city amount to nearly a mil-

lion of dollars per annum, yet the government seizes on the greater part of this sum, leaving but little to be applied for cleansing purposes. The filth, therefore, of Rome is fearful.

At two o'clock the Carnival was resumed, and the old city seemed glad and happy as in its youth of two thousand years ago. The bright sun of Italy cast its gladness from the sky. The procession of carriages began to move up and down the Corso, the Via Condotti, the Piazza di Spagna, filled with gay masqueraders, throwing and receiving bouquets, pelted from windows and balconies, pelting in return, receiving showers like snow of *confetti*, and all in a state of magnificent gayety. All kinds of masks were in motion, though it is strictly forbidden to caricature either priests or soldiers—the two principal elements of Rome—yet even these were sometimes slightly “taken off,” as far as they dared; but Englishmen, Jews, Turks, demons, old women, were all represented in long groups of masqueraders in most outre costume. The great press and crowd of two hundred thousand people on the Corso, defied description. A group might be found in some places listening to an improvised recitation of some of the rythmical and musical Italian poetry with singular and impassioned gestures. There were others from the depths of the Sabine Mountains, from lone deserts of the Campagna, historic-looking creatures, dwelling where nations had perished—beings whose ancestry antedated Rome—all meeting and mingling together. Men appparelled in women's clothing, or theatrical dresses, in most rich and gaudy colors—all laughing, all enjoying. At half-past five o'clock the street was cleared by the dragoons, and the usual horse race took place—some seven or eight horses running with the tin apparatus at their backs. This being over, the carriages returned to the Corso, and the scenes continued. But when the beautiful hues of an Italian sunset, in the midst of which

appeared the virgin moon, had given place to dusk, on a sudden the whole length of the Corso, all the windows, balconies, and even the roofs of the tall palaces, glowed with a hundred thousand lights, the passers in the carriages—the one stream advancing up, the other returning—all holding small candles, or tapers, made for this purpose, of waxed candlewick, and sold in long rolls—each one having provided himself with a supply. The scene then would have beggared description, but it soon beggared imagination. They all began to endeavor to extinguish each other's lights and preserve their own, throwing bouquets on them, or handfuls of comfits; and those on the balconies had long poles, to which were attached handkerchiefs, with which they put out the lights of those below them, while at the same time their own were perhaps put out by a similar means by those above them. The lights were relit immediately, and thus the good-humored, laughing war continued for two hours. The beautiful Italian girls in the excitement and pleasure, their fresh complexions and black eyes, all showed to great advantage in the soft and varied light. Each exclaimed as he put out the light of any one, "*Senza moccolo!*" "*Without a light!*" and while putting out the light of one, his own was sure to be extinguished by another. This is called putting out the Carnival, and such a scene of revelry and noise and vast confusion, crowding, laughter, brilliant gayety, madness, wild excess, and joyous disorder is perhaps nowhere paralleled, except here. But about eight o'clock it was all over. The two hundred thousand people on the Corso were all gone, the lights all put out, the crushed, flower-strewn pavement was untrodden, the Carnival was done, a gloom and gravity came upon every brow, and Rome assumed the silence, the stateliness and majesty that became such a sepulchre of the "things that were."

To-day, February 17th, is Ash Wednesday, and now begin the forty days of Lent, or fasting, and repentance succeeds the diversions of the Carnival. The ceremony of the Pope blessing the ashes took place in the Sistine Chapel. A dress coat is an absolute prerequisite for admission. There was a crowd assembled, as usual, of soldiers and ecclesiastics—Englishmen and Americans drawn together by curiosity, or devotion—many ladies also; but these are not allowed to be near the principal ceremonies, as a punishment for the sin committed some time ago in the garden of Eden by grandmother Eve. The Pope came in wearing, as usual, the triple crown, or tiara, denoting the union of the imperial, royal, and spiritual power; there was the usual bowing and kneeling, and High Mass went on; there was appropriate music, and the Pope read in a very audible manner from a large book, in Latin, which was held before him, others holding lighted candles, which are always important parts in the Romish service. The Pope then took his seat on a throne underneath a canopy; the cardinals one by one advanced and knelt before him. The Pope took some ashes in his fingers, placed his right hand on their heads, and then sprinkled ashes very slightly, saying, in Latin, something like the following: "These are ashes, thou art ashes, and remember that thou wilt return to ashes." Each then arose, kissed the Pope's hand or robe with great unction, then bowed and gave place to others. The scene was imposing; the rich dresses of the cardinals, however, indicated any thing but the humility the ceremony is intended to remind them of. The gorgeous decorations of the ceilings and sides and ends of the chapel, by the frescoes of Michael Angelo—the antiquated and venerable ceremony, that numbers its age by a thousand years—all ought to have kept certain Americans quiet, who, young and ignorant, thought proper to ridicule and sneer at the ceremonies; whereas, had they been brought up as these

people have been, they would probably believe in them as strongly. I know nothing more contemptible than an ignorant contempt of religious services that do not happen to chime with those of our own parish bell.

I also re-entered the Vatican, and strolled through its stately and grand resurrection of old Greek and Roman genius; looked at the statues of the Roman, and Greek, and Egyptian gods—where the art of the sculptor appears greater than his religion; looked at the antique statues of Cicero, Demosthenes, Apollo; gazed at the mighty and awful agony in marble of the Laocoon; saw the historical bas reliefs; the marble and granite pictured columns of old; the splendid porphyry baths and storied sarcophagi that had held emperors' dust for many ages; the sepulchral inscriptions; the animals, half-alive, though in stone—and all this for the last time. You have been there with friends gentle and kind; you have seen antiquity face to face in these old works; and you form an attachment to them and leave them with regret. The Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere become things that you love. For, however much you may be disposed to criticize at first, your mind will always settle down and remember longest those works which long ages have concurred in pronouncing the best. This is by far the most splendid collection in the world. But kings, emperors, and artists are all gone into dust long ago; even the names and titles are unknown of those whose works remain to instruct, and edify, and warn, in these splendid and glorious halls. I also went into the Gallery of Paintings again, and stood before that great painting—the highest triumph of art—the “Transfiguration,” by Raphael. The paintings here are all by the first masters; but this one is superlative. Each face is the volume of a life. The Saviour's face is divinely lofty and humanly gentle. Sinless, holy, yet condescending, compassionate, attractive, majestic, sublime. The maniac seems to shudder like a demon coming

into the presence of God; the disciples are abashed and baffled, and can do nothing but point to the Mount where Jesus has gone. The father confides and wills not to despair yet; the mother beseeches with maternal agony; the sister—a beautiful figure, with sisterly grace, deep affection, and profound interest. It is heaven and hell—all the life, and action, and feeling of domestic human life. But he came down and said, “O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you and suffer you!”—as if the descent from the beatified transfiguration to earth was painful. But compassion prevailed. “Bring him hither to me!” It was done, and the maniac was healed.

To-day, February 18th, we visited the Church of St. Agnese. It is outside the walls of the city more than a mile. We went out by the Porta Pia. This church is said to have been built by Constantine. St. Agnese was a Christian maiden, converted in the first or second century. She was of humble rank but of extraordinary beauty. She was seen at her humble occupation of spinning by the emperor's son, whose advances she repelled, saying she was the bride of the Church. Being thus discovered to be a Christian, she was martyred on the Piazza Novana, in the city, where another church, called by her name, stands, and where she struck blind the first person who saw her after her public exposure. This church, where her body was found, presents a very old appearance. The floor is many feet below the present surface of the ground. We descended a long marble staircase, on each side of the corridor of which are numerous old tomb-stones, with inscriptions in Latin and Greek, taken from the adjoining cemeteries and catacombs under ground. The church itself is kept very clean and neat, and has some old Byzantine mosaics of saints, with their fixed, staring, ghostly appearance—the style of the middle ages; one of St. Agnese, is said to be eleven hundred years old. Her body lies under it. There

are many lofty columns of rare marbles in this church; along the nave and above there is another row supporting the roof. The apparently deserted and old Church of St. Constanza is near this, founded by Constantine, and where portions of his family were buried. It is a circular dome—has within it double rows of columns surrounding a circular space, and there are beautiful mosaics, very brilliant-looking, but of great age, around the interior. The pavement appears to be the original one. From this place we went to the splendid Basilica of St. Paul on the opposite side of the city, a mile beyond the walls. This was also founded by Constantine; that is, the original church, a part of which only remains, the rest having been consumed by fire some thirty or forty years ago. It is now, however, rebuilt in a most splendid and imposing style. There are four rows of granite and marble columns along the nave, which is three hundred and ninety-six feet long. Some of the marble columns are the most rare and beautiful specimens in the world. The quantity of precious stones, and especially of lapis lazuli and malachite, is immense. These are presents from nearly all the Catholic princes of the world, and even from the Mohammedan Pacha of Egypt, who gave four columns of a rare Oriental alabaster. There are mosaic likenesses of all the Popes, from St. Peter down to the late one, an imposing array of two hundred and forty-nine heads, with the time each one held the Papacy. St. Peter is stated to have been Pope twenty-five years, seven months and two days. There is a magnificent assumption in this long line, extending through so many ages, up to Christ. Nothing that the world has ever seen can equal in mere splendor the Catholic Church, with its grand claims on this world and the next. In this church are some very fine modern paintings—one, the Stoning of St. Stephen, in which St. Paul is an impressive figure, gazing thoughtfully on Stephen. There are in the Tribune behind the Altar some

frescoes preserved from the old church. The old church had no less than one hundred and thirty-eight columns, most of them ancient, presenting the finest assemblage in the world. In this church, previous to the burning, Christian worship had been celebrated uninterruptedly for fifteen hundred years. There are eighty columns of granite in the modern church, with capitals of white marble. The columns are each a single stone. This church is near the place where St. Paul was beheaded. The interior certainly presents one of the most imposing sights imaginable. The four aisles of lofty granite columns almost exceed in effect that produced by the superior vastness of St. Peter's. The church is not yet quite finished, but it has been dedicated already by the present Pope. We walked around the cloisters of the Benedictine Monastery adjoining the church. The columns supporting the cloister roofs are truly singular, being of all possible designs—some having mosaics on them, some being twisted, some fluted, and some spiral. This building is of the middle ages. The splendor of this church is, however, all melancholy. The mysterious malaria is most fatal here in the summer, and is yearly becoming more so. The monks are obliged to leave the monastery early in the summer. The few that remain to perform mass, or go out from the city to attend to it, become pale and short-lived. The deadly malaria will claim all this splendor. Of the cause of the onward stride of the miasm toward the city nothing is known certainly. Some see in it the fulfilling vengeance of Heaven against "Mystery Babylon;" some attribute it to the uncultivated state of the Campagna, which in former times was under flourishing cultivation; some, shortly and succinctly, to a curse—an easy way of disposing of the matter. There is volcanic rock, or tufa, as it is called, underlying the whole of the Campagna, and the Apennines around give indications of extinct volcanoes, that once may have been as active as Vesuvius. The tufa rock is eruptive

matter thrown out ages ago. The silence and desolation of the Campagna are dreadful. A country that is cursed morally, as this is, is not unfrequently under a physical curse also. Some think the innumerable battles fought here leave dead, decomposing, deleterious particles, that are escaping from the soil. It is strange how little is historically known of the population of ancient Rome. There are writers who estimate it at three or four, or even eight millions. A judicious medium would be about two millions. The walls are about twenty-six^{*} miles in circuit at present; and this space, and doubtless a considerable region beyond the walls, was covered with houses—some of them very high—as we find a decree was passed by one of the emperors limiting the height of *private* edifices to seventy feet. The Emperor Augustus asserted, it is said, that he found Rome built of brick and left it built of marble. In the decline of the empire, after the seat of government was removed to Constantinople, (which was about the year 330,) no sight could have been more splendid and saddening than this solemn mass of venerable magnificence sinking into decay. Alaric and his Gothic army ravaged Rome for six days, A. D. 410, eleven hundred and sixty-three years after its foundation on the Palatine Hill by Romulus; and for the preceding six hundred and nineteen years, or since the abortive attempt of Hannibal, no foreign enemy had dared to approach it. It is said Alaric asserted he felt a preternatural impulse which impelled him to the siege and sack of Rome. He did not long survive it, however; and Attila, the barbarian monarch of the Huns, was admonished of this fact when he threatened the Eternal City. Besides this the two apostles (St. Peter and St. Paul) appeared to him on horseback, according to the legend, and warned him to desist. Attila died on his nuptial night, soon after. The Vandals, under Genseric, sacked the city in A. D. 455 and pillaged it for fourteen days and nights. Odoacer, a

chief of one of the barbarian nations, was the first foreigner who sat down on the throne of the Cæsars, and reigned over a degenerate people, whose ancestors asserted a just superiority to all the rest of mankind. He finally extinguished the Western Empire of the Romans, A. D. 476. The abdicated mistress of the world became, however, the capital of the Catholic Church. The Roman Empire comprehended, at the time of Trajan, at the beginning of the second century, the fairest portion of the earth. All Asia Minor, Syria, five provinces beyond the Tigris, all Egypt, all the known part of Africa, the entire shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the countries now known as Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, England with part of Scotland, Switzerland, the southern part of Austria, the whole of Greece, and the isles of the Mediterranean Sea, Italy, etc., are but the disjointed members of the mighty monarchy founded by Romulus and his robbers, which overshadowed the world, gave to mankind the greatest men, was the nucleus of the Christian religion, and by its fall seemed to symbol the destruction of the whole frame of nature.

To-day, February 19th, has been, atmospherically, a pleasant day, and it has been spent on classic soil. There is one railway in the Papal States, from Rome to Frascati, about twelve miles. It was constructed by a French company. Passing by the Basilica of St. John Lateran, we came to the small railway station, and were soon riding in a vehicle, and propelled by a power utterly unknown to the Romans, over the Campagna toward the mountains. The Campagna is a desert, but it produces a crop of grand ruins. These wretched-looking ruins can no longer grow, except when the pitying ivy embraces them; they have nothing more to do with time or man, nothing but decay on the cheerless bosom of the Campagna. There are unknown ruins here—that have survived all history—to which there are no names, no records, nothing but an eloquent, mourn-

ful pile. Aqueducts, built of very large stones on lofty arches, like the walls of a giant city, stretch in miles of ruins. Villas of emperors here only exist in the form of ivy-grown, gray walls, that can no longer decay, though they once had an excess of life. Nothing can be more melancholy than these shreds of so great a past. The ruins of a temple erected on the place where Coriolanus met his wife and mother, and to their request yielded, but said, "Thou hast saved Rome, but ruined thy son!" may be observed. Approaching Frascati, we came to a more hilly region, fruitful with olive orchards. Leaving the railway, we ascended a long hill, or mountain, to the town of Frascati, founded on the site of an ancient city, which was entirely destroyed in the wars of the middle ages. It is a small place on the hill-side, with some remains of Roman walls, and some tombs. As in Rome, the energy of the people is expended in constructing churches. Here we hired mules, which are kept for travelers, and proceeded up the mountain, the ascent being very steep, passing on our way numerous and very splendid villas built on the mountain side and belonging to the Roman nobility, where they resort in summer, during the malaria season in Rome. They are generally built so as to command most lovely views of the Campagna below, are adorned with elegant terraces and grounds, in which are fountains, shrubbery, etc. In one of them Cardinal Boromio composed his historical annals. Another was the residence of Lucien Bonaparte. In 1818, when this prince's daughter was just on the point of being married to a Roman prince, a descent was made by brigands, to carry off the lady, so as to require a vast ransom for her restoration; this was fortunately prevented. Other members of the family were, however, carried off to some of the hills, for whom the prince was obliged to pay six thousand dollars ransom. The road by which we ascended, though steep, is almost entirely enclosed by a

shady avenue of ancient live oaks. It passes in some places over the ancient Roman road of two thousand years ago. There are several large churches and convents observed on ascending the hill, the bells of which ringing out on the fresh sunny air, seem well suited to the desolate repose of the scene. Approaching the summit of the hill, we came upon the gloomy ruins and half-buried buildings marking the site of the ancient city of Tusculum, which, in ancient times, was a splendid city, to which Cicero and others used to retire after their labors in the Senate or Forum, and look down on the great city, the only one that was ever mistress of the world. We came first to an excavated amphitheatre of great size, built in an oval form, the lower parts of the walls alone remaining. On the right of this are extensive ruins, supposed to occupy the site of Cicero's villa. Further on, by the ancient Roman Way, on the thick blocks of which are deep ruts made by carriages two thousand years ago, we came to a theatre built of stones, with many of the seats yet entire. There are various other nameless ruins around, which were excavated by Lucien Bonaparte. A hill ascends above the theatre, from which is disclosed one of the finest views in any country, embracing Rome, with the giant of churches, St. Peter's, rising above the sea of domes; beyond is the Mediterranean Sea, shining in the sun; the Campagna, with its ruins, is below, and around are mountains and vales—Rocca di Papa, Monte Cava, a classic land and a classic sea, all in view. Immediately about, on the hill, are half-buried fragments of marble statues, columns peering out of the weight of the sod of centuries. The ground is covered partly with clusters of beautiful flowers growing in their life of beauty over the ruins. Nothing is so desolate as desolation itself gone into decay. This hill is twenty-two hundred feet above the sea level. In this place is the scene of several of Cicero's works. Returning, we reached the city late in

the evening. But long shall linger the memory of the sunny and beautiful slopes of the hills around Tusculum and the villas of Frascati.

To-day, Saturday, February 20th, I have been visiting several places in Rome. Ascending the one hundred and thirty-four steps from the Piazza di Spagna to the top of the Pincian Hill, crowned with a stately, towered church and convent, one is soon in the ground occupied by ancient Rome. You are, as usual, assailed by beggars—little girls who affect the cheerful, insinuating manner, take your hand, beseech you to give them a “mezzo baiocchi”—then there is the whining beggar, the one who mutely extends his withered hand—there is the one who holds up a child (borrowed for the purpose, perhaps), and begs for the “bambino.” There is an old beggar, who, for many years, has claimed as his kingdom a right to beg on these steps, and, it is said, pays a certain sum to the government for that permission. Other beggars respect his rights, and do not encroach on his domains. Indeed the beggars appear to parcel out the city, and each one claims certain streets as his peculium. This old beggar is always cheerful; he is called the “Torso,” as he is defective in his feet, and moves on his hands. If you have given him once, he rarely begs from you again, but takes off his hat, with “Bon giorno, signor,” in his best style. He rides to his station each morning on a donkey, to beg. These beggars may be descendants of Julius Cæsar, while Cardinal Prince Borghese may be descended from his slaves. In the course of ages one’s ancestors may be princes, beggars, saints, or demons. One has borrowed a mother, on whose account he begs. If you look like a foreigner, you are addressed as “Monsieur,” but generally as “Signor,” rarely in English, that language not being so well adapted to begging. It is impossible to express the pathos they can throw into the word “Signor, poveri,” “Sir, we are poor.” Descending the Pincian Hill,

you next ascend the Quirinal, then the Viminal. The latter hill has almost disappeared, on account of the elevation of the circumjacent valley. Near this is the church of St. Pudenziana, on the site of the oldest church in Rome, said to have been first founded in the year A. D. 45. As in other very old churches, the floor is below the present surface. It is a small church, with the usual very old and dingy-looking pictures, and on the Tribune, or space back of the Altar, esteemed the most sacred place, are those singular-looking old mosaics, in gold grounds, indicative of the middle, or Byzantine ages. The church occupies the site of the house of Pudens, a Senator, with whom St. Paul lodged. There are fourteen columns of gray marble. The bell tower is of the Lombard style of architecture. The great Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, or Saint Mary the Greater, is on the summit of the Esquiline Hill, and is next in view. It is also on a site where has been a church for sixteen hundred years. Here you see long rows of massive columns, numerous frescoes and mosaics eight hundred years old; relics also—the identical cradle in which Jesus Christ lay! You seem to be looking adown the corridors of time, as you gaze on the long line of marble columns, supporting a historical entablature of mosaics, and its mosaic floor, compartments of figures, trodden on by the feet of generations long since dust. Near this is the church of St. Prassede, on the site of an Oratory erected here A. D. 160, to which the early Christians retired when persecuted. When I entered, there were four or five hundred soldiers within, attending service. It appears it is required of them to attend service regularly. There are tombs here of the date of 1286. St. Prassede, after whom the church was named, was a daughter of Pudens, who was the first person converted in Rome by St. Paul. There are mosaics here one thousand years old, of eastern origin. There are sixteen columns of

granite, and some black porphyry. Pudens is mentioned by Paul in his Epistle to Timothy.

I visited also, to-day, the Villa Borghese, the entrance to which is just outside the Porta del Popolo. The grounds of the villa are the most extensive and beautiful I have yet seen in Italy. There is perpetual summer in the long avenues of live oaks, there are fountains springing at various places, there are chapels, summer houses, antique statues, remains of Roman arches, half-obliterated Roman and Greek inscriptions dispersed over the grounds and gently ascending hills, all in the immediate site of the walls of Rome. In the Casino there is a rich collection of ancient and modern sculpture. The halls—there are some sixteen of them—are most stately; the ceilings are in fresco, by great masters; there are some modern statues by Bernini, of great excellence—one, a group of Apollo and Daphne, a fine work—the goddess becomes a tree as he seizes her; very many remains of antique sculpture—some of them not very chaste looking. There is a statue, by Canova, of the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte, sister of the first Napoleon, who was married to Prince Borghese. Some of the floors have Roman mosaics from various ruins, representing the combats of the gladiators. This villa is open only on Saturday, at which times, as was the case to-day, there are many visitors. The Borghese family have given several Popes to the Papal throne, and retain much of their old power and possessions. They own fifty thousand acres of the Campagna. There are pompous, liveried domestics in each room. The one in the first one receives your donation, and ceremoniously bows till you are out. You write your name and nation in the visitors' book. Interesting as are the treasures in these grand halls, they are not comfortable. There are no fire-places in any genuine Italian house. The domestics sit over iron braziers of red-hot charcoal. Returning, I looked at the Muro Turto, or leaning wall. It is a

portion of the ancient wall of Rome, remaining unchanged and unrepaired since the times of the first Cæsar—it being alleged that it is under the special protection of St. Peter and St. Paul, who appeared to Alaric with drawn swords in their hands, as he was about to attack the city there, and obliged him to retire. Belisarius, one of the greatest generals of the fifth century, was about to repair it, but was dissuaded by the people.

To-day, Monday, February 22d, we start early on an excursion to Tivoli. The morning is pleasant, though somewhat cool. We go out by the low-browed gate of San Lorenzo, and enter upon the Campagna. The scene continues desert and dreary for some distance, without cultivation, though the land does not appear of inferior quality, and is covered with sod. Antique ruins of the middle ages rise around, presenting embattlemented walls and towers. Approaching the mountains, some fifteen miles from Rome, their snow-clad summits are seen touching the beautiful clouds of Italy. We pass several streams, branches of the Tiber, some of which separate the "Agro Romano," the Italian name of the Campagna, or country immediately around Rome, from the Sabine territories. On the left are three pointed hills, the tops of which are embraced by old villages and castles. We soon came to a sulphurous region, the scent of which fills all the air. Large and deep and dead sea-looking lakes are seen, out of which rises sulphurous gas, and a stream of milk-white water comes from them and foams its furious torrent through an artificial canal, the white smoke hovering over its waters. The whole region looks dead and desolate, and around there is no vegetation; the smell is horrid, and here may be the crater of the volcano, hereafter, which some say is to destroy Rome. Near this is a lake, very deep, and certainly the most infernal, dark, and dreary-looking which I have ever seen. It produces, by constant petrification, the stone called travertin,

which grows around its banks in great quantities; this is its dreary vegetation, and this is constantly narrowing the margin of the lake, and will convert it eventually into a dreary, rocky chasm. It is called "Lago di Tartari," or "Lake of Hell." Further on, we came to another mighty Roman tomb, resembling that of Cecilia Metella, though not as good masonry. It has been a tomb, a fortress, and is now a prison. It is a large, circular tower, to defend ashes long since lost to earth. Many of the large blocks of stone of which it was composed have been taken away, probably to construct other buildings, and its upper parts are now battlemented with brick. Here, on all sides, the views are most lovely. To the left are several conical peaks of mountains, crowned with very old, changeless Italian villages, where life and history go on in an unvaried round for a thousand years. Diverging to the right, we now entered that solemn ruin, Hadrian's Villa, one of the most extensive in the world. Here that emperor, who had traveled over the greater part of his dominions, then almost all the known world, constructed buildings, baths, temples, theatres, in imitation of the various styles and places which had pleased him in his travels. The whole embraced a circuit of miles; but of these there exist, in general, but shapeless walls, indicating the partial outline. What a desolation now! Large and dark cypress trees grow all around and over the beautiful ruins, and the aged arches are draped by the ivy, and the olive arbors around wanton luxuriantly in the fertile soil of fallen fanes. The ruins are much more extensive than those of the Palace of the Cæsars. The finest statues of antiquity stood in the niches which one yet sees in the walls; and many of those remains now in the Vatican and Capitol galleries, and many in various parts of Europe, came from these ruins, though during the middle ages many of the fine statues were burnt to convert the marble into lime. There are ruins of three

theatres, a lofty reticulated wall, six hundred feet in length, temples supposed to have been lined with slabs of porphyry, immense swimming baths, ruins called the library, temples of Diana and Venus, the Imperial Palace, ruins of the Academy, remains of the Tartarus, or Hell; also of the Elysian Fields; ruins of the hundred chambers—in short, this villa, in the days of its founder, must have been a miniature world. We spent some time passing through long, low, nameless corridors, then along frescoed halls the bright, eternal sky, that knows of no such ruined scenes as these, overhead. The ruins belong to the Duke of Braschi in Rome, and require a special permit to see them. They are under the superintendence of a *custode*, who acts as guide. Much of the space occupied by the ruins is an olive plantation, and we saw groups of the dark Italian girls sitting under the trees, collecting the fruit which others were shaking from them. Observing our curiosity in looking at them, they thought it a fine opening to beg, which at once dispersed our romance to the winds. In the midst of this magnificence of all that the Roman Empire could furnish, Hadrian, who was one of the wisest and best of the emperors, was seized with a mortal and incurable disease, of which he died at Baiæ, near Naples. Hadrian succeeded Trajan, and reigned nineteen years, dying A. D. 138. Resuming our carriages, we began the ascent of the mountains, the Villa of Hadrian lying at their base. The ascent was by an excellent road, through a splendid olive plantation, adorning the mountain slope, belonging to the Duke of Braschi. The ugly but useful evergreen olive flourishes here finely in great age, the soil being apparently better than that of the Campagna, where there is but little cultivation. The views obtained, upon ascending the mountains, of that sea of ruins, the Campagna, are very fine. St. Peter's asserts its vast size, by being most distinctly seen, though fifteen miles off in an air line. There are many Roman

villas on the ascent. At length we came to Tivoli, with its old walls and towers, dirty streets, and legions of beggars, no less than fourteen of whom beset us at one time, proffering services. The city is on a mountain slope, with a tremendous chasm on one side. It is utterly impregnable on that side, and is defended on the other sides by walls. It is five hundred years older than Rome, consequently over three thousand years in age, being originally a Greek colony. Horace and Virgil, and many others, have celebrated the beauty of Tivoli, then called Tibur. Queen Zenobia died near it. The chief attraction here now is the Cascade of the Anio, which, after that of Terni, is the finest in Europe. We crossed a bridge, on the right of which is a very ancient Roman graveyard, which was unknown for many ages, and only discovered when excavations were made to divert the course of the stream. On the right of the bridge is the splendid cataract, three hundred and twenty feet high, with its rainbows blown about by the winds, its gauze-like vapor vailing it in half-seen beauty, like drapery, and its thunder-like roar reverberates through the ancient mountains like an aroused spirit. Just above it, on a ledge of jutting rocks, stand the columnar ruins of a Roman temple, repaired into a Catholic church. Walking around a beautiful road, formed in the bosom of the mountain, but opening on the left, toward the Campagna—Rome, the sea, Tivoli, the cataract—we had a scene of most wondrous interest and loveliness. Further on we had full views of the hill, ancient and wild, on which Tivoli is situated, from which issue the main cataract, and a whole phalanx of smaller ones, leaping into the vale below with the glee of wild mountain children. Nothing could be more beautiful! The little winds fan the brilliant vegetation; and the cherub children, the rainbows, come around with their many-colored garments; the old ruins themselves are happy, and the physiognomy of the scene becomes one

of the eternities of the heart. Many ruins of villas, those of Catullus, Sallust, Macænas, are here; the scene is a loveliness in tears—a dirge of Beethoven embodied—it is Italy, the fallen, discrowned queen of all countries a thousand years after her grandeur—when her very ruin had become beautiful. Had mankind produced nothing more than the Roman Empire, they would have been a sufficiently grand creation for a God. In the dim haze afar off loomed up Michael Angelo's dome over St. Peter's, a thing of wondrous beauty. As the hotels of Tivoli are not renowned for much except dirt, we brought along with us somewhat, that while the mind feasted on the beautiful in nature, the physical man might not be forgotten; so, seated under the shade of an olive, in the midst of this scene, we dined off bread, butter, dried figs, ham, and sublimity. Returning to Rome in the evening, and after passing that grave-yard of grandeur, Hadrian's Villa, we had one of the glorious Campagna sunsets of this climate—all the adornments of piled-up clouds, streamed and tinged with gilded glory, looking like an isle of sky, another land of evanescent loveliness. These sunsets continue for weeks of the same type—the same clouds come out on the sky, assume the same forms, and gather themselves up in glory. On our route we stopped at the margin of one of the drear lakes, and looked at the petrifying waters, and also at the Basilica of San Lorenzo outside the walls, founded, it is said, by Constantine, who, from the number of churches attributed to him, probably only made some change in Pagan temples, so as to adapt them to Christian worship. This presents an imposing appearance in its long array of columns, some fluted, others with spiral flutings; some of granite, others of various kinds of marbles; some with Corinthian, others with Composite capitals; some of the columns half buried, some of black Egyptian granite. St. Lawrence and St. Stephen are buried here. Then there are the low entrances from it

to the Catacombs, which are explored with great risk and danger. There are panels of red and green porphyry here, and two marble pulpits, one on each side of the nave, an indisputable proof of its great antiquity. The floor is of beautiful mosaic. The seven splendid Basilicas of Rome are worth any man's time to come across from America to see. Their treasures of art and architecture, their antiquities, their customs, their relics, their wealth in marbles and precious stones, all form instructive subjects of thought to the man who looks at the theatre of this world in its present and its past. Cumulatively, they afford a splendid argument for Christianity, and of the actual existence of the persons of its founders. It is true that one need not believe in the relics, but the man has had an erasive sponge applied to his reasoning powers who cannot see that superstition is an argument for the existence of something that is true; and though, perhaps, as many splendid temples have been erected to Jupiter, Venus, Apollo, Mercury, and other non-existent personages, as to the Apostles, yet, if a tradition assert a thing in an unvarying manner for fifteen hundred years—if churches have been built on the spot in express attestation of it—it furnishes the strongest possible evidence of the facts claimed. But it may be said that on the same premises a temple to Bacchus proves that Bacchus existed, and the whole Grecian mythology, from which the Roman is borrowed, could thus be proved also. The two cases are not alike. There is no uniform tradition as to fact, place, and time; no corroborating history, no concurrent testimony; the heathen gods arose from the imaginations of the poets as described in the writings of Homer and others, whereas the men of Christianity preceded the books on them. How often, however, our belief only compliments our conduct.

But to-day has been our last day in Rome. It has been a leave-taking of places and objects rendered almost dear

by association and merit. I have revisited the glorious works of art in the Borghese and Doria Palaces—the “Entombment,” by Raphael, and the works of Domenichino and Titian in the former, and the glorious landscapes of Claude Lorraine in the grand halls of the latter; also, the statues of the Capitol, especially the Venus of the Capitol—which is in a reserved hall, not usually opened—one of the finest statues in the world; the grand study of the Dying Gladiator also, and the expressive and mournful statue of Agrippina in a sitting posture lamenting the death of Drusus. I was also in the Vatican, to which it is hard to say farewell. I was in its immense library—the largest in the world, not in reference to the number of books, but in regard to the quantity of space; saw the splendid vases and specimens of precious stones, presented from various emperors to the Popes; the baptismal font, a splendid affair of gold and precious stones, from which the French Prince Imperial was sprinkled—a present from Napoleon III. to the Pope—who christened the prince by proxy; also specimens of old papyrus, with historical annals on them; very old church paintings also, not very good, but very interesting on account of age and historical relations; paintings and ladies differing essentially—the one becoming more interesting when the mellow tints of age gather upon them—of the other I shall not speak. We saw also many instruments of torture and of martyrdom, and mosaics found in catacombs; a fresco of Charlemagne—an expressive one of that great hero, one thousand years old; a Bridegroom Scene, one of the most celebrated of original Roman paintings—a chaste and beautiful piece; there is the original plan of the Church of St. Peter’s, as designed by Michael Angelo, in the form of a Greek cross, which would have made a much grander and more imposing construction than the present one, if the great design had been carried through by that great mind. There are numerous lachrymaria, or

small vial-looking glasses, to hold the tears of the martyrs, as they fell, while they suffered, which were esteemed most sacred, as well as very many other things collected by the Popes to render this place, what it is in truth, the most interesting place in the world. It has been well remarked, that no palace in the world approaches the Vatican in point of interest. The Laocoon, that sublime agony; the Apollo Belvidere, the perfection of godlike beauty, (it is stated as a fact that a French lady became so enamored of this cold marble ideal of beauty, that she became deranged), and then a "last, lingering look" at Raphael's "Transfiguration," which goes with one as a brother soul; then a last stroll through St. Peter's—a last glance at its grandeur; then a walk on the Pincian Hill, where the wealth of England and the nobility of Rome pass and repass to show their wealth and beauty. The number of English at present is great in Rome; and their coroneted carriages have in them persons whose satiety of earth and appearance of unhappiness, which are attendants on high birth and breeding, are indicated by their countenances. The music discourses and the sun sets on Rome; but where should one's last hour in Rome be spent but in Rome's ruins! These gay promenaders are too light, and frivolous, and evanescent for a place so awful-hearted as Rome. The night was slightly moonlit and hazy, and there were struggling rays of planets in the sky, and a half-moon looked out from its home of ages as if weary of this old world. I walked down the Corso, threaded the dirty, old, narrow, cut-throat-looking streets about the Capitol Hill, then passed among the skeletons of temples, and stood in the Coliseum, so old-looking that it has become devotional, so gray and grand that you respect it, and so sad that you fear it. The great rim of mighty gray wall is around you, with its two hundred arches; but the hundred thousand spectators who once sat on those once marble-lined tiers of seats daily, and the Roman Empire itself, have

gone! There is the hollow, guttural, murmuring of the Tiber; there is the watch-dog near, baying for company; there are the rows of cypresses skirting the Coelian Hill, growing among ruins; there are the wretched rents in the ruin—the Roman princes having made this a stone quarry for two hundred years to build palaces out of; there is the ghostly, spectral moonlight, flickering and glimmering—and the rest is silence! But the great, round, many-arched thing, with its broad and solemn under-aisles, seems to have a kind of gray gladness and majestic content in its great age. Yet it seems to be a human, spirited thing, appealing to you for sympathy. It is the most suggestive ruin in the world. Your past may come back to you there; but what is your past to its past! I turned away. I shall never stand there again. Returning by the old Roman way, when approaching the Arch of Titus, I heard on the left, proceeding from among the vast ruins of the noble Palace of the Cæsars, on the Palatine Hill, the most singular, prolonged, and unearthly scream I have ever heard any where. It was a sound that seemed to search you and to see you. I stood and listened. It came at regular intervals. There are no houses, nothing but substructions of palaces. If there be a place on earth where ghosts might haunt, this is assuredly the scene—where Nero, and Caligula, and Domitian, each mother, brother, and wife murderer—each exhausted all the ingenuity of sin—and where ruin now only reigns. I stood and looked at the scene—remains of temples many centuries old, clad in the gray of age, while the dim moonlight, with its shreds of shadows, fell on them. The Arch of Constantine, that of Titus, of Septimus Severus, each with sculptured figures; the three lofty and beautiful columns of fluted marble, called the ruins of the Temple of Julius Cæsar; the solitary column of Phocas; the excavated paved way of the Roman Forum; the eight columns of the Temple of Peace—all were in

view in the silent beauty of ages. The voice screamed from one place, at regular intervals. I walked slowly on, nearly one hundred yards, toward the Capitol Hill, when suddenly the voice changed its position to another and entirely different part of the ruins, as if keeping parallel with my position. It was pitched on a key unlike any thing I have ever heard, and more like a continued shriek of the damned falling into hell, than any thing I can imagine. From my knowledge of the locality, it was impracticable for any ordinary person to descend the huge, shapeless ruins on the northern side of the Palatine Hill, and approach the ruins known in Rome as the Basilica Julia, where I heard it the last time, in the very brief period intervening. The Romans living in the dirty, mean, modern houses, contiguous to this locality, had all retired, and whether the noise was made by jackal, wild cat, owl, or the ghost of Caligula, I neither know nor care, but it was hideous enough to be any of them. Regaining the Piazza Campidoglia, or the "Mournful Place," the modern name of the Capitol Hill, I was soon in the Corso. Adieu, then, to Rome, dear old Rome, with its grand churches, its solemn and stately and venerable superstitions, its palaces, the repositories of dead art and genius, and its ruins, to all—Adieu!

But this morning, Wednesday, February 24th, we left Rome. We are a party of seven, all friends made in traveling. We are traveling by vettura, which affords greater facilities for seeing the country than the rapid post traveling. The vetturini are a great institution in all Italian towns. We have a large carriage accommodating five conveniently in the inside, two on the coupé in front, which is covered and protected from the weather; the driver occupies a lower seat in front. We enter into regular written contract with the proprietor of the vehicle; he is to furnish us with a good carriage, with four good horses, driver, pay all expenses on the route, hotel bills, stop at the best hotels,

and be on the route four days to Naples, for which we pay twenty-two Napoleons, about eighty-six dollars, for the whole party. Yesterday we procured visas for our passports—getting three visas—paying one dollar for the visa of our own consul, one for the police visa of Rome, and one for the Neapolitan visa. The *buono mano* is also a great institution in Italy. Every one with whom you have had any dealings expects a *buono mano*, after you have satisfied his just demands. Having dispensed all these indispensables, we took leave of our host and hostess, not omitting Raccali, our fire-lighter, all of whom seemed to have formed a real attachment to us during our stay of nearly two months, and shed tears, with many wishes of “*bon viaggio*,” or a safe journey. We depart down the Corso, from the Via Condotti, pass the column with all the wars of Antoninus sculptured on its twenty-eight blocks of white marble—then we pass that of Trajan, with the sunken ruins of his Forum—then pass near the Coliseum, of which we take a final view—then the great Basilica, St. John Lateran—then we arrive at the gate San Giovanni, where our passports are required; we are then out of Rome and on the Campagna. Rome was no more to us, except as a thing of memory. Our course was toward Albano, fourteen miles from Rome, by the new Via Appia, the old Via Appia on our right, and the Via Latina on our left, both old Roman ways, marked in their course over the Campagna by a long line of ruined sepulchres. The great Roman works of aqueducts stride over the plain for miles, sprinkling the remarkable Campagna with picturesque ruins, crumbling arches, and falling masonry. The Ages are there in the vastness of their decay. There were strange masses of brick and undestroyed fragments of tombs, almost colossal and all ivy-grown. About eleven miles from Rome our route joined the Via Appia. We crossed the dry bed of a river, a singular feature in Italy, where you sometimes see the

rivers themselves gone into decay. Approaching Albano there was a long ascent, lined on each side with tomb ruins. There was the tomb of Pompey the Great, in particular, an immense, round, brick tower, four stories high, and which appears to have been originally covered with fine blocks of white marble. There was a chamber in it twelve feet long, and eight wide, in which were deposited the ashes of Pompey, brought from Egypt by his wife Cornelia, after his murder there. Remaining at Albano some hours, we took our *dejeuner a la fourchette*. From this, by a pleasant walk of a mile or two along a most noble avenue of lofty and old live oaks, some of which are singularly supported in their helpless age by brick columns, we visited Castel Gondolfo, a village containing a summer residence of the Popes, and here, cradled in an extinct volcanic crater, we saw one of the most beautiful little lakes in the world—the Lake of Albano. It is oval in shape, and about six miles around; and when we saw it, its blue waves were curled by a mountain wind, and it was spanned by a beautiful rainbow, or rather mistbow, as if an angel were painting the air. The Romans dug an emissary, or subterranean canal, about a mile in length, passing under the town and through the mountain, the object of which was to reduce the amount of water in the lake, there being danger it might overflow the Campagna. This was done about twenty-three hundred years ago. This still exists, and much water passes off by it. The appearance of the lake is wonderfully curious in its deep, cup-like crater, and its towns and monasteries around it. Here, probably, thousands of years ago, was one of those volcanoes whose eruptions formed the volcanic rocks underlying the Campagna. The views around were wondrously beautiful, embracing mountains, ravines, the almost level, dark, and fated-looking Campagna, on which no snow ever falls, extending to the shining Mediterranean—there is Rome also, our last view of it, with St. Peter's—

a vision of the past, an eternity of history. Along the base of the mountains, near, are numerous conical elevations, crowned with turreted ruins and battlemented walls, remains of villas, and ivy-grown, ponderous tombs. The whole Campagna is seen as far as Soractè. Descending again to Albano, by the gallery of ilexes, having on our left a large grove of Roman pines, three or four hundred years old, we rambled through the old town, once a favorite resort of the old Romans. It contains several fine, modern villas, and is said to be healthy, but is rather too near the malarious regions of the Campagna. Though very dirty, these old towns have an air of solidity and permanency not possessed by American towns. They are built of large, cut stone, and the villas, convents, and churches have all an air of splendor. Just outside the walls is a large and high cross with the entire apparatus of the Crucifixion—the spear, the sponge, the ladder, the hammer, nails, apron, etc. The crosses generally content themselves with spear and sponge, but this one omits no particular. The scenic ground of half of Virgil's *Æneid* is visible from the gates of Albano. Leaving Albano, where we drank some of the fine wines of that country, growing on the slopes below, which has in all ages been celebrated, we passed the singular-looking, old tomb, assigned, on doubtful grounds, to Aruns—for there have been volumes written on each ruin—then we passed a stupendous, modern construction, a viaduct, consisting of three superposed ranges of arches—six on the lower tier, twelve on the central, and eighteen on the upper—the height of each being sixty, and the width forty-nine feet between the piers. This spans a chasm of ten hundred and twenty feet in breadth in the road, and at a height of one hundred and ninety-two feet. It is a work finished during the reign of the present Pope, and shows that the spirit of public improvement is not dead in Italy, as this work almost rivals the ruins of the ancient constructions which stand around

it. We also passed Lariccia and Genzano; near the latter place is a most magnificent triple avenue of elms, and the most beautiful lake of Nemi, occupying, like that of Albano, the crater of an extinct volcano. The views around here are lovely, exhibiting hill and mountain slopes vine-clad, and the sea-like Campagna below—all seemed classical, antique, and beautiful, as we wound among the hills on the smooth, hard road. We reached Velletri at five o'clock in the evening, where we designed remaining for the night. It is on the brow of a hill, overlooking the Campagna and the sea. It has about twelve hundred inhabitants; the one street is long and dirty. Nearly all the men wear black, piratical-looking cloaks. There are castles, convents, and churches. I entered one of the latter in the dim dusk of the evening, and heard the dull, droning music, saw the faded paintings, the glimmering candles, the slabs of tombstones. The women are pretty here. This, as well as many other towns in this region, held long wars with the Romans—the latter finally conquering, till all Italy was subdued. This was the country of the Volscs, and Coriolanus surrounded this town with walls and a fosse. The regions overlooked by these hills is all classical; the *Æneid* had its action here in the ages anterior to Rome. The hills around are generally fertile, being covered with olive and vine plantations, interspersed with ruins. Summer seemed to dwell forever in the long galleries of live oaks which we passed, in ascending to the Lake of Albano, and birds in their branches were singing songs, to us unknown, of summer.

We left Velletri at eight o'clock this morning, February 25th, our vetturino conductor having provided us with a good and rather comfortable inn (La Posta). We traveled about twenty-five miles yesterday. Our route now began to descend toward the Pontine Marshes. On our left were the bleak and bare Volscian Mountains, with occasionally

little, old, and doubtless dirty stone villages, perched on peaks, with castles of the middle ages, towers and walls, and ruins of temples of more ancient times, toppling into decay, serving as homes for the brigands who infest this region. We passed through an oak forest, which has been cleared away on each side of the road for some distance, to deprive the robbers of covert. We soon reached Cisterna—anciently “Tres Tabernæ,” or the Three Taverns—one of the places where the brethren from Rome met St. Paul, and where he “thanked God and took courage.” It is now a very small town, with a large fortress or castle, belonging to a princely family of the middle ages; there is also a Cathedral. One of the towns on the left of this, on the skirts of the mountains, is Cora, an ancient Greek colony, reckoned by some authors to be one of the oldest in Europe. The town had three circuits of walls. The Pontine Marshes, upon which we now entered, are level, but utterly desert and uncultivated, except being used in some places as pastures for sheep and buffalo—large numbers of the latter being seen. They are five or six miles broad, extending from the mountains to the sea, and about thirty-six miles in length. The old Roman, or Appian Way, on which we now were, runs straight through the marshes—in some places repaired with walls on each side, in other places there are long avenues of elms. The appearance of the marshes, except in its having few trees, is not much unlike a swamp in some of our Southern States. Along one side of the road is a fine ditch or canal. The few people one meets in this desolate place are small and miserable-looking, with very sallow complexions.

The fatal malaria is very bad throughout the whole extent of the marshes. We soon arrived at the place called Appii Forum, where the brethren from Rome met St. Paul. It consists of a most miserable hotel, in the centre of the Pontine Marshes; there are one or two other houses,

churches and monasteries near; but the general aspect, in spite of one or two green fields, is most cheerless. Here we partook of a meal amidst uninviting surroundings. The landlord, observing we were foreigners, indicated by signs that St. Paul stopped at his hotel and dined. It was something, however, to have stood on the very place where the apostle did eighteen hundred years ago. Most beautiful wild flowers here grow in profusion, some of which were preserved as mementoes by some of our party. The marshes are bounded on the left by the extremely irregular peaks of the mountains, some of which are snow clad. The bases of the mountains are wooded with olive groves. Along the side of the marshes next to the Mediterranean were, it is said, in the flourishing times of the Roman Empire, no less than twenty-three cities, and the entire marshes were cultivated. The neglect of the drains during ages of war, and the want of cultivation in a soil once so highly cultivated, probably induce the malaria, its fertile strength thus being perverted to a noxious poison instead of conducing to the welfare of man. There are some very picturesque-looking towns on the mountains. Sezze is one of these; and on the right is seen, for a long distance, the noble Promontory of Circe, rising almost out of the blue Mediterranean Sea. The beauty of this bold limestone promontory, and its classical history, render it an interesting object. In one place near "Foro Appio" we saw some cultivation; there were gangs of laborers at work with singular agricultural implements—some were hoeing the wheat, others turning up the black soil with spades; and one person with a large club in his hand superintended. In some places the marshes do not present so very dreary an appearance as old descriptions would lead one to expect. The canal on the road-side, constructed by Augustus, and in modern times repaired by one of the Popes, is of considerable size, and a current of some force runs through it, which, after some

distance, carries its waters off to the sea. Another canal is now met, the water of which flows in precisely the opposite direction to the former; and, passing off to the sea, then another begins, the waters flowing the reverse direction to the last—all showing the engineering skill with which these almost level marshes have been attempted to be reclaimed. Our driver proceeded with rapidity over the marshes, it being extremely dangerous to pass them after night. At length the mountains on the left approached the road and the sea, and portions of their slopes were covered with olive orchards. One very large orchard of olives we noticed, which belongs to Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's Prime Minister, he being a native of this portion of the Papal territories. The profit of the olive is said to average one scudo, or a little over a dollar to each tree. At length we drew near Terracina, a celebrated station for ships in the times of the Roman Empire. It is on the side of a mountain, where it projects toward the sea. Near it are old ruins of what appear to be tombs; and above, on the crest of the mountain, frowns an ancient castle in ruins; and in the town are ruins of towers, walls and castles of many ages and eras. The Pontine Marshes here terminate, and the climate seemed almost changed. The graceful palm grew on the lower slopes of the mountain; the orange and lemon seemed to rise out of ancient ruins; the aloe and pomegranate also flourish. Just on one side of the hotel next to the mountain is an immense mass of perpendicular rock, detached from the mountain and standing out toward the sea. It is wooded on the top, and on its side is a cave, in which dwelt of old a hermit. The sea, the blue Mediterranean, here burst upon our sight like a glorious mirror of a glowing sky. Arriving some hours before night, and having completed our arrangements at the hotel, we began to ascend the steep, rocky, limestone mountain, covered with ruins of walls and citadels of the Goths, among which

now grow olive plantations. Arriving at the summit, we came upon the ruins of the Palace of Theodoric the Goth, one of the Gothic kings of Italy, who, after the taking of Rome, ruled in Italy for three quarters of a century. Theodoric himself reigned from A. D. 493 to 526. The scene of enchanting beauty and sublimity here disclosed to the eye is almost unparalleled. The great blue sea on the west, with its islands glowing in the sunset rays; the sea, casting its waves in gladness on the shore; Monte Circe, rising in romantic majesty against the western sky; the numerous clouds, in gilded strata, hanging like rich drapery around the sun; the Pontine Marshes, on the north, dark, and level, and mist-clad; the tops of mountains behind us, glimmering redly in the sun; little embosomed lakes within them, sleeping, as it were, in adoration—all wore a glory and gladness fit for a God to create. On the left the view embraces several islands in the Bay of Naples. This sunset scene can only depart from the mind with the obliteration of memory. Long lines of bright and red light, like plumes, radiated from the gilded clouds over the sea, as if there were other suns beneath. The old castle, on whose grass-grown terrace we stood, is itself interesting. Its ruins are supported by twelve immense arches in front or toward the sea; back of these is a narrow passage, then a wide and very long corridor. Here history went on in the long ago. The Bay of Terracina, which once held the Roman fleet, is now filling up with sand; the glory of the Goth is no more, and Desolation now is king in these kingly halls. But this beautiful prospect, this sea and land view, and this sky, are lovely now as then! Man and his works pass, but Nature lives and glows in youth and beauty over his tombs! The view from the "castled crag of Drachenfels" on the Rhine is beautiful; those from Mount Righi or La Flegère, in Switzerland, are sublime; but this view of the Italian sunset scene on the sea, while standing on the ruins of the Gothic

Palace of Theodoric, seemed to me to have in it all the essence of the lovely. Descending the steep, rocky mountain on which Theodoric's palace was situated, and which was perhaps impregnable, except by the assaults of Time, we came upon numerous clusters of flowers, revelling in this sunny climate; and below this scene of beauty in nature we came to a part of the town on the hill-side, where there seemed to be every variety of wretchedness and poverty. Except in Ireland, I think I have seen nowhere such miserable hovels. They consist of a circular, low wall of stone, a foot or two in height, above which is a thatched superstructure, not admitting a man to stand; there is no chimney, only a small fire in the centre of the hovel on the ground. The inmates, who are ragged children and half-clad women, come out of those places as if to remind you and themselves that they once were human too—and beg. Returning to our hotel, we found our dinner nearly prepared, which we discussed with the waves of the tideless sea of the south beating on the rocks on which our hotel stood, on one side, while on the other side the moonlight from the blue sky of Italy glimmered on the bare and rugged rocks, jutting out almost into the sea, while, high above, looked down, in the grandeur of decay, Theodoric's ancient tower. We had travelled about forty miles.

This morning, Friday, February 26th, we were aroused at an early hour, having forty-two miles to go, and besides, expected to have several detentions on the route. The road passes through the gate of Terracina, which is between the high rock, six hundred feet high, and the sea, and then continues for some distance along a narrow pass with the rushing, bounding, blue Mediterranean on one side, and the bleak mountains on the other. This pass Fabius Maximus maintained successfully against Hannibal. Passing some six miles, we came to the boundary of the "States of the Church," and entered the Kingdom of Naples, or that of the

"Two Sicilies." Our passports were here demanded and examined, and in a few moments we were no longer in the domains of the Popedom. The States of the Church are twenty in number, comprising the central portion of Italy. The whole population is about three and a quarter millions. The Pope's army consists of about sixteen thousand men. We were now in the dominions of King Bomba, the most contemptible, perhaps, of all the sovereigns in Europe. Our route now left the seaside, and advanced into the interior, among mountains presenting a succession of separate conical peaks, some of which had snow on their high summits. Nearly the whole route was along the Appian Way, some of the large paving stones of which appeared in various places, and also the gigantic tombs, built of large stones and overgrown with shrubs and trees, and otherwise tenantless. The region through which we now passed, as well as that passed yesterday when approaching Cisterno, was in years past a noted resort of brigands, who robbed and murdered travelers, and concealed themselves in ruined castles among the mountains. Our vetturino conductor states that some thirty years past, when taking a party to Naples, as now, he was attacked at this place, and in a desperate conflict with the robbers, two of the latter were killed. A mile or two further on we were again stopped by a uniformed official, who visaed our passports, and required two pauls for the effort. Each of us paid one paul last night, in Terracina, for the same visa. A few yards further on there was another detention to procure a permit to go to Naples, for which another fee was demanded. These are specimens of some of the exactions of King Bomba's government. Our passports had each been declared "*buono per Napoli*" some seven or eight times. While officials were screaming on one side in regard to passports, beggars on the other were screeching in regard to their "*poveri*"—both being equalled in contemptibility only by the other. It is best,

in general, to submit to all these exactions with fortitude and resignation. The police, or armed force of the country, have always some of their numbers near the *dogana*, as these custom-houses are appropriately named, who would soon add force to injustice. Most travelers, therefore, gravely pay every exaction rather than be subjected to such humiliating contact. Passing these places, we had fine views of the very singular-looking stone village of Montalto, built all over the almost inaccessible peak of a mountain, the houses almost all windowless, or at all events without glass in them. We soon approached the town of Fondi, where our passports were again demanded, and our luggage would have been examined, thereby causing a vexatious delay of more than an hour in this most miserable and filthy of all towns, apparently inhabited only by beggars and brigands, but a fee of eleven pauls to King Bomba's officers of law, paid openly, as a matter of course and custom, procured exemption. The town is among mountains; there are lovely orange groves, fig trees, and olive orchards in the vales. The old Appian Way may here be seen; there are massive walls, ruins of Roman tombs and villas. There are some green wheat fields, gardens, avenues of poplars; yet the town looks like a section cut out of the heart of hell. The streets are narrow—each house is independent of the line of the next one. The streets are covered with dirt, and looking down one of them, you may constantly see filthy water cast from the windows into it, as if the street were designed to be a common receptacle for filth. The inhabitants seem to be half human beings—blear-eyed, crippled, deformed. They surround the carriage like a detachment of imps, begging, whining, crying, holding up and exposing sores on their legs, distress and want, hunger, famine, cold, vice, falsehood, all embodied, and all expressions of wretchedness cultivated. A sore is here a capital, want is a fund, and a disgusting,

loathsome countenance is at a premium. Human nature is infinitesimal in its possible degrees of degradation and exaltation. This, as well as the next town through which we are to pass, have been known for many ages as the resort of robbers, who infest the mountain passes and ascents into which we now entered. The walls and towers around the city are in some places high and majestic, in others gray and tottering; the lower parts of them show the strong, massy, Roman blocks, the upper the smaller and slighter constructions of the middle ages. Some of the houses have for their exterior walls those of the town. The women here wear highly colored costumes; they carry every thing on their heads, even large burdens, and many of them were seen standing up to their knees washing clothes on wooden racks. The vine grows well here, and produces good wine; the fig also flourishes finely. Ascending through the mountain pass the scene was very wild, almost Swiss-like, the mountains being very bare and bleak. The slowness of the carriage on ascending the mountain afforded us facilities for walking up the ascent, and for examining some local ruins. The road is now well guarded—the danger from robbers is less. Yet I saw several sinister-looking persons approaching us at certain places, and disappearing among the ruins on their being discovered. When Tasso, the poet, was desirous of traveling this route, the robbers showed their appreciation of literature, by sending him word that nothing should harm him, and that they would be proud to execute his orders. A lady of the Colonna family, residing near this in a castle, was so renowned for her beauty that it reached the ears of the Sultan of Turkey, and a descent was made on the castle at night, by a noted brigand, to carry her off and make a present of her to the Sultan. She escaped, however, and fled, naked, to the mountains, where she concealed herself. So that it is a dangerous thing, sometimes, to be too handsome. Our

party was composed of the best materials, both of refinement and intellect, for enjoying and giving enjoyment; and our little friend Flora, a gem of a child, only seven or eight years old, with her prematurely thoughtful remarks, her mental and physical loveliness, her capacity above most children of being interested, gave an additional charm, while the grand mountain peaks invading the blue sky of Italy, the fresh and pleasant air, and the joyous sunlight, the lower slopes of the mountains arrayed in olive groves, with their dark and yet unpicked fruit hanging over the road, the bright green of the small leaf contrasting well with the black fruit, on which the sun shone—all made a *tout ensemble* of agreeable sensations. The soil here, notwithstanding its rocky appearance, produced the finest olives I have yet seen; the fruit is somewhat less in size than a cherry. The scenes, as usual, present gray Roman remains, carrying the mind back to a great people and a great Roman past. The next place through which we went, is Itri, another resort of brigands. It is a most picturesque place, however, being on an immense rock, in chasm, around which are lofty limestone mountains. The road passes around and below it, along the margin of a stream of black waters, over which are several stone bridges of singular and strong masonry. A lofty and grand castle, with a strong and embattled wall passing up the rock, surmounts the rocky steep. Much of the town is outside the wall, on the sloping ledges of rock. The people here look grim and haggard, and beg naturally, spontaneously, and instinctively, as if it were their only inheritance. Advancing, our course descended through lovely olive groves, rich in their oblong, dark fruit, the shining sea suddenly reappeared, skirted with rocky mountains, and soon the bright and beautiful bay, on which Moli di Gaeta is situated, was in full view. But on the right of our course there was, in an olive orchard, a circular mass of masonry, nearly seventy feet

high, and perhaps twenty feet in diameter. It is in ruins, however; early spring flowers grow around it, like a necklace of memories—ivy hangs around it as if it ought to be immortal, and trees grow around it as if to protect it. It consists of two stories, with a strengthening tower within, supporting the second floor. The first story consists of solid masses of large stones. I entered the first story, and climbed up to the second on the outside, over the flowers and ivy, to the tomb-like apartment on the second story. Braving the sea blasts, strong and stately in its age and history, it has stood for eighteen hundred and eighty years, preserved by and enshrining a memory as proud and sublime as any in Europe, or that ever will be there—a man basely and ungratefully murdered on this spot, murdered by a man whose life he had saved, abandoned by a country which he had preserved. It is the Tomb of Cicero! When escaping to the seaside, the great orator was overtaken here and murdered—that eloquent tongue which had charmed all Rome, and which uttered sentences that have reverberated through all time, was cut out and presented to Fulvia, the wife of Octavius Cæsar, at her request—out-Heroding horror itself. Strangers from a far land, however, that appreciate his genius and greatness, cull flowers from his tomb, and bear them away as mementoes of unfortunate greatness, that left, however, a literature to a world. The ruins of Cicero's villa are now occupied in part by a hotel, on the seaside, where we rested some hours. The views are most magnificent, and the scenes are immortalized in the poetry of Homer, Virgil, and Horace. On the rear are irregular, rocky mountains, almost bare of verdure, except moss, and in the distance, snow. In front is this splendid sea; the view extends to the islands in the Bay of Naples. From the hotel descends on the slope to the seaside one of the finest orange gardens, intermingled with lemons, olives, figs, apricots, pomegranates, that I have ever seen; the

orange trees are full of the golden fruit—the lemons and olives are in their glory. The yellow fruit lies ripe on the ground, and falls frequently from the trees like ingots of gold. The waves beat upon the garden walls. On the right is Gaeta, with towers and castles on conical hills. On the left is an orange villa belonging to the King of Naples. We strolled through the golden groves, saw the Roman reticulated masonry of Cicero's villa, where he dwelt with his friends in his prosperous days, surrounded by all that is lovely in nature. In one place on these grounds I came suddenly upon a small urn-like sepulchre, on the lid of which I read, with some surprise, a very pretty epitaph, in English, on a child. The lid of the tomb stood partly open, and within you saw the small coffin. The child's name was "Minna"; there were three verses; no name, date, or inscription; all was, however, simple, sad, and affecting—a solitary child tomb in an orange grove, in so celebrated a spot. The lines were copied for an amiable lady of our party, and were as follows:—

"Here Minna calmly lies
Far from their loving eyes
And tender hands who laid her in the grave,
And strewed her couch with flowers
From perfumed orange bowers,
And myrtle groves, that stoop to kiss the wave.

"O gentle passer-by,
The tribute of a sigh
Leave, as an offering, in this flowery dell;
And as you turn to go,
A kindly tear bestow,
On Minna's grave, lost because loved too well.

"But yet, a moment stay,
And bear a flower away—
A flower of hope from Minna's grave that springs!
Learn not to rest your heart
On joys that soon depart,
Nor give too much of love to earthly things."

The singularity of meeting this solitary grave here, with an *English* inscription, struck us all as being a beautiful and affecting incident. They were English or Americans, perhaps, who were traveling in Italy, and at this place lost their child, and departed on their way without her. She rests afar from her parents, who, perhaps, often think of her valued dust on this seashore of Italy—the memory of whose beauty is to them darkened by such a loss. The little coffin of the unknown Minna indicated her to be about five or six years old.

Leaving this fine hotel, where we took our breakfast, or *dejeuner a la fourchette*, we departed on our course, which lay along the sea, blue and boundless, and near a vale of olive orchards, ruins, gray and hoar and desolate, rising among them. Arriving at the Mola, passports were again examined into, and the desire of the officers to examine our baggage was commuted into a desire for six pauls, which we paid and parted. Of course all begged if you looked at them. They lay in the sun, and women sat in the doors divesting each other of vermin. But there appeared to be ragged happiness, and they enjoyed the wealth of a fine climate, and we saw forms and faces among them that would not disgrace a Roman ancestry. We now passed through a very extensive and beautiful region, where figs, olives, vines, citrons, etc., all grew in great profusion. The sea was on one side, and on the other barren, rocky, mountains, with, occasionally, a comfortless town on one of the impregnable peaks. At length we approached the beautiful river, Garigliano, which runs through a large plain of great beauty. Here are vast ruins of Roman aqueducts, on arches, striding across the plain, like those of the Campagna of Rome. Many hundred arches yet remain, perhaps thirty feet high, supporting the large brick canal in which the water ran. Here also are extensive ruins of theatres and amphitheatres, and Roman reticulated, or net-like brick-

work, exhibiting all the strength and energy possessed by that powerful, passed-away people. There is no city here now; nothing but these unsightly ruins, through which we walked, to mark its place. It was the Roman city Minturne that stood here. It was near this city, in the marshes of the river; that Caius Marius concealed himself, and when pursued by order of his enemy, Sylla, was discovered almost sunk in the marsh by a soldier, who, stimulated by the reward for his head, was about to kill him, when Marius sternly demanded of him, how he dared to kill Caius Marius, with an attitude so imperial, that the soldier fell on his knees and implored pardon. We crossed the river here, and some miles further brought us to Saint Agata, where we remained all night. We saw on our route many persons in most ragged costumes—women as well as men—at work in the fields, using a small, three-cornered shovel as a spade, to turn up large fields. I have seen but one plow in this country, and that was of wood. The moon had arisen as we drove through the arched gateway of our hotel, near St. Agata. Our first feeling was dislike of the dirt we encountered everywhere—many of the lower apartments of the inns in Italy being stables. The landlord then showed us suits of cloister-like rooms—the hotel looking as if it had been an ancient convent. None of the rooms being very eligible, we were much disposed to quarrel with our vetturino conductor, but at length we concluded to be satisfied, ordered our dinner at a certain hour, examined the Register, and seated around the fire, the latter a luxury the Italians do not seem to require, we could discuss the scenes through which we had passed during the day; so we gave up our passports, paid all the fees, and deported ourselves humbly and meekly. Every traveler writes his name in the Register, his nation, and generally, in addition to that, makes some remarks about the hotel; these are, sometimes, outrageously condemnatory, sometimes amusing, sometimes approbatory;

but the landlord and waiters, knowing nothing of English, retain these notices of their own hotel, often against their own interest, for years. These remarks in the Register are often useful to travelers, as they direct his attention to the best or worst hotels on his route. On the whole, we were rather pleased with the hotel, notwithstanding our first impressions, especially with the coffee, and on our departure next morning wrote, after describing our reception by the landlord,

“If to his share some human errors fall,
Drink of his coffee—you’ll forget them all!”

As we addressed our landlord in French, and stated our objections pretty plainly, he, after replying to us civilly in French, relieved himself by privately cursing us in Italian, not knowing we understood him. Dinner, which we ordered at seven o’clock in the evening, being over, we strolled through the ancient town, with its towers and ruins rising high in the soft moonlight. It is on a hill, and its peaceful and poor inhabitants seem to be sufficiently happy in the luxury of such a climate, and such scenes, without requiring such things as comfort, plenty, or a good government, all of which people in other countries may have, and yet be dissatisfied. The climate seems almost changed, and even the Italian language is not the dialect of Florence or Rome, but is softer, and one begins to feel that he is in the South of Italy.

Leaving here the next morning, Saturday, February 28th, at half-past seven o’clock, the morning being clear, though cool, we began to ascend a ridge, on our left appearing several old, changeless villages, perched on the mountains around us—the barren and rocky mountains sometimes enclosing fertile vales of greenness below the villages. Descending this elevation, an immense horizon spread out in front—a grand central object appeared suddenly before us

—a mountain, beautiful and regular in its outline, like a pyramid. It was Vesuvius, rising high in the air, with a vast jet of smoke issuing from it. The wind was from the sea and carried the vast volume of smoke landward, and the sunlight gilded its surface and clouds mingled with it. Sometimes it resembled an inverted cone of variegated darkness, sitting on the summit of the upright cone of Vesuvius—sometimes like a storm-tossed, lightning-rent cloud; and then it become more peaceful, as if it were a ladder ascending to heaven—then like towers and battlements of a city of old. On our right was the sea with its islands, on the left the bare, scathed-looking mountains, with some snow on their cold summits.

We arrived at Capua, on our route, about ten o'clock, where we remained some hours, taking a poor *dejeuner*, in dirty rooms, at a miserable hotel ("La Posta"), worse than the one in which we stayed last night, yet the best in this strongly fortified town. This city does not occupy the site of ancient Capua, where Hannibal led his army after the battle of Cannæ, instead of marching them to Rome, and terminating the existence of the Roman empire, as is thought he could have done, since, in that battle, he slew eighty thousand of their best soldiers. The city of Capua, the residence in which so enervated his army, is within two miles of this place, disclosing ruins of amphitheatres even more extensive than the Coliseum. Modern Capua, in which we now are, is almost surrounded by the river Volturnus, which runs with a very swift current; the city is further defended by double walls and moats. We passed the river and moats on several drawbridges; and if old Hannibal were to rise out of the dust of Asia in which he lies, and where he voluntarily, by his death, "freed the Romans from their anxiety, since they had not patience to wait for an old man's death," he would find such implements and arts of war as he never dreamed of, when his old

Africans made their furious onslaught into Italy by first conquering the Alps themselves, the first time the hoar mountains ever felt the tread of an army. We walked through the dirty, beggarly city, full of soldiers, and entered the Cathedral, now undergoing repairs in a very elegant manner. It has, in a recess below, a fine recumbent statue of a dead Christ and his Mother (called a *Pieta*), some stained glass windows, and some rather good paintings. We left Capua at one o'clock. Approaching Naples (one hundred and twenty-nine miles from Rome), we found the roads very wide, the land level, fertile, and one continued vineyard, the vines festooned to elms; and the land underneath green and lovely with grain. This is the "happy Campagna," which is said now, and was said two thousand years ago, to be the finest land in Italy. It looks not unlike the Campagna of Rome in respect to quality of soil, and perhaps resembles, in regard to cultivation, what the Roman Campagna once was, ere neglect and war had allowed the malaria to possess it. It is the finest vineyard in the world. This is the finest road I have ever seen anywhere. There are three rows of trees on each side, and two ditches on each side; it is broad enough for seven or eight carriages to be driven abreast, is throughout of equal hardness, and descends gently from the centre to each side. Approaching Naples the scene is very different from that approaching Rome. There every thing is dead and departed, and the autumn of time seems resting. But here we were met by a most singular sort of population, motley and monstrous; there was an accumulation of gay raggedness and beggaredom almost ludicrous. The broad road was almost thronged with various kinds of vehicles, generally one-horse concerns with two wheels, on which were fifteen or twenty ragged persons clinging on, in, and under the vehicle. These are, probably, sections or detachments of the "ragged regiment," or *lazzaroni* of Naples, thirty thousand

strong, of whose business, means of living, or concerns, beyond the mere fact of their being alive and ragged, no one knows any thing. There were vendors of oranges, flowers, all kinds of large and small things portable or possible; women in antique and curious stages of ugliness, and occasionally girls of rare, dark, and spiritual beauty—all was a stunning conglomeration of astonishing individualities. At the Dogana, or Custom House, we paid for the non-examination of our baggage; further on, our passports were demanded—taken from us this time, a receipt given us in exchange for them, for which we paid a fee, and the name of the hotel where we expected to stop required. The billet we received required us to undergo certain formalities, and pay certain fees, and procure certain papers before we could stay in the city, or go away from it, or get our passports again. When in the city, it impressed us rather favorably. The streets through which we passed were crowded with the great population of Naples (it has four hundred and fourteen thousand inhabitants); they were spacious, wide, and roomy, though as we passed along the principal streets we could see glimpses of long and more narrow ones on each side, with very high houses; there were rents in some of the walls of the houses and churches, occasioned by earthquakes, the walls being propped up. The great Asylum for the Poor, one of the largest buildings in the world, with its dependencies accommodates five thousand persons; then we came to the building called the Museo Borbonico, second only to the Vatican in the interesting nature of its collections. We then entered the Strada Toledo, the principal street in the city, with very lofty houses, few of them having any chimneys, on account of the mildness of the climate, but all having iron balconies before each window, on which to sit and enjoy the climate and the views. Occasionally, as you pass, there are glimpses of the strong castle of St. Elmo, occupying a high hill in the

centre of the city. We soon came to the Royal Palace, a magnificent building, in front of which is a beautiful Largo, or Square, semi-surrounded by a grand colonnade; then on your left, across an arm of the bay, you have fine views of Vesuvius, appearing quite near, though it is five or six miles to the base of it, looking like the chimney of hell; there are several peaks on its left, and around the base of the volcano is the thickest population in Europe. Then you come to the main part of the bay, extending before you in its unparalleled beauty. Solemn old Rome, with its overshadowing greatness in the past, is left behind, and we are under a brighter sky, with a broad, beautiful sea-like bay before us, on which the sunlight sleeps as if it loved it; the land, too, embraces the bay on three sides, as if protecting it, and in front reposes the island of Capri, its irregular outline against the sky, like a sleeping giant, while Vesuvius is on our left, its smoke ever ascending from it, and sometimes throwing upward sparks of fire—there being a small bay between the main part of the city and the base of the mountain. Several villages, regardless and unconscious of danger, cluster around the base of Vesuvius. We selected the "Hotel de Russie," in the quarter Santa Lucia, fronting on the bay. The hotels here are all good: their wide, marble staircases, lofty rooms, balconies, and paintings, indicate elegance and comfort, especially to us who have been for four days among the vetturino inns of Central Italy. There are no drawbacks or discomforts in Naples but earthquakes and red-hot lava. This evening I walked in the Villa Reale, or the King's Villa, in front of the bay—this being the favorite evening resort of the Neapolitans, like the Pincian Hill at Rome. It is enclosed by iron railings, and guarded at its entrances by soldiers, who allow no servants, peasants, or beggars to enter it, except on one day in the year. It has numerous long and winding walks, fine trees, consisting of the evergreen oak, the palm, various kinds of

pines. Some of the trees are now out most beautifully in bloom. On one side it has the lovely bay, with its waves dashing against it, and far out is seen the great dragon-looking island of Capri, rendered so notorious by the residence, the vices, and the temples of Tiberius; Vesuvius is also in view, and the Castle of Ova on a huge rock near the shore, and the very bluff sand rocks, with castles above them, on which the modern city is built. The sea air here is delightful. Below this promenade is another, much inferior, intended for the lower classes. As in all other places on the Continent, there is English Protestant service. It is held in the Palace Calabritto. Here, as at Florence, the only two places where payment is compulsory, though in all other places it is expected one must pay before entering the door, the price is four carlini, or about thirty-two cents for a seat; this is exacted at the door. We had a good sermon, however, in return. There was also a sermon delivered to-day, in English, by a Catholic priest, in the church San Francesco di Paolo, opposite the Royal Palace in the Largo (or Square) Reale. This was one of the weakest sermons ever delivered, as have been most Catholic sermons I have heard in Europe. Their object seems to be to bewilder rather than inform, and unsettle that they may then settle by the mere authority of the Church, rather than instruct. The Catholic as well as the Episcopal Church is stronger in the service than in the sermons.

To-day, Monday, March 1st, our party began to sight-see in Naples. We visited the Museo Borbonico, or Borbon Museum, passing along the Strada Toledo, the noisiest street in Europe, and for a certain extent the most densely peopled. We went first into the Museum of Ancient Sculpture. This consists of four or five long galleries filled with choice remains of Greek and Roman sculpture and mosaic work. Some have been found in various villas around Naples, some brought from the Farnese Palace in

Rome, but the most have been brought from the disinterred Roman cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The statues and busts are generally in fine Greek marble, some are in porphyry, and consist of the Roman emperors, Roman and Greek philosophers, poets, and orators, and also numerous subjects drawn from their mythology. Many of them are very fine, possessing strongly delineated features; few are merely handsome, but many highly characteristic of a people and of persons who left so conspicuous an impression on this world's history. We may see in these busts that they were a people of strongly defined feelings, and powerful in intellect or character for good or ill—not negative, undecided, half-way, or handsome men, but bold, strong, and influential. The statues that seemed most remarkable were those of Julius Cæsar, Aristides, Caligula, Tiberius, the goddess Flora, a mosaic of the Battle of Issus, representing Darius, Alexander the Great, a Grecian War Chariot, also many persons in deadly conflict, found in Pompeii, and reckoned the grandest mosaic of ancient times in the world. Many of these statues stood in the houses and theatres of the lava-buried cities. The statue of Aristides is reckoned the finest in the collection. The grace, dignity, and nobility of the posture, attitude, and expression, are wonderful. The drapery is fine. The whole is perfectly exquisite and marvelously remarkable. His attitude is most impressive and intellectual. Some regard it as Æschines, the Greek orator, one of the most honorable men of antiquity. The statue of Caligula is a very rare one indeed—the Romans, to show their abhorrence of that merciless and mean imperial scoundrel, having destroyed every memorial of him at his death. It expresses low, dangerous cunning. The bust of Julius Cæsar is most impressive and commanding. All rivalry must have ceased in the presence of such a man. The sitting statue of Agrippina, lamenting in acute, hopeless, despairing anguish the death of Germanicus, is a

splendid representation of imperial agony. Those of Homer, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Thucydides, are fine. Many of the statues have been sadly mutilated, and required extensive restorations. Some of the statues are in green basalt, some in porphyry, some in Oriental alabaster, but the most in fine Greek and Carrara marble. The worst of them seem superior in real executive and admitted genius, in the fertility and lavishness of artistic power, in Homeric grandeur and Virgilian grace, to most of the modern works I have seen. There was a largeness about old Greek and Roman power that the human mind seems to have lost. We live in the Composite age of the world.

We went also into the Egyptian department, consisting of mummies—old, very—with the linen folds around them, grinning horribly, all; some mere bones, some mere rags or old clothes, some in their curiously carved stone or wood coffins, lying as left four thousand years ago in Egypt, others separate from the coffin. There were Egyptian gods, idols, priests, priestesses, in marble—in black and green basalt—sarcophagi in black granite; there were presses containing Egyptian charms or instruments of magic, papyrus with Greek characters on it sixteen hundred years old—Isis and Osiris—things strange, dreary, and entirely different from the present of this world. Many of them from Thebes, in Egypt; they are interesting, horrid, and wonderful.

We went also into the apartments containing no less than sixteen hundred fresco paintings, all found in the buried cities. This is the famous collection of ancient frescoes. They are generally of small size, which were on the walls of the houses in Herculaneum and Pompeii, and on the disinterment of those cities from their seventeen hundred years burial in ashes, these fresco paintings, with the plaster on which they were, were detached from the walls with great care, and removed to this place. They

represent all possible sorts of subjects—some historical, many mythological, some very much faded, almost indistinct, some restored and repainted in modern times, so as to render the design more evident, some very beautiful and life-like. The eye almost wearies with the number of objects. The interment of these cities has been a fortunate thing for the moderns, as it has thus preserved these works of ancient art almost perfect, which, otherwise, would have been lost in the convulsions of a living city, as those of Rome and many other places have been. As statues of the finest kind have been dug up everywhere throughout Italy, we see thereby the splendor, wealth, and refinement of the Roman Empire, notwithstanding the vast numbers destroyed by inappreciative barbarians, who, in their irruptions, ground down the statues, and sometimes used them in their lime kilns. Many of the paintings in this hall represent scenes from Homer. One representing Achilles delivering Briseis to the herald of Agamemnon, is considered the finest specimen extant of ancient painting. There are thirteen that represent dancing girls, all remarkable for their grace of attitude. Some of the paintings are very fine and expressive, but they are principally remarkable on account of their having been buried for many centuries, and for the direct contact they bring us to in regard to the interior adornments of the Roman houses. There is a gallery of mosaics, also, into which we entered. One, a "Cat devouring a bird," is considered very fine; a "Skeleton grasping a vase in each hand" is thought to be one of those warnings or emblems the ancients had at their feasts, to remind them of the mutability of happiness. With our mind almost fatigued by the number of the objects in this Museum, we reserved the remainder of its seventeen great divisions for other days.

We walked to the Cathedral church, in the most dense part of the city. It is a Gothic edifice, is very old, though

much inferior in antiquity to many churches in Rome. It has some fine paintings. It was originally built on the ruins of a Temple of Apollo, and some of the columns of its fine chapels, consisting of African and Egyptian granite, are portions of the ancient temple. It has been much damaged by earthquakes. The appearance of the church in the interior is very imposing, on account of the great height of its flat, gilded ceiling, and in the height of its multiform columns. The baptismal font is an antique vase of Egyptian basalt, resting on a pedestal of porphyry, and was originally designed for a less sacred use than that to which it is now appropriated, as it is sculptured over with Bacchanalian emblems. Connected to it is the subterranean tomb of San Gennaro, and an entrance from the church leads into a remarkable, old-looking church, which was the ancient Cathedral, which has many mosaics twelve hundred years old, which have a peculiarly grave and ghostly appearance. Opposite to the entrance to this chapel, is that to the chapel of San Gennaro, or St. Januarius. This saint is held in the greatest possible regard at Naples. His blood is contained in two small vials, and its reliquification, which takes place twice a year regularly, is the greatest religious festival in the kingdom. St. Januarius, according to the tradition, was exposed to the lions in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli—the lions, however, in admiration of the Saint, refused to devour him, and prostrated themselves before him. He was then decapitated, and a part of his blood has been preserved for fifteen hundred years. If the liquefaction is delayed, it is esteemed some curse impends over the city. During the recent alarm of earthquakes, the blood, on being consulted, as it generally is on occasions of supposed crises, was found to liquefy readily, which immediately diffused joy through the city. The vials are kept in a tabernacle in this chapel, secured by two locks, the key of one being kept by the Cardinal Archbishop, the other by

the municipal authorities. When the blood is to be consulted, the vials are brought out under a glass case, Mass is said until the liquefaction takes place; and if it is delayed, old, rowdy-looking women of the lowest classes, who assert themselves to be relatives of St. Januarius, after exhausting Pater Nosters, Aves, and all sorts of prayers, begin to abuse the Saint, call him the most offensive names, and howl and shriek in a horrid manner, scolding the Saint. After a number of Masses have been said, and all have gotten sufficiently excited, the miracle takes place; the small clot of blood in the vials becomes liquid, the people are then pacified, the danger is thought to be over, and the Saint is blessed by those who had just been cursing him. Of the fact of the liquefaction of something in the vials, there is no doubt, but it probably is accomplished by means of some secret machinery. When the miracle is complete, it is announced by the roar of cannons. When the French got possession of Naples, the blood was consulted, and the liquefaction delayed a long time, insomuch that a tumult began, and it was thought there would be an insurrection, as the Saint was thought to be displeased that the French were in the city. Whereupon the French commandant sent word to the officiating priest that if the liquefaction were delayed ten minutes, he would have the priest shot and the chapel destroyed. The liquefaction took place immediately, and it was ascribed to the goodness of the Saint, who wished to spare the effusion of blood. So the Saint got the credit of it at last. We did not see the vials containing the blood. This chapel contains no less than seven altars and forty-two columns of fine marbles. There are many tombs in this church, some of kings, Popes, and cardinals.

From this we returned toward our hotel, passing through the great, dirty, narrow-streeted city, with the constant crowd, the cataract of population. It is half Oriental, partly Southern, a little European, and thoroughly Italian in its

appearance in this, the old part of the city. We went along the Mole, or embankment, partially protecting the harbor, which is strongly guarded and defended. We saw the great and strong Castello Nuova, defending that portion of the bay and the part of the city adjoining the King's Palace. The king is said to be universally disliked, except by the beggars and those who are immediately subservient to him. Opposite the palace of the king is a fine, new, modern church, forming part of the Royal Square. It is exactly the shape of the Pantheon in Rome, and resembles it much in its internal arrangements. It has some beautiful modern paintings, and is highly ornamented.

To-day, Tuesday, March 2d, we have been, indeed, face to face with the past, in its grave. Having made all our arrangements with respect to carriages, we proceeded from Naples, passing along the extreme end of the bay, where, occasionally, we had fine views of the waters dashing in their beauty against the shore. Vesuvius, always a prominent object in the views around Naples, showed in clear outline against the sky, immediately on our left, the road passing around the base, from which the mountain ascends, gradually, on all sides, for several miles, after which the sloping ascent of the cone is very steep. A vast volume of smoke arose constantly from the crater. The part of Naples through which we passed abounds in the lazzaroni, fishermen, sailors, women of most strange costumes and appearances here live in the open air, beg when they can, enjoy life, and suicide would be the last of their thoughts. There were many small shrines, with beautiful portraits of the Madonna and Child, which at night are illuminated by a lamp, affixed to the houses, and defended from the weather by a glass cover. These meet the eye everywhere in Naples. A statue of St. Januarius, who is the Patron Saint of Naples, and shares with the Virgin their devotions, stands on the bridge over that ancient river, the Sebeto,

with one hand directed toward Vesuvius, in a threatening manner, as if averting destruction from his favorite city. Further on we entered the long, straggling villages of Portici and Resina, built on the lava of Vesuvius, which overwhelmed Herculaneum, which latter lies immediately underneath—the knowledge of it having been lost for fifteen hundred years—and on its lava covering of eighty feet in thickness other cities having grown up. It is recorded that from the fifth to the eighteenth century, Herculaneum and Pompeii were both forgotten. Herculaneum was originally a Greek city; it was conquered by the Romans, and became celebrated among them as a place of enchanting sojourn, but it disappeared all at once in the year A. D. 79; the ashes and torrents of fire leaping from various mouths of Vesuvius devastated the entire city. The volcanic mud filled the buildings nearly to their roofs, after which came showers of ashes and lava, which hardened into solid rock, varying in depth from seventy to one hundred and twenty feet. The city beneath was discovered by a person who was digging a well, and who came upon numerous statues and different kinds of marbles; this being communicated to the Prince d'Elbeuf, who, about the year 1720, was constructing a palace near, for which he wished to procure some fine marbles. Further excavations were made during a space of five years, by the prince, and numerous fragments of marble recovered, without his knowing what lost city lay beneath. Since then numerous excavations have been made and many ancient works found; but owing to the difficulty of excavating under the towns above, the work has nearly been discontinued, and the places filled up, in order to render secure the property above. It is ascertained that the city was originally built on a crust of lava. Passing through a very dirty, modern street in Rosina, paved with lava stones, we came to the entrance of the descent into the buried city. The guide appointed by the govern-

ment, and stationed here, gave to each one of the party a candle, and preceded us into the cave-like aperture, descending by steps cut into the lava. After a descent in this way of some distance, we came to the excavated theatre, about sixty-five feet below the level of the streets above, the rattling of the carriages over which we heard distinctly—all the tumult of a modern city going on above, while we were threading the avenues of a buried one below—a city of silence. We descended the original stone steps, once adorned with marble statues, and we wound along numerous passages cut through the solid lava. We trod on the stage, the place for the orchestra, seats for the spectators, saw the niches for the statues, some of the frescoes, marble cornices, saw the impress of a human face in the lava—all buried suddenly, with eighty feet of solid lava above them, and eighteen centuries gone by since. The whole of the theatre has not been excavated. The lava rock above is supported in some places by buttresses. The theatre was, probably, larger than any now in Europe. Some assert it would seat thirty-five thousand persons. Here, then, they sat and enjoyed the scenes till the flood of lava came. Other buildings, basilicas and temples, and portions of a street which led down to the sea, were partially excavated. Returning along an ancient corridor cut in the lava, by which the Romans left the theatre, we ascended the steps to the light of day, and walked along the dirty modern street to another excavation in that part of the city lying next to the sea. Here we entered and descended, to the level of the ancient city, some forty feet thickness of lava, as hard as any stone, having been removed from a space equal to several acres, and the whole scene lay exposed to the sun. The scene was most sad and singular. We walked through the houses of the extinct Herculaneans; they were, in general, but two stories high, being built almost universally of Roman brick and volcanic stone. In some places the stone

had decayed into sand, while the mortar remained. We saw the carbonized wooden parts of the houses, the stucco and marble pillars surrounding the internal portico of the houses, the bed chambers with their walls in vivid colors of fresco paintings. The houses that have been disinterred have received different names, referring to the paintings, or some circumstance attending the exhumation. The paved street is here laid bare with the raised side-walk for foot-passengers. We went into numerous bed-chambers of the Romans. The roofs were crushed in by the lava, and were removed in the excavations. There were many articles of household use, vases of pottery—one piece that had been broken, and was ingeniously mended; also a small marble table in a garden, by the side of which was found the skeleton of a lady seated, with a golden bracelet on her arm. In another place was shown an excavated apartment, serving as a prison for the slaves belonging to the family; under this was the dungeon for criminal slaves, four of whose skeletons were found here with the chains around their ancles. In another apartment was the altar on which sacrifices were offered; the niche for the idol and the priests' room were adjoining. Many of the floors of the rooms were in beautiful mosaic. Rare and beautiful wild flowers are growing over this scene, and some roses are in bloom in the recultivated gardens of the Herculaneans, on which fifty feet of lava had lain for seventeen hundred and ninety years. There is more than half a mile of lava between the city and the sea, though in some places are to be seen shops and wharves, once immediately on its waters, showing an extension of the banks seaward as the lava rolled down. As only a small part of the ancient city has been dug into, there is thus evidently a whole unexcavated city lying under the modern one. The mountain burns above it as of old, but the people have passed and perished, and the city has had the fate of Sodom. Vesuvius has cast out of its

bosom pumice stone, cinders, ashes, and mud enough to make ten times its own bulk. Whence comes the supply to keep in activity a volcano for thousands of years? The lava here is extremely hard and difficult to excavate into. In this place, as well as in the underground theatre, the custodes point out the different places where the most celebrated paintings and statues, now removed to the museum, were found. Herculaneum, about the time of the Christian era, was a place of great trade and commerce.

To-day, Wednesday, March 3d, we have stood in another sepulchral city of the olden. Our party, consisting of seven persons, left Naples by railway, and passed along the base of Vesuvius. We had splendid views of Naples—of that part of the city situated on the seaward slope of the hill, which is surmounted by the Castle of St. Elmo. On our right we had also fine views of the sea waves, breaking and dashing in white foam on the black lava beach. The railway passes through the cities of Portici and Resina—over Herculaneum—through Torre del Greco and Torre del Annunziata. On the left were the rugged, bold, scorched sides of Vesuvius, with the various rivers of dried-up lava, the eruptions of various eras. An upward stream of black smoke rose constantly from the crater, high above us. The view of the volcano at night is very interesting. The great volume of smoke is interspersed with frequent bursts of flame, rising and falling at intervals, as if they were great throbbings of some vexed, remorseful heart beneath. Much of the ground near the city of Naples, on this side, is covered with fine gardens, now green with spring vegetables for the city market. These gardens are irrigated by water elevated mechanically a few feet into cisterns, built of brick, from which extend to various parts of the grounds small aqueducts. Parts of the coast consist of small villages, inhabited by boatmen. More than seventy thousand persons live immediately about the base of Vesuvius. Much of the soil is

very rich. In some places are successive layers of lava and rich soil, showing how indefatigable Nature had, in the course of years, garmented the fierce lava with greenness and arable soil, to be in after ages overwhelmed by the destroying mountain. There are many fine fig and olive orchards and splendid vine plantations along the base of the mountain; and at some places could be seen ruins of Roman villas, peering above half excavated ruins. Leaving the railway at the "Stazione Pompeia," we procured a guide for the day, and, entering a gate near a restaurant, we walked up an ascent, which is part of the immense tumulus of ashes inclosing the unexcavated walls of the city on the side next to the sea, which latter once washed the walls of the city, though now over a half a mile distant. We then passed through a fertile field, interspersed with numerous mulberry trees, on which the vine is pendent, this field being on and around the unexcavated part of the city. The ruined city of stone and Roman brick, roofless and gray, and of considerable size, with long, silent streets, destitute of inhabitants, appeared on our right—the skeleton of a city. This was Pompeia. Nothing could be sadder looking in that bright Italian air, in presence of that glistening sea, and that yet threatening mountain, than this aspect of gray ruin, this city of the departed, this unrolled mummy of a city, on which we gazed. Our guide conducted us to the Street of the Tombs—a broad, paved Roman way—an extension of the Via Appia, which led to this city. It has numerous deep ruts or marks of wheels in the solid pavement, and it is lined on each side with tombs. The street is paved with blocks of lava, closely fitted together, and on each side is a raised thoroughfare for pedestrians. This street has been likened to what the Via Appia must have been in the days of its glory, when it emerged from Rome on the Campagna. It presents the appearance of a long line of tombs, on each side of the street. They are of various designs,

but are generally elegant marble urns, adapted to contain sepulchral vases, which had the ashes of the dead, with marble doors, bas reliefs, and Latin inscriptions. This street is excavated in its entire length, but the side streets are not; and consequently many of the houses are partly covered, and trees and shrubs are growing over them. Here one sees the interior life of the Romans. Here are houses and tomb-like houses mingled together in the street. There was nothing offensive in the Roman cemeteries; the bodies were burned, (though some families, as the Scipios, did not have this custom) the ashes preserved in elegant vases, and affection could linger around them without horror. The Villa of Diomede, as it is called, on account of a tomb near having that name on it, is on this street. We entered it—saw the interior arrangement, the court-yard surrounded with columns, the impluvium or cistern to catch the rain water, the marble fountain near, places for baths, hot, cold and vapor, the dining-rooms, bed-chambers, with graceful paintings, arabesques, etc. The well in the yard was also seen, with the groove in the stone made by the rope in drawing water. We saw the secret stairway. Most of the houses were of large extent, but had only one or two two stories. In this Villa of Diomede there appears to have been three. Entering the cellar, we saw many wine jars leaning against the wall. Nineteen skeletons were found in the cellars, as if they had sought refuge there. They were females, and had a profusion of gold ornaments on their necks; some were children, part of the hair on their heads remaining when first discovered; also the skeleton of a young girl of great beauty of form. These have been removed to the Museum of Naples. The skeleton of the presumed owner of the villa was found near the garden gate—the key of the villa in his hand, and a purse containing one hundred gold pieces. One of the rooms was a lady's toilet-chamber, with rouge, cosmetics, and a little

mirror. Another room was lighted with four panes of glass, six inches square. Continuing our walk along this street, we entered several other houses, and saw numerous tombs, one of which recorded the death of a child twelve years old. One could not but be struck with the difference between this and a modern grave-yard—nothing here about Jesus Christ rising from the dead, or a hope of immortality. The age of the world has changed. Some of the tombs are called Columbaria, or dove-cotes, consisting of numerous places not unlike pigeon-holes, where, in small vases, the ashes of a whole family, or, where the slaves were numerous, all the ashes of the servants of a family might be seen at one glance. The places where the hinges of the marble doors had been were very distinctly seen. Many of them had fine bas reliefs or pictures cut in the marble, some representing gladiatorial shows. We now approached the city walls, these tombs and houses being outside. Near the wall was found the skeleton of a Roman soldier, in complete armor, who appeared to have been on duty at this gate, and, Roman-like, refused to quit his post, notwithstanding the eruption. The walls of the city are visible in only some places. They are nearly three miles in circuit. The area inclosed by the walls was about one hundred and sixty acres. There were eight gates. Within the walls the scene of ruin was utterly unparalleled. Here were houses, indeed, but no inhabitants. Over some of the entrances was written "Salve!" or "Welcome!" but the entertainer and entertained had alike departed. There were fine mosaic pavements, which were covered with gravel. This was swept away by some boys at our approach, disclosing various designs in the floor, which they cover again on our departure. In this way they exact a few baiocchi from each party. A number of female ornaments were found in this house. There is an altar here, on which it is supposed the sacred fire was kept burning—this house

being called that of the Vestal Virgins. Near this is the "House of the Surgeon," where no less than forty surgical instruments, now in the Museum at Naples, were found, some of which are exactly similar to instruments patented of late years as new discoveries in science. There is a little garden in the interior court of this house. Thus we went into very many houses, perhaps forty in all. The effect is singular. Any one who has entered a large, and to him strange city, in a midnight moonlight, when the inhabitants have all retired, and every thing is dead and silent, can have some idea of the impressions on the mind when wandering through Pompeii. It seems like an impossible reality—a moonlight come out into broad daylight—a disrupted century of the past rolled back upon us—a place all human but without humanity: every thing is so full of life suddenly left—the paintings on which they had just gazed; the marks on the marble counters of wine glasses, just drained. It is a genuine Roman city, that has not gone out with Time—embalmed one thousand seven hundred and eighty years ago. We now unroll its rags, and look at the wonder of a long-lost city.

Pompeii, as also Herculaneum, from which it is distant about six miles, were Greek cities. The Oscans occupied it, the Etruscans also, and the Samnites, and it was eventually conquered and annexed to the Roman Empire—the Romans being the great fillibusters of those times. It became a commercial place, for which its facilities were admirable, being on the sea at that time, and having all around it a splendid vine, grain, and olive country. A terrific earthquake in the year of our era, 63, threw down a great part of the city, deprived many people of their reason, and induced many of the inhabitants to abandon the city for a time. They returned, however, and began to repair the damages, and at the present time one can trace the original damages, and the subsequent hasty repairs.

which they were constructing when the dreadful eruption of Vesuvius took place, A. D. 79, when the city was buried by showers of red-hot cinders, pumice-stone, and ashes, no lava having reached it—this being the same eruption, the lava of which destroyed Herculaneum. After this eruption, Vesuvius was quiet for four hundred years, and it appears that the site was, during this period, occupied by houses belonging to the lower classes. Another eruption occurring at this time, the site was abandoned, and Pompeii forgotten, though the upper wall of the great theatre was never entirely buried. A countryman, in 1748, digging a well, and having discovered a painted chamber containing statues and other objects of antiquity, a real interest was excited, and since then, a period of one hundred and nine years, about a sixth part of the city has been excavated. No houses have yet been discovered which can be regarded as the dwelling-places of the poor, and it is conjectured that want and misery were unknown in Pompeii. The roofs were flat, and on them, in the inner court, surrounded by columns, and embellished with fountains and flowers, and in the Forum, the inhabitants appear to have spent much of their time, the soft and pleasant climate rendering the open air the most desirable place. The fronts of many of the houses, next the streets, were occupied as shops—the better parts of the houses were those surrounding the inner court, or peristyle. In the narrow streets the ruts made by the wagon wheels are extremely deep in the hard lava stones of which they are all paved; in the wider streets the ruts cross and recross each other in every manner. At various places are stepping-stones for foot travelers, to enable them to cross the streets in wet weather; and holes are found in some places in the curb, supposed to be for fastening the halters of horses. It is thought the greater part of the inhabitants of Pompeii escaped. The population was about seventy thousand. It is said they were in the Amphitheatre when

the eruption took place, and from this could escape to the surrounding country, beyond the sphere of the shower which overwhelmed the city. Many skeletons, however, were found. Sixty-three Roman soldiers, in one place, refused to desert their post. Many of the skeletons were highly ornamented. One young lady had four gold rings on her finger, set with engraved gems—had on five gold bracelets, two ear-rings, and thirty-two pieces of gold were lying near. Three other skeletons, supposed to have been her slaves, were near. Another small house had five skeletons in it, with bracelets and rings of gold. In another room were eighteen skeletons of men, women, and children, and some of dogs. Many of the houses yet bear the names of their original owners, written above the door, in red paint. In the "House of the Physician," as it is called, were found seventy instruments, rolls prepared for cutting pills, marble slabs for making the rolls, and others for making ointments. In the "House of Sallust," we saw splendidly painted sleeping apartments—colors very red and bright, notwithstanding their burial of near two thousand years. The floors was of Greek marble. Most of the fine fresco paintings were removed to Naples. One still remaining represents the Greek story of Diana and Actæon. There are here to be seen niches in the walls for the Lares, or household gods; also a splendid fresco of Bacchus—one of the Cornucopia, or horn of plenty. Into the kitchens and dining rooms we also entered. There had been found here orange trees, small tables, or platforms, for reading; and in the inner court there were borders for flowers and small fountains. This street is but little over twelve feet wide—the side or foot-walks are about four feet wide, and are elevated one foot above the street—the paving is of the ancient Roman kind, consisting of square blocks of lava stone, about one foot each way. The houses, like those of modern Naples, are not entered by doors, but by arched gateways,

leading into the inner court of a quadrangle. This house occupies an area of forty square yards. One street which we entered is called the "Street of Fortune." We entered here the "House of the Tragic Poet," so called from its interesting fresco paintings, representing the combats of the gladiators; there are here, also, fine mosaic floors. In this street are also large public baths, with waiting-rooms, which have seats in them, rooms for anointing, places for steam or vapor baths, fountains, marble basins, etc. The roof was vaulted and lighted at one end by a single pane of glass, three feet eight inches broad, two feet eight inches long, and two-fifths of an inch thick. Another street near this is fifteen or eighteen feet wide, the raised side-walks six or eight feet broad. It was bordered by shops of the first class. Over the street was a triumphal arch made of brick and lava and lined with marble. We also entered the "House of the Large Fountain," with a large fountain encrusted with mosaics of different colors; the water flowed through a mask. In the street of Mercury we entered the "House of Castor and Pollux," a large house with an interior cortile of finely sculptured marble columns. Some of the houses have the ancient entrances bricked up, and a door made, which has for its keeper a beggar, who unlocks it for a small consideration, thus begging with a pretext. We entered a house called that of Meleager, which has a splendid marble table, supported by elegantly carved marble figures; there was a fish pond in the inner court, the water of which was so arranged as to fall over eight steps. The area of the court was surrounded by twenty-four columns. One door here consisted of four folding leaves. There is here a dancing-room with fine mosaic floor. Then we entered the "House of the Great Mosaic," where the mosaic representing the Battle of Issus was found. There are here floors of variegated marbles, principally of Oriental marble and alabaster of different colors. A great number of do-

mestic utensils were here found, some of which were of silver; gold bracelets, necklaces, and ear-rings of unusual elegance were found. There was here also a large and fine garden, surrounded by beautiful columns. Near this is the "House of the Chase," in which remains a fine fresco of a bear hunt. We also passed through the long street, called that of "Commerce," from the number of shops. We saw some public bake-houses, where were four flour mills, of lava stone, arranged not much unlike a common coffee mill; there were wooden bars, to which asses, and sometimes slaves, were attached, to turn the mills. Ascending from this sepulchre of streets, we stood on the soil over the unexcavated city. Pompeii stood on a fertile plain, surrounded by mountains, except one part open to the sea. Some of the mountains have snow on them at present. Vesuvius is one of the surrounding mountains, with his ever-smoking summit. On the lower parts of the mountains are seen little villages and villas, embraced in olive groves. It is about six miles, in a straight line, from Pompeii to the top of Vesuvius. There is now a fine vineyard on the unexcavated part of the city. There are workmen engaged at present in the excavation; they sift the soil to ascertain if any thing valuable is contained. We saw them excavating a house, the fluted columns reappearing, and the frescoes on the walls bright and vivid after eighteen hundred years burial. We now walked some six hundred yards over the soil which covers the city, by a path which was beset with beggars, and came to the Amphitheatre. It is an immense building of stone, oval in form, open at the top; the seats are in sloping tiers around the interior, capable of accommodating twenty thousand spectators. It has many corridors, passages, and dens within the basement. The seats gradually decline backward from the central arena to the highest part of the walls—there being four rows of seats for the different classes of the population. The eruption ap-

pears to have just covered the space within the walls. The entrances at each end of the arena, for the admission of the gladiators and wild beasts, and for the removal of the dead, are yet perfect. This Amphitheatre is more ancient than the Coliseum at Rome, though not near so large. The people were assembled here at the outbreak of the eruption. Returning to the excavated part of the city, we saw the aqueduct through which flows the Sarno, then entered the remains of the Temple of Isis, the worship of which Egyptian god appears to have prevailed at Pompeii. We saw the altar of sacrifice, on which, when first discovered, the bones of some of the victims were found. We saw the secret passages by which the priest ascended and stood in the large statue of the god, and made the responses which they pretended came from the god. Here was found the skeleton of a man with an axe in hand, by which he had cut through two walls to escape the eruption, but had perished before he could get through the third. In another room was found a skeleton, with bones of chickens, egg-shells, bread and wine, as if he had just been at dinner when the eruption took place. We then entered the Tragic Theatre, which it is thought could have seated five thousand persons; the seats had all been lined with Parian marble, and admitted the spectators to a fine view of the bay. Near this are the Comic Theatre and the Ancient Forum, with several stately columns of marble yet standing around three of the sides. Near this is the Triangular Forum, which has a portico of ninety columns on two of its sides; and then we saw the Temple of Jupiter, an imposing construction, one hundred feet long and forty-three wide; also, the Temple of Venus, on a wide street leading to the sea, and a Basilica, or Temple of Justice, supposed to be the work of Greek architects. It is two hundred and twenty feet long and eighty broad. This appears to have been the finest part of the city; the architecture is splendid, and

much of it in the Greek style. Some of the buildings are of Roman brick and lava stone, covered with very fine and smooth stucco work, or faced with marble. Not far from this were the dungeons where the skeletons of two men were found, with iron shackles on their ankles. Having gone through many ruined streets, we now descended to the railway station. The weather was extremely pleasant and suitable for wandering through these gray, grave-like ruins, silent and yet eloquent of their past. One could scarcely separate himself from the idea of a luxurious, voluptuous people, joyous, and with all that this world could give, and with no fears of a hereafter, suddenly bereft of all existence in the midst of its pleasures. It is said the place is fated, and that an impression prevails that when the excavations are completed, it will be again destroyed by the mountain. No less than seven distinct strata of ashes and pumice-stone have been found, one above the other, on the city. There is no place that exists in which one can get so forcible an impression of the manners and customs of the ancient Romans as in this exhumed city. None of the houses had any chimneys; the ordinary building materials were Roman brick and large lava stones, the latter in front and without cement. Thus departed Pompeii in its bustle, pride, and pleasure. The mountain sent out a huge, unprecedented shower of ashes, stones, and volcanic mud, which darkened the air for three days, turning day into night, and emitting sulphurous and deadly fumes, immediately destructive of life. The waves of the sea rose into mountains; and on the third day, when it became light, the plain was strewn with the dead, among whom was Pliny, the Roman Philosopher, who had been unable to escape. Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ, another overwhelmed city near the former, were no more. It was a Sodom and Gomorrah scene re-enacted. But life still goes on here along this lovely coast—gay, but not so grand as then. Other cities are here, and the moun-

tain, unextinguished and unsated, fumes yet up into the pleasant Italian air.

To-day, March 4th, we returned to the Museo Borbonico, to view the interesting remains brought from Pompeii, which we visited yesterday. We saw the singular-looking mosaic which lay at the threshold of one of the houses we were in yesterday, representing a dog guarding the entrance, with the words, "Cave canem!" or, "Beware of the dog!" We saw here very many things brought from Pompeii—charred bread, brought from the bake-house, having the proprietor's name stamped on it, certainly the oldest loaf of bread in the world; there were also fruits, nuts of various kinds, silver ornaments, a sun-dial in the form of a ham to hang in the kitchen, a glass lens; also, moulds for pastry, forks and spoons of silver, a mirror of silver, drinking-cups for the table; censers for incense found in the Temple of Isis; ornaments of gold, bracelets, a purse found full of money, old Roman coins, ear-rings and ornaments found in the Villa of Diomede, marriage-rings, necklaces, all of pure gold, some with the name of the owner, one with the name of Cornelia engraved—all in the perfection of jewelry work; there were glass vases for perfume, gold leaf, etc. There were also very fine cameos here of great value and of Greek workmanship: one, the largest cameo in the world. In another *press* or secretory were displayed eggs from one of the houses, meat vitrified in the process of being cooked by steam, onions, jumbles, pomegranates with their flowers, olives, roses for oils, instruments for netting like those used now, moulds for making small cheeses, skeins of silk, fine linen, buttons for mantles, sponges, silk wound on balls, mats for the doorways, pots with paints in them, rouge for painting faces, linen fire-proof to wrap up the dead, figures in ivory, numerous gold rings found on the fingers of skeletons, rings to carry poison in. Then we saw in one room beautiful mosaic floors, brought with great care from some

of the houses in Pompeii. The collection of uncut glass is very extensive. There were wine bottles, scent bottles, urns containing human bones, window glass, etc. The collection of terra-cotta, or pottery, is also interesting. There are here many household utensils—household gods, ink-stands, bird fountains, money bags containing coins. We then went into the Hall of the Bronzes, the most extensive and interesting collection of the kind in the world. These were principally found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. The bronze statue of “Mercury in Repose” is reckoned the finest bronze statue in the world. It is admirably true to nature. Nothing is wanting—limbs all perfect. There is here a large bronze water-cask, which, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, yet contains water hermetically sealed. The “Dancing Faun” is also a splendid statue, so thoroughly life-like; the “Sleeping Faun” also; statues of “Alexander the Great,” of “Plato,” and many others. Leaving out those great exceptions—the printing press, which disseminates and multiplies knowledge; the telegraph, which enables us to talk across continents and oceans; the steam-engine, which gives us wings; and Christianity, which has supplanted the gods of Paganism by a “better hope”—I do not see wherein the vaunting modern times have advanced except in vanity—architecture and works of art and genius seem to have reached perfection before modern times were born. In another hall we saw the every-day household utensils of the Pompeians. They occupy in all seven halls. They are of bronze and silver, and are of exquisite workmanship. There are kettles, saucepans, frying-pans, a bronze furnace like a modern cooking-stove, several very elegant and ingenious candelabra and lamps, steelyards, weights and scales, a beautiful bronze tea-urn found in Herculaneum, carpenters’ tools, planes, instruments of agriculture, bronze bells for cattle, loaded dice, tickets for the theatre, stocks by which persons were confined, skulls and

skeletons found in Pompeii, musical instruments, among them the flute. Most of the instruments were found as if just in use, indicating how sudden and unexpected the catastrophe.

To-day, March 6th, we returned to the Museum, the weather being rainy. We went into the rooms, six in number, containing the great collection of sepulchral vases, the most extensive in the world. They consist of Greek and Roman vases, two thousand years old, Etruscan ones three thousand years old, and Egyptian ones four thousand years old. They are of all shapes, made of burnt clay or terra-cotta. They were to hold the ashes of the dead. They are painted on the outside with many scenes, historic or poetic, illustrative of ancient manners; some highly obscene and unsuitable. They consist generally of red paintings on a black ground; or black paintings on a red ground. They have been found in tombs all over Italy and the countries adjoining. Some were found among the ruins of Carthage. One represents a tomb in the form of an Ionic column, which a young princess is embracing with great tenderness; another female figure bears a crown; on the other side is an aged figure, with white hair and a sorrowful countenance. Another represents a tomb embraced by a female figure in a black robe, while a man is on the point of stabbing her. Much of ancient Theogony and heroic history is shown on these vases. It is probable most of these vases contained the ashes of the early Greeks, who founded colonies in this part of Italy. It is said there are three thousand three hundred vases and cups, in all, in this collection. Many have Greek inscriptions. Many of the vases have three handles. One vase has no less than forty-three figures painted on it. I have seen few things more interesting than these sepulchral vases. The designs on some of them are utterly unknown or conjectural. Some of them seem to represent the labors of Hercules, some the

amours of various gods. The Greek word "Kalos," or "beautiful," is on those vases which, in the opinion of the ancients, deserved the public approbation. There are in these halls Etruscan tombs showing the position of the bones, when the tombs were first opened, where the body was buried entire; also the position of the vases when only ashes were kept.

We entered also the great collection of paintings which are in about seventeen or eighteen rooms, and consists of more than nine hundred paintings. The Neapolitan school of painters does not rank so high as some others. There are many here of that school, many of the Byzantine school; nearly all of the latter being sacred subjects—legends about the Virgin, or the saints, or the crucifixion—there being but little action in them or variety of expression, but a certain peculiar, staring, intense ghostliness of expression, showing the superstition of the middle ages. There is a celebrated "Holy Family," by Raphael, showing much of his extraordinary power; a fine painting by Domenichino—"A Good Genius shielding a Child from evil"—a splendidly executed subject. There is a copy of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel at Rome—a grand copy of a great production. One of Titian's celebrated Magdalenes is here—"The Weeping Penitent," remorseful beauty.

But we are off this morning, Saturday, March 7th, for Vesuvius. The morning is slightly cloudy after the rain of yesterday; the sun of Naples comes out, however, though the winds are somewhat cool. On then through the streets of Naples, crowded with creatures in whom intense, ardent, vigorous life goes on, mindless of the past and reckless of the future. Then along the beach, with the mad waves laughing on one side; on the other, ancient Naples, where the Greek colony settled originally nearly three thousand years ago. This is the lazzaroni quarter, and the ragged

wretches beg of you as you pass to "eat macaroni for you." You buy the macaroni for them, and the way they eat it is as curious as it is disgusting. Then over the bridge, where the statue of St. Januarius looks so menacingly at Vesuvius; then through the long villages of Portici and Resina. At the latter place the ascent to Vesuvius begins. Here we are assailed and almost assaulted by guides, who want to assist us in "doing Vesuvius." Having resolved beforehand to engage one Cozzalino, we found that every one was Cozzalino. At last one rather demure-looking man, asserting that he was the real Simon Pure "Cozzalino" who attended Baron Humboldt and others of distinction, and now wanted to attend us, and who was desirous to prove it. We went with him to his house, leaving one chivalrous gentleman of our party in charge of the ladies. We went up steps and ancient lava-built places, and finally came to a room, in which was an ancient gentleman, who seemed to be a regular feature of Vesuvius. His age was over eighty, and he looked as if he and Vesuvius were on the best possible terms, and had made a mutual agreement that neither was to harm the other. He declared himself to be the great Cozzalino, and that his virtues had descended to his son, who stood before us. Up Vesuvius he could never go again; and his chief regret, when called on to depart this life, would be in leaving it. Their Guide Book was then produced, where we found many enthusiastic travelers had recorded their virtues, and recommended them. The mountain is more profitable than if it were a gold mine, as it supports the villagers, who act as guides, hire carriages, let out mules, etc. Driving through dirty, wet streets, paved with lava, and at each side high old houses, we left the town below; then we came upon vineyards, peach orchards, the trees now in bloom, olives, the cactus, oranges, long high walls overgrown with ivy and fern, the walls all of lava, stone and cinders. Then the paved way ceased, and our course

lay over a narrow, rough road: the views of Naples and its lovely bay, white and beautiful, on our left, were splendid; while on our right, and before us, was the rugged, earthquake-maker and city-destroyer, Vesuvius. The vineyards through which we passed produce the fine wine known as "*Lachrimæ Christi*," or "*Tears of Christ*." The soil appears to be of great fertility. Further up, upon our left, we came upon great fields and acres of lava of many ages and colors. We crossed the lava of A. D. 1770. The walls on each side of the road were made of it; and during the course of the last few years pale, moss-like flowers, had grown over it—the first attempt of Nature to civilize it, and eventually convert it into arable soil. On some cleared portions there were fig orchards, near which were vineyard villas. Higher up all cultivation nearly ceased, and the products of the fifty-six eruptions of Vesuvius, during the seventeen hundred and eighty years it has been an active volcano, were strewn around us in scorched savageness. The road in some places is very smooth and in good order, winding around in order to avoid too steep an ascent. On our right the guide showed us the lava of the eruption of 1829, in a deep hollow; and our road then passed over ashes which the guide said were deposited at the period of the eruption of A. D. 79, which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, and which was the first eruption of Vesuvius within historical periods, though evidences exist that it had been an active volcano one thousand years previous. During the long period of its quiescence it had become garmented with vines to its extreme summit. There were numerous artificial caves in the rocks and lava along the road-side, which the guide asserted were for the convenience of laborers in the vineyards below in rainy weather. We then passed near the lava of 1631, and that of two years ago—the latter looking black, like a dried river of cinders. It took, as the guide said, a "bad direction," having moved

toward Naples. Immense fields of the lava of 1822 and 1839 were now seen on the right, slightly covered with pale gray moss. On the portions spared by the lava, however, could be seen, small terraces, with mulberry trees and vines, or small patches of wheat. The view of the bay, as we ascended, opened far out into the Mediterranean, embracing Capri, and the white waves laughed as they leaped on the beach of Naples, and further on our left extended the "happy Campagna." Ascending higher, we came to the "Hermitage"—a church and convent—built many years ago on a ridge projecting from Vesuvius. Here we leave the carriages, the ascent to the base of the cone having to be performed on foot or on mules. The guide here showed us the long ridges of lava, the eruption of three years ago extending two miles down the mountain. It is black in color, and on it, at various places, collects or exudes a peculiar sulphurous substance. It is seen in a deep hollow at the left of the "Hermitage." We walked into the old church, built here amidst the lava, and right in the road up Vesuvius. We also purchased refreshments from the priests; and, like others who were making the ascent, immortalized our names in the travelers' book. From this we walked some distance, passing over the lava of 1834, and afterward over that of two months ago, the eruption accompanying the earthquake of last December. We saw where there had been great currents, or rivers, and even cataracts of lava. There were irregular hardened rocks of former fluidity, looking like a suddenly frozen sea, when the mad storm had collected it into surges and heaps. Some of its black mass looked like drapery blown about by the wind. We now entered a cloud of mist, and walked over portions of the lava of 1820, the lava of 1834 being on our left, like a black glacier. Naples now appeared far below us, its double bay looking like the upper part of a heart. We could see it in a patch of sunlight, through a cleft cloud—

the island of Capri in front, those of Ischia and Procida on the right. The lava over which we walked showed all kinds of colors. There were immense openings in the shell or crust of the lava. Vast spectral clouds floated all around us, revealing glimpses of a mountain on our left, on which lay some snow. This is Monte Somma, and we were now in the Atrio del Cavallo, a narrow valley or passage between it and Vesuvius, which was formed at the era of the destruction of Pompeii, being the same whence probably was obtained the vast quantity of ejected matter which overwhelmed the cities. We now saw immense rocks, which had been thrown out of the mountain—some large enough to crush a cathedral. Passing over a gentle ascent, composed of gravel, we at length reached the base of the cone of Vesuvius. A scene of utter savageness was around us—not the savageness of vast glaciers, but that of cinders and lava. The cone of Vesuvius rose above us, an ascent exceedingly steep, in some places certainly sixty degrees from the horizontal, and adown its course we could see the scorched, and scarred, and blasted-looking rivers of congealed lava; and at some places on the side could be seen former craters, now relapsed into inactivity; and deep in the mountain could be heard the roaring of subterranean fires, while from the summit came down directly on us a tempest of sulphureous smoke and mist. Here the real labor began. Several parties were met descending, being deterred from making the ascent by the inclemency of the weather. Our party, however, had no “back out” in them, and accordingly we entered the dark cloud, enveloping Vesuvius like a shroud, and began to toil up the lava rocks and cinders, piled as steeply as they could lay. Two of our party employed each a *portantina*, that is, a chair carried by four porters, to carry them up to the summit. The guardian angel of the party, as it proved afterward, little Florence, was carried on the shoulders of one of the stalwart

Neapolitan guides. Besides our party there were some half a dozen or more lazzaroni, who persisted in following us. Some carried baskets of provisions, wine, oranges, bread, offering to sell us; others, eggs, which they were to roast for us on the edges of the crater; others offered all kinds of miscellaneous service, such as assisting us from behind or pulling us before by means of ropes or handkerchiefs they held in their hands—all offering, proffering and besetting us with service—not gratis, however, the price being always, in every case, as much as they could extract from our necessities or generosity. The ascent was over large and small masses of black lava stone, which moved under our feet at every step, rendering the walking very difficult, besides the additional inconvenience of being involved in the sulphureous smoke of Vesuvius, and the mist which concealed every thing at a distance, and frequently rendered the various members of the party invisible to each other. Ascending for at least an hour, in this manner, we came near the top, after efforts that would have been considered hard work in any country. The sulphureous gas now increased to such a degree as to render breathing difficult, and our exertions in climbing obliged us to inhale large quantities of it; pains were felt in the chest; one or two of the party became insensible for a moment, but revived on the application of some snow, which was fortunately found in a crevice near, to the forehead. The scene began to assume the form of the recklessly dangerous. A storm of wind and hail came down upon us, which at times parted the smoke and mist in such a manner as to reveal spectral glimpses of Naples, far below, and also of Monte Somma, on the opposite side of the deep valley. We approached death, however, as if we were working for life; and at length fainting, exhausted and half suffocated, stood on the very summit of Vesuvius, and were within a few minutes' walk of the crater, which boiled over with smoke. We

presented a disconsolate sight, however. A second time a kind of fainting or insensibility seized some of the party. The darkness around, occasioned by the dense smoke and mist, increased to such a degree that no one could see another at a foot's distance, while the sulphurous gas was so strong that each one was obliged to hold a handkerchief to his mouth to prevent breathing it and escape suffocation. It then appeared fortunate that the lazzaroni had so perseveringly followed us. Their oranges were seized, their wine drank, without the ceremony of a bargain as to the price. The lazzaroni could have robbed us all, and left us as victims sacrificed to temerity in invading the outraged majesty of Vesuvius, when not in a placid humor, with infinite ease; but in this, our extremity, they did nothing but clamor about their pay. Vesuvius was fairly "smoking us out." Our proximity to the crater was indicated by one of the guides roasting his eggs on a rock of lava. The rocks we stood on were hot. Nothing was visible but the volcano, portions of which, on the summit, are liable at any time to fall in. Some, however, having for a moment recovered sensibility, though not sense—we allude to ourselves—proposed advancing to the jaws of the crater; others proposed descending. The cry of our little friend Flora, who had borne the fatigue like a heroine, decided us in a moment; and as nothing was visible but darkness, and it was madness to proceed, we began the descent; the guides, who were anxious to do so, acceded with tremendous alacrity—Vesuvius having become "too hot to hold us." Our descent was fearfully ludicrous. With the strong arm of a guide assisting the weaker ones, we began to slide down the steep mountain at a different place from that by which we ascended, and where we sunk at almost every step "several feet" down deep into the ashes. Between sinking down, rising up, and the accelerated motion down such a declivity, our motions were not the most graceful. Slipping,

sliding, shuffling, running, falling—all combinations that gravitation and will could produce, operated upon us. Vesuvius builds itself up by the lava and ashes ejected from the crater; consequently it is as steep as it is possible for detached rocks to lay. These lie outside of the crust, inside of which may be heard the hollow rumbling and roaring of the restless fires. We passed several ancient mouths of the mountain, out of which, at various eras, lava had been ejected; and at length, very glad, indeed, we emerged from the dark cloud enveloping the cone, and breathed a fresher and better air. A gradual descent now led us over various fields of lava, of ancient and more recent years, where we had leisure to examine the strange appearances—the white sulphur exuding from it, the various forms it assumes in cooling, the direction the streams of lava had taken. Descending, we reached the Observatory above the “Hermitage,” on a ridge two thousand and eighty feet high. We then came to the “Hermitage,” where we had ordered our carriages to wait for us. We thought ourselves deserving of some refreshment after our exertions. The wine, “*Lacrimæ Christi*,” grown on the vineyards of Vesuvius, assisted to restore us, and we reached Naples at six o’clock, glad and thankful that we had escaped, and firmly resolved never to undertake to “do Vesuvius” in bad weather lest we should be “done for.” But at the fine *table d’hôte* of the “*Hotel de Russie*,” discussing “*pâté foie de gros*,” we found it not a little pleasant to recur to the scenes of the day, especially our discomfited, disconsolate appearance on the summit of Vesuvius, half-suffocated and senseless. The height of Vesuvius above the sea is about four thousand feet. It has been in activity for eighteen hundred years; but previous to that time it appears to have been dormant for one thousand years. Vines had grown all over it; and on Monte Somma, then near the summit of the cone, was a Temple of Jupiter. Traces of the ancient eruptions of lava

yet exist. The lava, in running down the mountain, proceeds at first very rapidly; then, as it is cooling, very slowly. Persons can roast eggs on it, or encrust pieces of coin in it and break them off. Previous to an eruption the water in all the wells and springs around Naples diminishes. Sometimes mouths open along the sides of the mountain: fifteen have been counted at one time discharging smoke and lava, the noise being terrific, and the ground heaving around them for some distance. The smoke arising from the mouths is highly electric, and discharges constantly livid flashes of lightning. Sometimes the lava, advancing near Torre del Greco, one of the towns at the base of the mountain, rushes into the sea in a stream of burning matter from twelve to forty feet in thickness. The sea was in a boiling state at the distance of one hundred yards from the shore. Sometimes a stupendous column of fire rises from the mountain, twelve thousand feet high, illuminating the whole country around at night for ten miles distant. The ashes of some of the eruptions fall one hundred miles off—a space they have traversed in two hours. Sometimes the burning stream of liquid lava is six miles long, two broad, and seventy feet deep. From 1510 to 1631, Vesuvius was altogether silent, and the sides of the crater were overgrown with brushwood, and became the resort of wild boars. During this period, however, *Ætna* was in a state of extraordinary activity. When an eruption is threatened, the relics of St. Januarius are carried in procession about in Naples. That Naples, with her four hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, is in great danger at all times, either from earthquakes, or showers of ashes such as destroyed Pompeii, there can be no doubt, but it is hardly possible, from her position, that a stream of lava could reach the city in any ordinary circumstances.

This morning, March 9th, which has all the accompaniments of sunshine, blue air, and brightness generally, we

are off on an excursion, west of Naples. The waves dash upon the shore on our left, as we pass along the crowded streets. We approach the Grotto of Pasilipo, an ancient tunnel, excavated in the old volcanic rock. On our left is seen, on high, the Tomb of Virgil, old and ivy-grown. The grotto is twenty-two hundred and forty-four feet long. It is lighted with lamps night and day, and has two circular air-shafts for ventilating it. It is as old as Nero, and is paved throughout, the main road passing through it. In one place is a chapel of the Virgin, before which lamps are burning. The route over which we passed is one of the most classic regions in Italy.

After passing the grotto, we came upon fruitful plains of wheat fields, vine-clad hills, then entered deep cuts through high hills, with ivy and ruins upon them. The names of the towns and places along this route are said to indicate a Phœnician settlement of this coast, anterior to Greek occupation. It is here the demonology of Homer was enacted, and through this region Virgil makes Æneas explore the eternal secrets of the spirit lands. Here are the craters of many extinct volcanoes, and here are lost cities underneath lava. We came to a dark-looking lake, about three miles in circuit—that of Agnano. It is the crater of an extinct volcano; gas always bubbles from it, and a horrid sulphurous smell and malaria rise from it, though there are many water birds upon it. Near it we entered a singular grotto, called that of San Gremano. We passed through several chambers in it, the heated air and the sulphurous gas exhaling through the seams in the floor and the sides of the caves. The hot, sulphurous vapor is one hundred and eighty degrees of Fahrenheit in temperature. On the other side of the road is the celebrated Grotto del Cane, or of the dog. A stratum of carbonic gas, about a foot high, lies on the floor of this cave. These two caves were kept by an old woman, the *ne plus ultra* of ugly cruelty. The little dog

that makes a living for himself and her by dying, came running briskly along. She seized it—it manifested great reluctance to die. She unlocked the door of the grotto, held the poor animal down in the gaseous portion; at first it struggled, but in a minute or two appeared really to die—the air being unable to support animal life. Afterward, she brought it out into the open air, when it revived, ran about, and seemed, upon the whole, well satisfied to live and die daily, to illustrate the properties of carbonic acid gas. Torches were extinguished when first lit, and then immersed in it. We walked about in the cave, however, the upper part being free from the noxious air, which exhales from the sides and falls down to the bottom. Prisoners have been executed by being shut up here and left to die by suffocation. Our route was now toward Pozzuoli, Vesuvius appearing behind us in the blue air—one white, conical cloud piled up, sitting on its summit, sun-gilt and grand. Much of our road was in a deep cut, with vineyards on the slopes, avenues of ornamental trees, castles and villas on the high points, and God's sunshine over all. The road itself was superb. Then we came to the sea again, to Bagnuoli, a bathing place on the Bay of Baiæ, with a rocky island before it. Our way lay along the sea-waves for some distance—three tiers of melodious waves swelling in from a tranquil sea, constantly. In one place the road cuts through a mountain of lava; ejected by an extinct volcano near, the lava of which is said to have entered the sea, with a front a quarter of a mile long and seventy feet deep. We soon came to Pozzuoli, or Puteoli, where St. Paul landed, on his way to Rome, and “found brethren with whom he tarried seven days.” There has been a town here for nearly twenty-eight hundred years. In the Roman times it was an extensive place, and it is still the most lovely region on earth. The number of inhabitants is about eight thousand—a more beggarly set of beings we never saw. The carriages were

surrounded with them, with horrid countenances. Some had cultivated a leering, knowing smile of utter misery—stood and looked at you mutely, with dirty faces, unshaven beards, hair never combed, and a general disposition to be hideous. Misery and utter ugliness are here profitable. From Pozzuoli we again passed through vineyards, gardens, and fig orchards. Leaving our carriages on the hill above Pozzuoli, we ascended by an ancient, paved, Roman way, to an eminence from which extends a view of inexpressible loveliness of sea, volcanic regions, and classic shores. From this we descended to the crater of Solfatara. It is a large crater of a semi-extinct volcano, like a saucer in shape, being surrounded by high hills. We walked through it. At one side issues a volume of white vapor, like a cloud of mist. The noise is similar to that of a steam-engine. There is a Saltpetre manufactory in the crater. A hollow sound is given forth when a rock is thrown down on the ground. It is not a desirable locality. When Vesuvius is quiet for a long time, this crater begins to show symptoms of agitation, as if preparing itself for an eruption. When Vesuvius is active, this is dormant. It poured forth a tremendous eruption, A. D. 1198. Trees are now growing in and around the crater. In and around Pozzuoli are many ruins; nothing is sadder than these scenes. We entered the ruin of the Amphitheatre. In form, it is not much unlike the Coliseum, but it is an over-grown ruin. There were triple rows of arcaded porticoes covered with marble. The building was composed of three rows of arches. The legend runs that St. Januarius was, in the reign of Diocletian, exposed to wild beasts here, which would not devour him. There is now a chapel in that part where he was confined. He was beheaded on a hill near this, the stone on which he suffered being shown in his chapel. Passing along roads of ruins, nameless and grand, in the tombs of which sepulchral vases and elegant mosaic floors have been found, the Roman

paving peers out from the roadside, and you see on the lava blocks the indentations of ancient carriage wheels. The deities of the mighty Roman empire are here scattered around in mournful profusion. After this we came to ruins of temples, then to a church of the middle ages, in the Lombard style, rather singular-looking, as that style is not common in this part of Italy, then to the ruins of a villa of Cicero, on a projection toward the sea, the view from which is described with rapture by Cicero himself. All things have conspired against this lovely region. Time has called to his help the subterraneous fires beneath—they have burnt it. The sea has encroached on the shore, and there are temples under water, with just the upper portions of the columns visible. We now came to a most majestic ruin, among the most remarkable in the world—the Temple of Serapis—with its marble floor underneath the sea water. Its splendid columns of costly marbles stand in circles around the various departments—some of them eaten into by the salt sea waves. Here the worship of Egyptian gods was carried on. The ground on which the temple stands is now sinking into the sea. In former ages it was much higher than at present. An ancient pavement of mosaic work, with channels for carrying off redundant water to the sea, has been discovered, six feet below the present one, which is below the level of the sea. The sea wants to swallow this beautiful ruin. But in former years there was an upheaval of the soil, as is proved by appearances on the columns. There have been local elevations and depressions, alternately, of either the land or the sea, since this temple has been standing. The lava from the adjacent volcano of Solfatara ran over the court of the temple, and filled it to the depth of twelve feet. The temple continued to sink till nine feet of the columns were submerged, and they remained subject to the action of the water for three centuries and a half. There are numerous perforations in the

columns, made by sea-water animals. Then an elevation of the soil began, continuing for three hundred years, since which the sinking has begun again. It is calculated the subsidence is at the rate of an inch a year. The site of this noble ruin was, about two hundred and seventy-five years ago, overgrown with trees and brushwood, when the upper part of three marble columns was seen projecting above the soil. Orders were then given by the King of Naples that the whole should be disinterred. There were forty-eight columns—some of marble, some of granite; beneath them were thirty-two small chambers. Some of the columns are still extant, and are of one piece of marble, and are forty feet high. There are some vases with small spiral flutings, supposed to be for holding the blood of the victims. From this we drove along a beach now level and covered with vineyards, but over which, anciently, the sea rolled, the ground here having risen. We saw the ancient beach, with its ruins of baths, tombs, and its caves. As the ground is sinking again, it is calculated it will, in process of time, wash the ancient shores. Ascending, we came to Monte Nuovo, or the “New Mountain,” heaved up in an eruption of the now extinct volcano Solfatara, in 1538. This new mountain has in its bosom an extinct crater, four hundred and nineteen feet deep, almost as deep as it is high. At this time, this whole coast is described as having been also raised, so that the sea retired two hundred feet. The mountain, or hill, is in shape what is called a truncated cone. It is a mile and a half around. Passing on further, we came to the Lake Avernus, in a circular basin, one and-a-half miles around, and partially embosomed in hills clothed with chestnut trees and vines. It looks extremely like a volcanic crater. Here Homer and Virgil place the entrance to hell, and in these sunless retreats the Cimmerians dwelt. The oracles of the infernal deities were here pronounced. We saw the ruins of the Sybil’s Cave, into which Virgil makes

Æneas pass, to consult the infernal deities; also, the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, on the opposite shore of the lake. Beyond this lake is seen the sea. Proceeding on our route, we passed over portions of the Phlegræon, or Fire Fields of the ancients; there were ruins of Roman tombs on each. We then came to an ancient arch of solid and majestic Roman construction—the Arco Felice. The walls and aqueduct, which latter once passed over the arch, have all disappeared. The arch is mainly of brick, and is sixty feet high. We then came upon the ancient Roman pavement, similar to that of the Appian Way. The hills around were all picturesque, irregular, volcanic, with pines, vines, romantic towns, old and ruined, stone modern villas, holes in the hills, old tombs, Roman reticulated work, peering through ivy and earth. We were now within the limits of the ancient city of Cumæ, reckoned by some the most ancient of all the Italian Greek cities. It extended over a vast space around, now vacant, excepting ruins and tombs, half-earthed walls of ancient masonry. Many of the interesting objects, sepulchral vases, etc., of the Museum at Naples, were dug out of this ancient city, once filled with wealth and wickedness. It was the seat of the primitive Italian civilization—all essentially gone now. The Romans conquered it, after which it declined rapidly, and was called the “Vacant Cumæ.” It afterward became a nest for pirates and robbers of the thirteenth century, when the surrounding inhabitants razed what remained of the ancient city to the ground. The situation, however, is lovely, despite the desolation. It is supposed to have stood once on the sea, but the local changes of this volcanic region have removed it inland. We walked about the Amphitheatre, now covered almost with earth and trees. It is an oval building, with twenty-one rows of seats leading down to the arena. There are confused and scattered ruins of temples, where Egyptian colossal statues of divinities were found

then the Necropolis, with tiers of tombs above each other, the whole a miserable-looking scene. Some of the skeletons found here were embroidered with cloth of gold, asbestos, necklaces of gold beads. We now came to the Lake Yusaro, looking also like an extinct volcano. There are picturesque-looking hills all around it, ruins of Roman work, arches, terraces, walls of baths now covered with vines, fig trees, the cactus—all desolate, old, and sad—on which the earthquake, time, battle, volcano, have warred relentlessly. The lake is now famous for its oysters; it communicates with the sea. We saw the remains of a canal, constructed by Nero, now underground, peering out from the roadside. There were Patrician villas all around here in old ages. We passed over the region known to the ancients as the Elysian Fields. Cicero, Seneca, and others had villas here. Our road then passed along the sea, and we came to the lovely Bay of Baïæ, the seat of the dissipation and follies of the Romans, the entrepot of all the vices of the emperors and of opulent persons in Rome. It is only recognizable now by sumptuous ruins. There is an enormous quantity of ruins all around here. The earth, the hills, and the mountains cannot contain them—they appear under water in the sea. Sylla died here, and Nero attempted to murder his mother, by causing her to embark in a leaky vessel; and Josephus relates that here Herod, accompanied by the charming Herodias, met Caligula, to ask the crown of Judea. Crassus, Cato, Pompey, and Julius Cæsar had villas here. The masters of the world, when sated with ambition, retired here to indulge their passions. We entered the ruins of the temples of Mercury and Venus, vaulted buildings overgrown with weeds and ivy, and stripped of their marbles and their pillars, and wretched, sad, and suggestive beyond description. There were curious echoes in some of them. While we were in one, a group of Italian peasant girls came in. They had a kind of tam-

borine, and some were clad in strange costumes. They began an old Greek dance, and the ancient Temple of Venus resounded with mirth and music, as a pretext for begging. The bay is nearly surrounded by hills, on which are temples of great size, fallen or covered with trees; there are grottos, baths, orange and lemon groves, horrid beggars, flowers among and over the ruins. These are on every spot of ground and in the sea. It is vain to ask whose villa is this, and this, and this. The Roman Empire has been dead and voiceless for a thousand years, but earth is scarcely extensive enough to bury it. This is the empire of the tombs. We then entered the miserable village of Bocoli; after which to the Lago Monte, or "Dead Lake," a volcanic lake, on our right, and on our left long rows of ruined Roman tombs. We came to the place where we saw, in a kind of museum, a vast number of small and large sepulchral vases, taken from the various cemeteries around; there were broken busts and inglorious mementoes of ancient ruins. Next we entered a most singular department, a grove of old columns of Roman brick-work, which supported a reservoir of water to supply the Roman fleet which was stationed in this harbor. It seems as solid as it was eighteen centuries ago. Next we entered the hundred chambers of Nero, a most extensive building underground, sometimes called the "Prisons of Nero." We went through long, subterranean corridors, narrow and dark, and only capable of admitting one person at a time. The passages are very intricate. We had a guide, with torches, to show us the way. The views from some of these melancholy ruins, over the blue Mediterranean, are extremely beautiful. There are flowers everywhere around, though the very spirit of destruction seems to have sat here for a thousand years. Hadrian and Tiberius both died here. The mineral water's healthfulness, and the beauty of the coast, were unsurpassed. Leaving this, we rode along the Bay of Baiæ, the waves on our

right beating over ruins. Traces of the villa of Julius Cæsar were on our left; Roman baths were along the water's edge. The stone has decayed, but the carved work remains. The villa of Marius, the fierce Roman, was here, and that of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. Further on, alongside of a steep tufa or volcanic rock, projecting toward the sea, we came upon what are called the "Baths of Nero." There are numerous chambers in the tufa rock, passing in all directions, and descending to a lake of hot water. We passed into some of them, being obliged to stoop, as the heated air and vapor occupied the upper part of the narrow passages. We soon returned, however, not caring to penetrate dark and smoking passages, filled with suffocating gas, and leading into hot, volcanic rocks. The guide, however, who showed the place as a kind of peculium, taking a bucket and some eggs in it, descended into the narrow, dark, and smoking corridors, and in a few minutes reappeared, puffing, exhausted, and in a profuse perspiration, like a foul spirit out of the darkness, having descended to the dark, hot lake, and filled the bucket with water, which had thoroughly cooked the eggs, as some of our party proved, by eating them. Heated air and vapor issue from all the passages, and they were celebrated in the Roman times for the cure of diseases. Next we passed along the narrow road between Lake Lucrina and the sea. Priests and beggars met us, the former in long gowns, the latter in an appalling accumulation of curious raggedness, begging because it is their nature. Some content themselves with a private, prolonged howl, never looking up or turning around, or asking for anything. We then returned to Naples, arriving at five in the evening. We employed a general guide, who took us to each place, which had also its own local custode, all requiring a fee. The scenes we had been over are the most classic in the world. It is now the charnel house of a past Paradise.

To-day, Wednesday, March 10th, our reduced party, consisting now of but two, revisit the Museo Borbonico for the last time. Yesterday was a day of parting with some pleasant traveling friends, some of whom departed for North Italy, others to Marseilles. Little Flora, too, is gone! These friendships that originate among travelers, by congenial pursuits and attractions, are often extremely pleasant, and parting is painful. As we wander through the vast halls of this Museum, where every thing is associated with those who have gone, and where we can almost hear their words in the air, we feel the truth of the latter remark. We have walked again into the gallery of paintings. It is not so grand as those of Rome, Florence, or Dresden. Yet there is a pleasantness in the contemplation of these works of art. A cartoon of Moses, by Raphael, struck me as wonderful in its expression of majestic sadness. We walked through many of the rooms again. It is a disadvantage in this Museum that the fees are so numerous—each room has a custode, who expects several carlini. It is very impressive to stroll through the rooms containing collections of the household utensils of the Pompeiians—vases, lamps, baths—all as the Pompeiians left them—and the lava-burnt bronze plates, armor, inkstands with remains of ink in them, bread with the baker's name on it, charred hair, purses of gold left in haste, etc. The gallery of the Papyrus is very interesting. In some of the rooms in Herculaneum were found what appeared to be pieces of charcoal; Greek letters were found on them, and it was discovered to have been a library. Then workmen, who were necessarily men of science and antiquarians, were employed to unroll and decipher them. Several ancient and previously unknown works have been thus recovered. A work of Philodemus, on the Virtues and Vices, has been thus restored. The black-looking sticks, constituting the rolls, are unrolled very carefully by means of a small

machine and certain oils or chemicals. As in most cases parts of the pages are burnt and undecipherable, it requires much learning and some conjecture to restore and read the lost parts, supplying the unknown from the known. The unrolled parts are spread out, and look like blackened shreds, and one looks at them for some time before he recognizes a Greek letter. Their unfortunate resemblance to carbon, or charcoal, caused many of these rolls to be destroyed before their design was understood. The rolls are so torrefied and friable that one cannot touch them but with extreme caution. The machine to unroll them was invented by a Neapolitan. It is said twenty-four of the rolls were sent into France and England, and nobody was there found who could decipher one word. The rolls of Papyrus are about five hundred, and some fifteen or twenty works of the ancients have been recovered. No work of much historic value has, however, been recovered. I saw a printed copy, exhibiting the writing on the unrolled Papyrus in a parallel column—the whole page in Greek as conjecturally restored, and alongside a Latin translation. In the ground floor of the Museum we saw the epigraphic, or inscription collection, consisting of fifteen hundred and eighty inscriptions on marble, distributed into eight classes. Some are Arabic, Greek, Oscan, and Carthaginian, and many early Christian and sepulchral. The celebrated work of the highest Greek art, the Toro Farnese, is here. It is a most wonderful group, though many of the figures have undergone modern restorations. It represents the revenge of the two sons of a Theban king, on Dirce, who had seduced the affections of the king from their mother; they tied her to the horns of an outraged and angry bull, but by the persuasions of their own mother released her. It was found in the baths of Caracalla, at Rome. The great statue of the Farnese Hercules is also here. It was highly celebrated in antiquity. It was also found in the baths of

Caracalla. It is a most remarkable statue. Hercules is represented in repose, as leaning on his club; an expression of fatigue is on his countenance. The size is colossal; the muscles are all firmly pronounced; the hardness of the style, the truth to the science of Anatomy, the regularity of the outlines and the firmness of the body are remarkable. There is here, also, an antique almanac, in marble; and the inscriptions on tombs might detain one for many a day.

But this pleasant afternoon we are off in the railway, to visit Pæstum, going by railway to Cava, thence by omnibus to Salerno, where we sleep to-night; thence by carriage to Pæstum to-morrow, returning to Naples in the evening. The railway is the same as that to Pompeii—the ruined, gray, roofless houses and temples of which we saw in passing—the great sea on one side, on the other Vesuvius, with its cataract of ever-ascending smoke. The various strata of alternate lava and fertile soil were seen. Then we entered a fertile vale, cultivated and rich as a garden, part of the plain of old Pompeii; the ground had reservoirs of water in many places, from which pipes descended in numerous passages along the beds, to irrigate them. There were also avenues of poplars and mulberries, cropped of their tops, on which vines were festooned. We passed through several ancient, miserable-looking towns, over plains famous in battles of old; the fertile vale ceased, and we were among the high mountains, south of Naples. One town is called Pagani, or the Pagan, supposed because its inhabitants adhered for many ages to the rites of Paganism. The railway appeared to be wondering at itself for getting into such old, out-of-the-way places. The ruined towers on the hills began to be of the Gothic and Lombard architecture of the middle ages. There were on many of the hills singular towers, used to ensnare birds. These conceal persons, who, on the approach of a flock of birds, throw small, white stones toward such parts of the field as

have nets on them—the birds follow the supposed bait, and are taken. The railway terminated at Cava, an old town, consisting of one long street, the houses of which are on gloomy arcades, not unlike those of Berne. There is a monastery here on the mountain near, having extraordinary treasures of historical archives, relative to the Popes and the middle ages. It also contains the manuscript Latin Vulgate of the Scriptures, after the text of St. Jerome. It is as old as the seventh century, and probably older. It contains the verses in the first Epistle of John, relative to the “three heavenly witnesses.” It is said these verses do not appear in any Greek manuscripts down to the sixteenth century, and are in two only of the one hundred and fifty-one Greek manuscripts known to exist. As it may have been omitted from these by the Arians, this ancient version is of high authority. There are here some of the earliest printed works, in Gothic type, four hundred years old. Here we got into an omnibus, and descending a long hill, through scenery of extreme beauty, we reached Salerno, on the seaside, where we found a good hotel (the Vittoria) and spent the night within hearing of the loud sea waves, making music as they fell in foam on the beach. Salerno has sixteen thousand inhabitants, and is well situated on the slope of hills descending to the Gulf of Salerno, one of the numerous, beautiful bays into which the Mediterranean divides itself on this coast. The Cathedral here, partly ornamented with the spoils of Pæstum, contains the body of St. Matthew, brought here from the East, A. D. 930. Gibbon says “the men of Salerno are honest, and the women beautiful.” We saw but little of either, but were terribly pestered with guides. The earthquake of last December was violent here, and some of the houses cracked. This town was celebrated for its school of medicine during the middle ages. At the hotel here we fortunately found some American travelers, whom we had met at Rome, and

with whom we soon formed a party for the ruins of Pæstum on the morrow.

This fine morning, Thursday, March 11th, we set off at an early hour, having given directions to our landlord to call us, and have our "*café et des œufs*" ready at a certain hour, as also a carriage which would contain our entire party, five in number, and a collation which we expected to take at the ruins. The road passed along a fertile vale, with rough, rugged, bleak mountains on our left, in the crevices of which we saw nestled little, old, antediluvian-looking villages. On our right was the sea, while around were wheat fields, green and beautiful, and vines festooned from tree to tree, like a continuous summer-house. We met on the route many Italians, some riding lazzaroni-like—as many as possible piled on one vehicle—and often the carriages had four horses abreast of each other. Ours had three. Much of the soil exhales miasma, as indicated by the sallow countenances of the people. At length, after passing a yellow, rapid river, the Salarus, which we did by a primitively contrived ferry boat, moved by a resolution of forces, we came upon a lone, ancient plain, opening to the sea, where appeared low, thick walls, looking as if the earth had grown up around them, and further on we saw the ruins of the Temples of Pæstum. The road approaches it through ruins of tombs, utterly nameless and noteless. The ruins of the first temple seen are those of Ceres; next, in the midst, and the best preserved of all, you see the ruins of that of Neptune, and further on those of the Basilica. The vast rows of columns around the temples are all that remain. These ruins are in the midst of a plain, desolated by the miasma, and deserted for one thousand years. The sea, that part of it sung by Homer, roars around the ruins. Briers, and weeds, and beautiful wild flowers, grow over the floors. East are the rough, high mountains, on which is some snow. There is a quiet, old, Italian village there, built high

up to escape the malaria. The columns of the temples are all of travertin, the calcareous stone which forms the under surface of the plain. They are in the earliest Grecian style, and are reckoned the most remarkable existing of the genius and taste which inspired the architects of Greece, with the single exception of one building at Athens. They look as if ages of ages had inflicted their silent destiny on them, rising as they do, mute, impressive, stern, and eloquent—the fragments of a city three thousand years old. I have seen nothing so impressive in Italy as the Temples of Pæstum. It has been remarked that they look supernatural—they are so lofty and grand, and so stern and noble in their proportions, of such unquestioned antiquity—and yet there is nothing in character with them around, nothing that could have erected them. The plain is deserted and silent. The old walls of the city, with occasionally an arch to be seen at some of the gates, are overgrown and sunk into the earth. All seems to belong to a past age. The Roman Emperor, Augustus, about the time of Christ, gazed with admiration on these Doric temples, regarded then as of rare and prodigious antiquity. It certainly existed seven hundred and six years before Christ, and probably much earlier. Its origin is assigned to the Phœnicians. The Romans conquered it about two hundred and seventy-three years before Christ, and the Greek rites and customs were suppressed. Ancient writers assert that on an annual, solemn occasion, the old inhabitants assembled to weep in common over the loss of their independence, customs, and language. The Romans delighted in it as a place of residence, and the poets have celebrated its roses, which bloomed twice a year. Its violets are also celebrated. The old ruins are now full of beautiful wild flowers, though I did not observe roses or violets. The Saracens attacked it in the ninth century, and desolated it; the air became infested with the malaria, the diminished inhabitants removed

to the mountains, and the once flourishing, commercial, and elegant Greek city has been a desert for one thousand years. The fallen-down ruins of the walls can be traced for two-and-a-half miles. We sat down on the fallen columns in the middle of the Basilica. The day was pleasant, though the sunlight was dim. The wilderness of fluted Grecian columns is in view. The desert, time-cursed plain, whence death exhales, is all around. The Basilica presents the appearance now of quadrangular rows of columns supporting the architrave, the roof and all the marble ornaments being gone. The length is one hundred and seventy-nine feet, the breadth eighty feet, the height of the columns twenty-one feet, diameter of the columns at the base four feet. The number of flutings in each column is twenty. There are fifty columns in all, sixteen on each side, and nine on each front. The shafts of the columns diminish from the base to the top, in a curve. I also stood on the fallen-down walls, composed, as are all the basement walls of the temples, of huge blocks of travertin. Beyond stretched a suffocated river, lost and choked in a swamp, as it attempts to find its way to the sea—being obstructed by the fallen ruins of the city. The dismal croaking of a frog seemed a proper accompaniment to the scene. The beggars along the road beg, and nothing is Grecian, or gay, or glad, but the birds and the wild flowers, and the venerable temples. The Temple of Neptune is the largest of the three. It is regarded by some as the most majestic and ancient in all Europe. It presents an architecture simple and primitive. The general form of the edifice is an oblong rectangle. It is one hundred and ninety-five feet in length, seventy-nine in breadth; height of the columns twenty-nine feet; diameter of the columns at base, six feet ten inches; number of flutings in each column, twenty-four. There are six immense Doric columns on each front and twelve on each side. There is part of a second row of smaller

columns, constituting a second story, standing on top of the lower entire row. The roof, the walls of the side, the marble casing, are all gone; nothing but the foundation floor of stone, and these thirty-six grand columns with the smaller ones—all perfect in their perpendicular, though they have stood at least twenty-five hundred years—remain. One can see the place of the principal altar, and where the blood of the victims was poured out. The other temple is called that of Ceres; it is one hundred and eight feet in length, forty-seven feet seven inches in breadth; height of columns, twenty feet; diameter at base, four feet; number of flutings, twenty in each column. This is the smallest, but the most elegant in style, of the temples. The columns of these temples stand firmly on their bases, not having moved a particle. Time, with respect to them, would seem to be almost a mere illusion, as they have stood for nearly half the commonly recognized period of humanity. The travertin of which they are built seems remarkably fresh in some places, where it has been broken. East of the temples, toward the mountains, may be seen a solitary arch, being a portion of the gate of the city that led to the mountain. Around it are ruins of walls, like hills, and also remains of aqueducts, intended to convey water from the mountains to the city, across the plain. There are some other ruins within the walls, *degraded*, however, so much as to be scarcely visible; there are vestiges of the ancient streets, there are ruined towers along the city walls, secret passages, etc. Near the road is a small hotel; and there is a church and convent near. It is impossible to describe how small, and mean, and destitute of style these modern buildings look, in contrast with these grand, Greek ruins—

Where the green sea comes and shivers
Out in shreds upon the shore,
And its ocean wail delivers
To cold rocks forever more.

There a plain, malaria stricken,
 Grows Greek temples, strange and old,
 Ruins round the pathway thicken,
 That have had a life untold.

Thrice a thousand years have hasted,
 Human things, like empires, fled—
 Fell, and into atoms wasted—
 These alone dare not be dead.

Crowds that lingered round each portal—
 Priest and victim, minstrel, king—
 All of these, as merely mortal,
 Went to their own withering.

Agèd and grim, and grand and solemn,
 Here these temples stand sublime,
 Proudly on its base each column
 Seems to mock at moving Time.

Here the tired old earth seems keeping
 These as relics of her heart—
 Something she can turn to weeping—
 Since all *other* things depart.

Certes it is that certain places are haunted, that is if you understand haunting properly. Their past lingers around them, and is immortal. You feel their physiognomy and say, "I do not like," or "I do like such a place, but cannot tell the reason why." You seem to be unconsciously taking up ideas or acts that are *shadowly* enacting there yet. Why not? Is not every thing that has been, acting yet? Is an atom eternal, and not an action? If the memory of the act exists, why not the act? I have been in places, and Pæstum is one, where you *feel* the past—could read it, and write its history. Is it because it is all there yet—though in the shadow land? Is there *any thing* past? Are not all things haunted? The refined, subtle, enjoying Greek seems here with his genius, and the ruination around seems the phan-

tasm. Is not the phantasm of one world the real of the other? and the desolation here now, the mere shadow of the unseen world?

Leaving the temples on their desert plain, listening to the sea roar, and to be the wonder of a thousand years to come, we returned on our way to Naples. Near our road a lady and gentleman, who had been visiting the ruins, were, a few years ago, waylaid and murdered by a party of eighteen Italians. They were seen by a shepherd boy, concealed in some underwood. Seventeen were executed for it, and the eighteenth confessed the murder on his death-bed. We saw the remains of a bridge, constructed across the Silarus, by Murat, when King of Naples. We returned to Naples the same evening, having fine Italian views on our way of the Homeric sea, with a cloud gilt sunset, unprogressive Italian villages, fertile plains, rugged mountains, and lastly of Vesuvius, and the great heaps of ashes and cinders under which lies buried Pompeii.

To-day, Tuesday, March 12th, we visited the resting place of him who was one of earth's greatest geniuses, and worthy of the greatest age of the Roman Empire—Virgil. It is at the west end of the city, on the hill, above the entrance to the Grotto of Pausilipo. It is extremely probable that it is his tomb. Ascending a long, winding staircase from the street, near the entrance to the grotto, you then enter a garden on the hill-side, passing along the numerous openings and caves in the soft tufa, or volcanic rock, you came to some modern tombs, with epitaphs in Hebrew, Italian, French, and Latin. These are admirers of Virgil. You then descend to a small, circular building of stone, in the Roman style of architecture, and this is the Tomb of Virgil. The *Æneid* was written at Naples. How small does all modern poetry appear by the side of this, and that greater one, the *Iliad* of Homer. Like the Temples of Pæstum, they come out of the past with a Doric, intel-

lectual grandeur, before which all competition pales. There is ivy around the tomb, and small trees are growing on it. Entering, you see a small, vaulted, stone chamber, around the walls of which are niches, to contain the vases which had the ashes of the dead. They are all utterly empty—the dust of Virgil has been scattered long ago. There is a small marble slab on which is inscribed the epitaph written by Virgil—the original slab being lost in the night of ages. A free translation of it amounts to this: “I was born at Mantua, I died in Calabria, and now Naples holds me. I sung of shepherds, pastoral scenes, and generals.” The scene around is most lovely. It embraces Naples, Vesuvius, the bay, with its fringe of white water foaming on the shore. Near are numerous caverns in the tufa rock, and the great one of Pausilipo, just below the rocks, on which the tomb stands. Violets, rich in fragrance, bloom. You pluck some ivy from the tomb, and walk away. For six centuries pilgrims have come to this spot—for where immortal genius rests, lingers an immortal charm. From this extends around the hill a most pleasant walk along the beach, with the bay on the left, and on the right, the hill, with its splendid old palm trees, its modern villas, and its ruins of ancient ones. But for Italy—fallen, glorious, ancient, noble, able, yet incompetent Italy—the world should do something.

The Kingdom of Naples, or as its proper name is, that of the “Two Sicilies,” consists of the southern part of the peninsula of Italy, and of the Island of Sicily. There are fifteen provinces in the former, with a population of nearly 9,000,000; in the latter, seven provinces, with a population of 2,231,020. The total army consists of about 144,000 men. The population in the continental, or Italian portion of the kingdom, are classified as follows: 29,783 secular clergymen; 12,751 monks; 10,449 nuns; 25,572 civil and military officers; 5,981 engaged in public instruction; 7,920

lawyers; 15,906 physicians; 12,666 merchants; 13,476 artists; 536,320 artisans; 1,823,080 agriculturists; 70,970 shepherds; 31,190 seamen. The vine is of universal growth. It is propagated by either layers or cuttings. It begins to produce the third year. The vintage begins at the end of September. The grapes are collected in a vat sunk beneath the floor, where they remain a few days, till trodden out. The olive also grows universally; best, however, in slopes or stony districts. It is propagated by slips, by shoots, and by grafting slips on the wild olive. Shoots require many years. Grafting is performed in March or April, and the fruit is produced in about five years. If intended for oil, it is allowed to remain on the trees till it reaches maturity. The government of the kingdom is that of an absolute hereditary monarchy.

But adieu to Italy—fair and dear Italy—forever! The return steps have been taken. It is time to consider the “eye as satisfied with seeing.” Though life is said to be a travel, traveling is not the business of life. At this point I resolve to suspend my wandering for the present, and direct my steps to the west. The south of Italy is, of all countries on earth, perhaps, the most pleasant. No person has ever left Italy without regrets. There is an enjoyability, a charm in the air; the ear grows accustomed to the soft language; the scenes are so ancient—the mellowness of great age and historical renown is on them—the natural beauties of hill and mountain, cloud and sky, are ever appearing. The three months and a half I have spent here, the scenes I have been through, and the friends with whom I have seen them, must remain among the chief delights of memory. I procured to-day the requisite visas to my passport, that of the American Consul, the Neapolitan Police, and the French Minister, averaging about a dollar each—that of the American Consul being the highest. At four o'clock I took the parting hand with one of my companions,

who attended me to the water, and I can look back at my last act in Italy, at all events, with pleasure, as it was to bestow a gratuity on a hoary-headed beggar. Previous to this I paid the Custom House officers the usual fee for not examining my baggage—they attending the departure of each traveler as pertinaciously as the beggars. I then embarked on the steamer Bosphorus, for Marseilles. As we sailed out the bay, I saw the last of that classic scenery—Vesuvius smoking in the air, a great, wonderful spectacle—then we passed the islands of Capri, Ischia, the Bay of Baiæ, with all the scenes connected with many delightful associations of memory with friends in Naples, were soon no more in view, and that old, respectable sea, the Mediterranean, whose waves began to make me terribly sea-sick, was alone in view on one side. We kept close along the shores of Italy, and early next morning arrived at Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, and only forty miles distant from the Eternal city. It has artificial harbors, moles, piers, castles, like Leghorn. I did not land, however, but here I had the last view of fair Italy. We remained here some hours. It is noted by travelers on account of the extraordinary vivacity of its beggars and police-officers, and the great inconveniences thrown in the way of travelers. Our course now lay north of the Island of Corsica, which we saw, as also the islands of Elba and Monte Christo, with their historic, biographic, and romantic memories. The latter is apparently a vast desert rock, rising out of the deep sea. We then passed directly toward the coast of France, and steamed vigorously all night. The next morning at four o'clock came on a regular, or rather irregular, war of the elements. The sun was very bright, but the winds were most furious. Whether it was the *Vent à bise*, Mistral, the Euroclydon, or other peculiar wind of this sea, I could not determine, being quite incapable of exercising any analytical powers, as the waves were high and awful,

beat entirely over the vessel, and came down into the cabin like an Alpine torrent. The storm continued all the day.

Toward evening we began to discern the bluff coasts of France, and at seven o'clock we landed at Marseilles, and I stood on the soil of France again. It impresses one quite favorably, after being in Italy—the streets are so much cleaner, the inhabitants more industrious and civilized. It strikes one that the people of France speak very good French, after one has heard it in other parts of the continent, and the sound of sous, franc, and centime, is pleasant after one has been pound, shilling, and penced in England; guildered and stivered in Holland; florined and kreutzered in Germany; livred, thalered, and silver groschened in Prussia; guldened in Austria; and pistareened, scudoed, bajocchied, ducated, piastred, and carlinoed in Italy. I have usually found it best to change my circular notes into French Napoleons, gold coins worth twenty francs, or three dollars and eighty cents, and as these are current everywhere in Europe, procure with them the smaller change of each country. We proceeded to the Hotel des Empereurs, a miserable hotel, though with a vast sounding name, great pretensions, and in a fine situation. Travelers often meet again who had met before, like clouds careering over the sky, and on the steamer I met with a former fellow-traveler whom I had seen in Rome. We spent a day or two in Marseilles. It is a large city—population one hundred and ninety thousand—built on barren sea rocks and cliffs. It is the first and finest seaport of France and the Mediterranean. The first settlement of Marseilles is claimed as being by the Phoenicians, three thousand years ago. The harbor is a natural one, but has been vastly improved. The old harbor occupies about seventy-six acres, and could contain twelve hundred vessels. This is the great Steam Packet station of the Mediterranean, and from hence depart vessels every few

days across to Africa, and to the East, touching at the various ports, landing passengers in Sicily, Italy, Alexandria in Egypt, and Jaffa, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, etc. The rates of fare on these vessels are high. The price, first-class, from Naples to Marseilles is about thirty-six dollars, though ordinarily the passage should be made in about fifty hours. The second-class passage is twenty-five dollars. A new harbor is being constructed here, which is a most stupendous work. We walked along the quays and harbors, saw the immense crowd, the costumes of various nations, Turks, Greeks, Algerines, and immense quantities of the finest oranges, and other kinds of fruits, for sale. We entered some of the fine steamers bound for the East, and began to feel a spirit of Oriental rambling bestir within us. In visiting the Custom House to reclaim our baggage and passports—the latter having been taken from us at Naples on embarking—we were agreeably refreshed by an accession of morality on the part of the officers of the police; they courteously examined our baggage, without requesting pay to omit their duty. The morality of the government in the "States of the Church" is susceptible of further emendations. One decided proof of being in France is the presence of numerous, good, and well-lighted restaurants and cafés. The French are a restaurant and café people. They are very convenient for travelers, who, fatigued with rambling, or disgusted with the *cuisine* of his hotel, can here study the costumes and manners, and drink the best coffee that could be made. We walked through some of the old, dirty, narrow streets of the old city, and saw the shrines to the Virgin. We then hired a coach, and drove around the better parts of the city—many of the streets there being wide, and planted on each side with rows of trees. We visited the Zoological Gardens, which are interesting, as containing some rare animals, among which I noticed a white peafowl. The views from some points are splendid, embracing the

blue sea, several islands—that of If, with its castles. We begin to find that we are now under a government with a man at the head of it, as many of the improvements, evident everywhere, are commenced and worked forward by the present emperor, who has almost remodeled some parts of the city. There is a grand triumphal arch in one of the streets, extremely laudatory of him. All works of art, however, pale before those of the Italians and ancient Greeks. We left Marseilles the second morning after our arrival from Italy. The railway station at Marseilles is the paragon of railway stations. It is an immensely solid building—the upper story and roof of iron frame and glass plates, and every thing is admirably managed. There are waiting rooms for the first, second, and third-class passengers, all separate restaurant rooms; the grounds around are planted in trees, and kept like a private villa, and every thing is *comme il faut*. We left the city in the clear air of a most lovely sunlit morning. The climate of the south of France is deservedly celebrated. There is a kind of mellow whiteness in the air that one may see at times during the early fall or late summer days of New Orleans, which is delicious. Near the city splendid scenes of cultivation appear—the city being surrounded with outside villas, called *Bastides*. These are very small, and look like *bijoux* of country seats. The merchants and others do not stay in the city during the summer season—the climate being intensely hot, the stench almost a visible horror, and the mosquitoes a feeling institution. They retire to these places and ornament them with a kind of foppish, French, artificial taste—flowers, umbrella pines, olives, and almonds—the latter are now in bloom—insomuch that the scene looks like a continued garden, dotted with summer-houses. The English have many villas on this coast, and it is the invariable resort of an eloping pair from England. Lord Brougham's villa, near Marseilles, is a beautiful one. The old prison,

where the "Man with the Iron Mask," the reputed twin brother of Louis XIV., was confined, is an interesting place. We passed through vineyards and wheat fields, sloping toward the sea. There were cheerful, glad, clean young ladies, dream-of-love-in-a-cottage-looking places, long avenues of pines, and the sunny, southern, tideless sea beyond, and far over its waves is Africa, which this coast is said very much to resemble. The soil is really very sterile and rocky, but industry will always find a reward and a profit wherever bestowed, and can transform the places abandoned and neglected by nature, into "Happy Valleys." Inlets from the blue and tranquil sea, along which are seen little and romantically situated villages, continued in sight for some time. But at length we bade adieu to the sea, near whose shores we had been so long, and which Dr. Johnson stated on his death-bed it was one of the regrets of his life that he had not seen. We then entered upon a large tract of utter stony sterility, called "the Crau," said to be thoroughly like Africa. It is covered with rolled boulders, or pebbles, and is mentioned in ancient authors as the place where Hercules fought the Ligurians, and Jupiter, his father, sent for his use a shower of stones from heaven. The Mirage of the African deserts is often seen here—an atmospheric phenomenon resembling inland lakes. I enter a prediction, however, that before ten years the French Emperor will transform the most of this into a garden, if those rascally revolutionists, who are the real enemies of all governments (like the fanatics at the North, of our own country, and the fire-eaters at the South), will let him live. Then we entered upon a level country of unsurpassed beauty and cultivation, with avenues of poplars, mulberries to which the vine is trailed, and all the other adornments of taste. About eleven o'clock we came to the small, old, lonely town of Arles. Like many other places unprogressive at present, it invites you back to its past, as the most

interesting. It is on the Rhone, here a wide and rapid stream, whose source I saw last summer in a tremendous glacier in the higher Alps, near the frightfully savage Pass of the Grimsel. At Arles we remained some hours, visiting first the ruins of a theatre of the Roman times, with its semicircle of stone seats yet remaining, almost entire; and in the centre are yet standing two lofty columns of marble, with remains of chapiters and marble entablatures scattered all around. There is nothing so mournful as the relics of a mighty institution like the Roman Empire, which, for twelve hundred and twenty-nine years controlled the political destinies of this world. The ancient ruins in some cities exhibit workmanship and art of so superior a style, in contrast with such wretched, mean, modern buildings, that one is tempted to think the present is a degenerate and degenerating age, and that Europe was greater when the Roman dominions extended from the Euphrates to the Thames than it has ever been since. It may be, however, that every generation gets weaker and wiser, as saith the old motto. This theatre has been disinterred from the earth, and the accumulated rubbish of ages cleared out. We next saw the Amphitheatre, which is of vast size, and in rather better preservation than the Coliseum at Rome, which it resembles. It has two tiers of lofty Roman arches, sixty arches in each tier, surrounding an oval arena. The numerous and winding corridors and passages for the gladiators and beasts yet remain, to a great extent. The old Roman masonry, massive and without cement, time-eaten with the tooth of ages, is very fine. We went through some of the long passages admitting ingress and egress. It, like the Coliseum, was used, during the middle ages, as a fortress. It is surmounted by some Visigoth towers of the middle ages. It is calculated twenty-five thousand persons could sit on the seats within. It has forty-three rows of seats. It is about the age of the Coliseum—about seventeen hundred and

eighty years. Until recently, it was surrounded and choked up by an accumulation of mean, modern houses; these have been removed since travelers have begun to perambulate all Europe, and wonder at the ruins of the Roman Empire. We next saw the falling walls of the city, with Lombard towers, the whole rebuilt on the yet older Roman foundation, the repairs having become aged, and the restorations needing renewal. Outside the walls we visited a very singular ruin of an old abbey, said to have been destroyed by the Saracens in the seventh century. Around it lie vast numbers of stone sarcophagi of the middle and earlier ages. In some places they are three tiers deep, and the earth has grown up around them, and their cornices look out from the sides of the excavations. The passages to the ruins are lined with them, and you walk along a wall of coffins. There are no bones in them, and a few of the inscriptions are half legible. Few things that I have seen have seemed so impressive as these numerous, empty, stone tombs, piled on each other, scattered about, and peering from excavated places. They are Roman, Greek, Saracen, middle aged, and early Christian, and probably have been used in succession as resting-places for the bones of different nations and creeds that warred in life, and at death, the dead being conquered too, were ousted to make room for the bones of the conquerors. It was esteemed an almost certain passport to heaven to be buried here. It was called Aliscamps, or the Elysian Fields. During the middle ages it became the most remarkable burying-ground of Christendom, and it was considered a vast honor to be allowed a burying-place here. Certain corpses would not allow themselves to be buried anywhere else. The chronicles state, also, that the bodies and the money necessary for the funeral expenses were embarked in tight stone coffins, and sent down the Rhone, and when they arrived near this place, they were stopped by a supernatural force, and were interred. If any

wicked person robbed the coffin of the money it contained, it would sternly refuse to continue its course down the waves. After several hundred years the reputation of the place declined, and was abandoned, and for a while forgotten. The Roman tombs, which had been at one time violated to receive the bodies of Christians, had been despoiled anew, and the ancient urns, the moneys, and the utensils in bronze, made a lucrative sale, and the holy resting-place of ages gone was sacrilegiously seized as a mine of profit. The archbishop anathematized in vain; the rich sarcophagi and fine marbles were soon gone, and at present the most modest and heavy coffins remain, and some are used in the adjoining fields as troughs to water cattle in, and this last chamber of repose, once so rich in urns and medals, is now but the *debris* of a ruined cemetery. There is a propensity in mankind to rifle costly tombs, of which those who wish to be buried in grandeur do not seem to be aware. The old church near the cemetery is in ruins. Rows of dark pines are around it. From this we went to the museum, where we saw numerous sepulchral vases, Roman and Greek, portions of capitals of columns, mutilated statues, bas reliefs, and old inscriptions of all times—some found in the theatre, amphitheatre, or in the Rhone, which runs near, in the daily excavations into the past which they are now making. Arles was once the capital of Provence. It has a population of nearly twenty thousand, said to be on the decrease. The women are remarkable for their beauty, piquancy, and grace, being a mixture of three races—Greek, Roman, and Saracen—the grace of the Spanish, the deep thought of the Greek, and the strength of the Romans are all ascribed to them. We saw the singular-looking church of St. Trophimus, who is said to have been a disciple of St. Paul. The portal of this church is most singular—a deeply recessed semi-circular arch, with singular mouldings, resting upon a sculptured frieze, sustained by six pillars, based upon carved

lions. The stone is of a metal color. The pictures in stone carvings are singular, evidently trying to impress that holy terror on the people on which the priests relied in the middle ages for their temporal influence. The horrible and the grotesque touch each other. There are many other interesting ruins in this old provincial town; the Imperial Palace of Constantine—whose residence was for a while here, and where his eldest son was born, and here he caused his favorite son, Crispus, accused of adultery, to be put to death—the aqueducts and the ruins of the Forum. We strolled along the Rhone, which is here about the size of the upper Ohio.

At three o'clock we left in the train, the day being most lovely, and with a peculiar brightness which added much to the enjoyment of the scene over which we passed. We traveled over the beautiful valley of the Rhone, the railway being lined on each side with rows of pine trees—the station-houses on the way being very extensive and highly ornamented with shrubbery around—all indicating our being in a very different region from ancient and unchanging Italy. We passed Tarascon, a city on the Rhone, with several very strong and ancient castles of Lombard ages; also Beaucaire, celebrated for an annual fair, which dates back to A. D. 1168, and for its ancient and romantically situated castle, now a complete ruin, one chapel alone remaining, in which St. Louis heard Mass the night before he embarked for the Crusades. These are all old places; the scenery of many a romance are placed in these regions. We crossed the Rhone here on a strong stone bridge, and entered upon a scene of exquisite loveliness, stretching to the sea. It is a reclaimed region in part, which consisted in former years of vast salt marshes and lagoons, over which African animals, as the ibis and pelican, stalked, and the soil was in summer covered with a saline efflorescence several inches thick, and the deceptive mirage constantly occurred. Now we saw

vines cropped down low, almond trees in bloom, vast olive plantations, and wheat fields.

At length we came to Nismes, one of the most interesting towns in the south of France. It has broad streets, with boulevards, having avenues of trees in them. Like Arles, its chief objects of interest are its Roman ruins. Nismes is richer in well-preserved antiquities than any other town in France or northern Europe. The name of the Roman city was Nemausus, from which the present French name is derived. It has a vast Roman amphitheatre, in the usual oval style. It is two thousand years old, and stands in the centre of the town, and looks decayed, like the Roman Empire, but mighty still, like its memory. Its exterior is in better preservation than the Coliseum, though not so high nor so large and grand. Its length is four hundred and thirty-seven feet, width three hundred and thirty-two feet, height seventy feet. It has two stories of sixty arches each—is built of hard, massive limestone. The lower arches serve as doors. It has many corridors and passages still entire, which look like vast natural caverns. It is interesting, as we did, to go all through it—to penetrate the wedge-shaped passages radiating from the centre and widening outward; to clamber over the broken seats, some still marked with the line showing the space allotted to each spectator; to scare away the frightened lizard, or see the tufts of grass springing out of the masonry; and finally stand on the rim of the huge oval basin, and survey the dismantled interior. It was used as a fortress by the Saracens, till Charles Martel drove them out by filling its passages with straw and wood, and setting them on fire, which has blackened some of the walls to this day. The interior is not near so perfect as those of the Verona Amphitheatre. The style of these Roman amphitheatres is vastly superior to that of any modern theatre. Nearly all the people could leave the Roman buildings at once. The modern places of

entrance and egress are quite contracted and contemptible in comparison. As they were open at the top to the sky, a vail or awning was so arranged as to be spread over the entire space, to protect the spectators from the sun, the exhibitions being generally in the day time. About twenty thousand persons could have been seated in it, which indicates the great population of Nismes when a city of the Roman province of Gaul. Not a sixth part of the population would at any one time be assembled, probably, within it. Formerly this Amphitheatre was surrounded by mean houses, the inhabitants of whom burrowed in it like rats. They are now cleared away, and an elegant iron railing quite surrounds it, and a gendarme or policeman acts as guardian. Then ascending a hill, elegantly adorned with walks and terraced promenades, pines, cedars, olives, etc., we came to the Tour Magne, or Great Tower, a ruined and dismantled tomb-like structure, supposed to date beyond the Roman times, and probably used as a tower of observation by which to communicate signals from one part of the country to another, an ancient kind of telegraphing; as by means of these towers on high hills, and understood signals, the approach of an enemy or other important event might be communicated. It forms a singular profile in the heavens, as it were, when one approaches it, and is seen from all parts of the horizon. Like most other ancient buildings, it has, in the long course of time, subserved many purposes. It was supposed at one time to have been a treasury; and the earthy matter (it is hollow) that had accumulated within was cleared out, but no money found. There is a light and elegant staircase, constructed in modern times, by which you may pass to the summit, one hundred and fifty-six feet high. The view from the top, in the lovely air and sun of this region is grand. Below is the city, with its wide streets, planted with trees; and conspicuous is the great Roman ruin, grandly preserved—the Amphitheatre; the

gardens near the base of the tower, with many trees in bloom; the green fields of the plain of the Rhone; the vineyards, in which the peasants were at work with their wooden plows; also a singular tooth-like mountain, one can see afar off—the commencement of the Pyrenees range in Spain; the mist over the Mediterranean; the ramparts of old towns. The tower is of a conical shape, and is greatly in decay, and a most interesting ruin. Near the base of the hill are most beautiful public gardens. A very large fountain of pure water bursts from the base of the hill, which is carried in canals around the gardens among ancient elms, beautiful flowers and shrubbery; some fine statues; and near are some majestic Roman ruins, called the Temple of Diana, built by Augustus, the Roman emperor. The Roman ruins look like eternities, with their arches and their strong, unyielding masonry. The ornaments and marbles are all gone, or a few detached fragments remain, with inscriptions half legible. Some regard this ruin as a remnant of one of those great buildings, called Roman Baths by us for want of a better name. They were in general public places, to which the better sort of the citizens retired to enjoy the higher pleasures of life, according to their tastes, whether exercises of the body or of the mind. They comprehended promenades, libraries, galleries of the arts, theatres, etc. Europe shows us the results of time, which are in progress merely in America. Each age improves, adds, and imitates; and the same ideas work themselves out in a new field. The Romans and Greeks had their Baths, Forums: we have our Exchanges, Cafés and Saloons. The mind of man has a more diversified scope in later ages, but has lost in strength, sublimity and originality. Such constructions as those of old Rome or Greece will never again be reared on this earth. We also visited the house called “Maison Carré,” or square house. It is a gem of Roman architecture, with the perfect unity of style for

which the ancients were famous. It is in a state of wonderful preservation. Like all ancient buildings, it has been appropriated to many and various uses. Originally a temple, it then became a Christian church; then a Mayor's palace; then a stable—was afterward used as a house for burial; then a revolutionary tribunal; a corn warehouse; and it is now a museum. It is surrounded by thirty elegant Corinthian columns, ten of them being detached from the portico. It is so beautiful, elegant-looking and tasteful, that it is said Napoleon entertained the idea of carrying it bodily to Paris, to adorn the Champs Elysées. It is about seventeen hundred years old. It is a rectangle, about one hundred feet long and sixty-five broad. The height of the columns is about fifty feet. The ornaments of the cornice and the mouldings recall the most beautiful works of the Greek artists at Athens. It is used as a museum, and contains paintings and Roman remains. Some of the paintings are by Italian masters, and remind one of the larger and greater galleries of Rome and Florence. The two finest paintings are "Cromwell uncovering the Coffin of Charles I.," and "Nero trying on a Slave the Poison he intended for Britannicus." The former is a great painting; Cromwell is coolly but curiously contemplating the remains of the beheaded monarch, as if to dare any thing remorseful to come out of that act. We also visited the Gate of Augustus, a half-buried remnant of the old city gates, bearing a Latin inscription that Augustus decreed its erection. It consists of two great arcades, and two smaller ones. It was erected sixteen years before the birth of Christ. Not far from this is also a resuscitated Roman reservoir. We gazed on some of these ruins, while a shred of a coppery moon, with a garniture of dazzled clouds around, hung in the sky over the ruins, and cast on them a drear, tender light, while they seemed to invoke sympathy for their two thousand years of age. In the centre of the principal square

of Nismes is a most beautiful monumental fountain. There are five statues in marble by Rodier, the French sculptor. They are abundantly beautiful. One of them struck me as being among the greatest works of modern art. It is a female figure allegorizing the city of Nismes.

This morning, March 19th, I left our pleasant hotel (du Luxembourg) at Nismes, and proceeded in the train for Lyons, passing near the picturesquely situated ruins of Beauvais, then the town of Avignon, where I saw the vast old historical Castle and Palace of the Popes in the middle ages, who lived here during seventy years, which they call the Babylonian captivity. The city is surrounded with its old embattled walls and watch towers. Avignon has about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and is smaller than Nismes, which has about forty-six thousand. Many of the streets are dirty and narrow, but there are some lovely flower-gardens, adorned by almond trees in bloom. The country around was formerly Papal territory, and five French Popes are enumerated as in the direct line from St. Peter. They reigned here from A. D. 1305 to 1376. On their departure for Rome, three schismatic Popes ruled in succession at Avignon. The ancient Palace of the Popes is now degraded into barracks and a prison. It induces a kind of instinctive terror, which its history justifies. There is something singularly menacing about this Palace, in which dwelt those aspiring to represent the God of peace and pardon. The middle ages, alternately warring or trembling of fear, are indicated in the thick walls, the subterranean passages, the secret issues, the unknown gates, and the broken passages. The Papacy was at this time most degenerate, and became a passive instrument in the hands of the French kings, and Rome ceased for a while to sway the religious sceptre of the world. Every precaution seems to have been taken in this Palace against attack from without and surprise within. The balcony from which the Popes bestowed their blessing

is seen above an entrance defended by drawbridges, portcullis and iron gates. The walls of the Palace are one hundred feet high. Some of the towers are one hundred and fifty feet high, with a proportionate thickness of masonry. Here is also the torture room of the Inquisition, with funnel-shaped halls, designed to drown the cries of the miserable victims. There are in the wall the remains of a furnace for heating the torturing-irons. There are holes, to which was attached a pointed instrument, on which the condemned person was seated, being suspended by cords from above, so as to prevent his falling, but allow his whole weight to bear on the points.

The railway passes along the valley of the Rhone from this, and here one begins to take leave of the transparent clearness of a southern atmosphere, and lose the views of azure-tinted landscapes. The vales are fertile, the villages are old-looking and are situated on rocky, limestone eminences—projections from the French Alps—and have Roman ruins in most of them, and crumbling towers of the middle ages. The vales have long rows of poplars and pines through the green fields. The trees are advantageous in shading the wheat from the otherwise too intense heat of the sun. The villages are generally built of stone, and are old and very poor-looking, and their grandeur seems to be in their tottering ruins. There are many bare and bleak hills, but on their slopes, wherever practicable, the olive, and especially the vine and mulberry are cultivated—the olive and vine not requiring a rich soil. The olive, however, gradually disappears, as the course of the railway is almost directly north. Some assert that the scenery on the Rhone is equal to the Rhine. Much of it that I have seen in passing to-day is very beautiful; some of the valleys are very fertile, well cultivated, and some of the houses look comfortable, and are adorned with taste and elegance. But it could not sustain a moment's comparison with the great and

noble Rhine in sublime scenery. The railway passes through many tunnels, some of them long ones. Many of the towns look as if the railway were the only fact that had transpired in them for five hundred years. Humanity would seem to be superannuated, and the ordinary processes of living, being born, etc., to be utterly stale. Orange and Vienne are very interesting and old-looking towns. At one place there is a stone bridge, the longest in the world, over the Rhone. It is twenty-seven hundred feet long. It was built by a brotherhood of monks. Some of the towns are built picturesquely against a pile of rocks. There are coal and iron mines in some places, and a vast abundance of limestone. Excellent wines are made in this region. The vine seems to grow finely on the decomposed gravel.

Approaching Lyons a very fertile valley appears, and at length, crossing an immense bridge, we arrived at the magnificent Crystal-Palace-like depot of this great city. The Rhone and Saone rivers unite below the town, which lies in a narrow space between, and on both sides of the rivers. It is large, having over two hundred thousand inhabitants, is well built, has numerous large squares—one of them embraces fifteen acres; there are also very many large and fine bridges over each river. The air is, however, somewhat impregnated with coal dust, in consequence of the numerous manufactories. It is the greatest place for silk manufacturing in Europe. It was first established here in 1456, by Italian refugees. The large proprietor, or capitalist, instead of having a number of workmen employed on his own premises, buys the raw material, and gives it out to be manufactured by the weavers, dyers, etc., on their own premises. There are more than thirty-one thousand silk looms.

The morning after arriving being pleasant, I ascended the Heights of Fourvieres, a vast hill across the Rhone, and visible from my hotel. I expected to have a view of Mount

Blanc, distant one hundred miles, up in whose cold heart, as far as "Le Jardin," nine thousand feet high, I was last August. I was disappointed, however, in seeing the monster of mountains, as a slight haze hung over the Rhone. Nevertheless, I had a view of remarkable beauty of the city below me, with its four fronts, on two large and fine rivers, the scores of bridges, great squares, and populous streets. The route up to this point is interesting, as well as the view. Near the base of the hill one passes Roman ruins of a palace in which Caligula and Claudius both were born. On the place is now a hospital for the insane. Then one ascends by extremely zigzag streets, lined, as you approach the top, with numerous shops, in which are sold all kinds of adornments and devices for cemeteries, votive offerings, rosaries, medals, pictures in wax, mementoes of the dead, mottoes and affectionate expressions on them—a sort of street leading to the tomb. On the top is a church to the Virgin, the respect for whom seems almost as great as at Naples. The sides of the church, and every available space, are lined with pictures, shrines, and votive presentations to the Virgin; the number exceeds four thousand. Some of the inscriptions record her miraculous intercession in behalf of the devotees. Part of the hill is terraced, and laid out in walks and gardens. Below it is the Cathedral church. It is interesting to enter the French churches after having seen those of Italy. The Italo-Greek architecture is no more, and there is now in its place the gloomy, religious Gothic. The paintings are not so fine here, and one sees many poor copies of the older and better ones of Italy. The grand, stately Gothic does not admit of so much ornament. But one sees again what is rare in Italy, the dim, holy-looking, painted windows, which, in this church, are fine. There is a rare window, which is peculiarly beautiful. There is, in general, a better-looking class of worshipers in attendance here than in Italy, where

religion is principally in the hands of the lower classes—the highest class using it as an instrument, and the medium class cultivating a deference for it rather than any real reverence. The Catholic religion is more respectable in France than in any other nation. Christianity was introduced into Lyons at a very early period. Polycarp, a disciple of John the Apostle, preached, it is said, in a subterranean vault, which is shown here; and a sort of crypt or well is shown, down which were thrown the bodies of nine thousand Christians, till it overflowed with their blood. The dungeons in which Pothinus, Bishop of Lyons, and Blondina, were confined and tortured in iron chairs, are shown. These events took place toward the close of the second century.

I rambled through Lyons leisurely and desultorily to-day. In scarcely any city in Europe have I seen more female beauty than here. In Prague, perhaps, there was more, for there even the withered old hags looked like fallen angels. I walked along the principal streets, many of which are splendid, and lined with very high houses. Some of the jewelers' shops are scarcely inferior in splendor to those of Paris. One's proximity to Paris begins to be indicated by having *Galignani's* paper of the same day on which it is issued. This is the greatest of all European luxuries to the English or American traveler. It is, I believe, the only paper in English published on the Continent. One sees here, as in all French towns, a great display of the military. That absurd and awkward-looking phenomenon in America, a "muster," seems to be going on here at all times. There are few of those singular, religious processions one meets with in Italy: those funereal, masked, torch-lit, chanting, sandal-shod, hooded rows of probable human beings one sees in Rome. You see here, instead, processions of charity-school children, returning from convents, clapping with their wooden shoes on the pavements

as they pass along. On one of the large squares in Lyons is an equestrian statue, in bronze, of King Louis XV., and on another is a bronze statue of Napoleon, to whom the people were much attached. It represents him in his usual thoughtful appearance, and around it are the names of his victories and the words, "People of Lyons, I love you!" one of his remarks to them, which went directly to the heart.

I left Lyons at nine o'clock at night for a moonlight ride to Paris by railway. The moon was shining brilliantly, and many stars were out in the blue air. We passed through a very long tunnel, immediately after leaving Lyons; then through a succession of little old French towns, sleeping in the moonlight, with their tiled roofs, narrow streets, and star-pointing churches; then over large vine-plantations, wheat fields, etc. At Macon, about forty miles from Lyons, is the point where I diverged last year from this route, going by railway to Seyssel; thence by Diligence to Geneva. The railway has recently been opened the whole way from Paris to Geneva. The appearance of an ancient country like France when riding rapidly through it on a clear moonlit night is enchanting. The distance from Lyons to Paris is three hundred and twenty-six miles; from Marseilles to Lyons the distance is about two hundred and seventy-five miles. The sun arose the next morning from out the sea of Alpine mountains on our right; the Jura chain being near, we soon got into the Valley of the Seine—passed the noble and majestic forests of Fontainebleau, with its Imperial Palace; and about eleven o'clock the familiar scenes of Paris, the towers of Notre Dâme and the heights around the city began to appear in view. The city smiles a welcome on all who come into it. The Embarcation of the railway in the city is a splendid construction. Your baggage is politely examined, and there is no detention. The trunks and all kinds of baggage are laid on large

tables; you open them in presence of the police-officers; they examine them, and return all to you. Notwithstanding all that has been said with regard to the severity of the French passport system, it is a positive relief to the traveler to come into France from Italy. It is your duty to have a passport and have the visa of the French consul; that suffices, and you have no further annoyance. A drive through some of the streets soon brought me to my old quarters (*Hotel Meurice*) in the Rue de Rivoli, fronting on the Tuilleries Gardens. No scene, perhaps, could be more suggestive of gayety and pleasure than entering Paris on a brilliant day, after months spent in the ancient and world-past towns of Italy—the tombs, catacombs, ghostly churches, and buried cities. There all the interest is in the past: in Paris it is in the present: and life, health, beauty, fashion, splendor—all move along rejoicing up and down the Rue de Rivoli, Boulevards, and Champs Elysées, and hold perpetual carnival.

I have been in Paris several days, and expect to remain here some weeks. The city is fast filling up with travelers. It is delightful to meet old fellow travelers, from whose routes our own has diverged, compare notes since parting, and revive the recollections of old scenes and scenery. I have met with several such, and one soon begins to feel at home in Paris. You can find the Paris of the middle ages if you search for it, in the old, crooked, narrow streets; or you can find Roman ruins here too; but Paris is principally the *present*—the light, the superficial, unthinking present! Nothing that I have seen in Europe among the unhappy ruins of Italy, the stately cities of Germany, or the self-satisfied dullness of England, can compare in splendor, beauty, and attractiveness to Paris. The world presents nothing exactly like the Rue de Rivoli, the Boulevard Madeleine, the Boulevard des Italiens, the Boulevard des Capuchins, the Champs Elysées, or the Promenades of the

Bois du Bologne, to say nothing of the "Jardin Mabille," and many other places like the latter kind. I have revisited the Louvre. After having seen the great galleries of Italy, one is better prepared to explore it, though in several things—as ancient sculpture—it is very far behind both the Vatican and Capitol Galleries of Rome and the Sculpture Gallery of the Museo Borbonico of Naples. In painting it is also behind many galleries in Rome, to say nothing of the Vatican and several in Germany. Yet it is a gladness to see those miles of stately buildings inclosing great court-yards, and ascend those grand staircases to the various museums. Then it is a relief to have no petty fees demanded, and not to be enveloped in beggars. I have seen but few beggars on returning to France: it is not allowed by law at all. A few, however, will beg, as a kind of prescriptive right; and the police do not interfere with a few favorite, ancient, and venerable beggars, who, if they were not allowed to beg, would perhaps not condescend to live. Nor are you here annoyed by petty Guide-Book vendors. If your air and appearance indicate that you do not know "what is what," on a sudden sundry annoyances, in both these latter-mentioned forms, may assault you. France is probably at the present time the best governed country in the world. Those disagreeable people called the English, with their coarse, new, badly-fitting clothes, do not need half the government the light and volatile French do. Enlist their pride in any thing, let them get a little accustomed to it, and no further government is needed. The despotism you hear of in France you do not see when you are there. It is true you see a vast number of soldiers at all times; but what could they make a living at if they were not soldiers? Every art, trade, profession and business is already overcrowded. It is their livelihood; they are consumers, and create a market for the industry of others. When our country is as populous as France, and

the aboriginal forests of the West and South cease to afford scope and space for redundant and restless people, we may find the creation of a standing army no bad substitute. People should not argue from our present to our future. They should argue from the youth of former nations to our youth, and from their old age to our old age—from what has been to what shall be, since nations pass through the same historic process. There was a time when Greece and Rome were as free as we are, or ever were. A good government, both in theory and practice, as ours is, is as bad, in the hands of corrupt, contemptible, dishonest, mean men, as a tyrannical government in theory when administered by wise, judicious and honest rulers. The mean, ignorant and vicious office-holders, the corrupt, pandering, sap-headed simpletons who go to Congress and the State Legislatures, would drag down any Government on earth; and ours is only kept up because supported and freighted by an Almighty destiny. It has also the inherent vitality of youth and the attachments to the better age and better people of the Revolution. We did not rush unadvisedly into existence on the Fourth of July, 1776, announcing as our first utterance, that "All men were born free and equal." Other people also knew a few things before that; and it was no news to the world to hear it. It is not an unwise thing to catch a few beams from the lighthouses that glimmer over the ocean of the past, both to render us a little more modest about our present and a little more careful about our future. Our real greatness is in our Protestant diffusion of the Bible, in our giving homes to all nations, in our civilizing and improving the African race, in driving off and exterminating the unimprovable Indian races, and reclaiming lands useless for ages, and in giving to the world an experiment of a government deriving its right from the consent of the governed; and our dangers will result from Protestant priestcraft, and corruption in office,

getting the people disgusted with the government. As long as this is enshrined in the hearts of the people, it may defy faction within and war without, though aided and abetted by all the devils in hell.

One sees in Paris a rather singular kind of democracy. The present emperor is trying to humble the old *noblesse*. Therefore they are reduced in style, not much connected with the state, and many of them become poor. The nobility of the empire have neither blood nor antecedents beyond the last few years, arising, like the first Napoleon, and light itself, from the majesty of chaotic nothing. As the former are made democratic in reality by poverty and neglect, and the latter by truth and memory, a rather equivocal state of society arises, and the worn-out, and superannuated blood, and weak elegance of manners, is supplanted by a fresh infusion of families, and a rough strength, the legacy and result of the Revolution. Yesterday I saw a white and pretty lady, arm in arm, walking with a black woman. I saw a negro boy in one of the great galleries here, taking copies of the old masters—not exactly of “ole massa,” however. Like the Catholic religion, the French know no distinction of color.

To-day, March 23d, I walked through the Louvre Museum, going first into part of the Gallery of Paintings, where I saw many interesting and fine paintings of the French school, which is more florid and factitious, and not so intense and elegant in its scope, nor so profound and original in delineation as the Italian. The French are a greater people, but the Italians have produced greater men, including Napoleon Bonaparte, who was descended from an old Italian family, descendants of whom live now in Florence. In the portraiture of feelings Italians are of course utterly unrivalled. For us, Americans, we are a nation of poets, painters, sculptors and artists; but have never yet produced a poet, painter, sculptor, or artist. I saw several

paintings suggestive of actual landscape scenes in Italy, which I have beheld. I walked also into the Egyptian Gallery. This is really quite extensive, and perhaps more interesting than any other in Europe of this kind. How remarkable the coloring on those stone or wooden sarcophagi after four thousand years have passed, having existed two-thirds of the entire lapse of time! The hieroglyphics on the stone coffins, and the mummies in them, are curious and hideous. It is old, dead, passed away Egypt, with gods, idols and worshipers come out upon the present. In the Louvre there is an old hall, with oak carvings on the panels—ancient armor of many French kings—all old, kingly and dead. There is here a fine portrait of Louis XIV., with a kind of wearisome satiety on the countenance—as if to say royalty was not enough. There are presents here from many Popes to the kings. Next to this is the Hall of the old Napoleon, where are many mementoes of him—the old military hat he wore at St. Helena, which is indeed a “shocking bad hat;” there is his small camp-bed, on which he lay after many a battle; there is also a gray coat, perforated with bullets in some places; there is his large gold watch; and there are many other mementoes of the man that made the empire: saddles from Turkish kings; mathematical instruments used by him; state robes, etc., used by the Man of Destiny in his grandeur. Then I entered halls with a collection of paintings of the very life-like Dutch school. I saw what I consider an inferior copy of Leonardo da Vinci’s “Last Supper,” the original of which I saw at Milan. It is not near so good as the half-defaced original. The face of the Saviour lacks the majestic dignity of the never-equalled original, and some of the Apostles do not seem to have the same attitudes. Perhaps the copyist expected to improve on the original! Then into many apartments, containing a collection of the finest lithographs in the world, with models in plaster of ancient Greek and

Roman statuary, the originals in Italy. The Louvre must have been a wonderful collection of art, when it contained the great originals, both of painting and sculpture, stolen by the Emperor from conquered Italy and Germany. These were all restored on his downfall in 1815. Then I went into many halls, containing many sketches, drawings and cartoons, by celebrated masters. These halls are well warmed with fires, very different from the cold galleries of Rome, with only an iron brazier filled with ignited charcoal sitting in the centre of the marble floor. Then I went into another part of the Picture Gallery, where the best pictures are—especially the real gem of the Louvre, Murillo's celebrated painting of the "Immaculate Conception"—a work before which to pause. There is an innocence, a lofty serenity, a holiness, in that almost girlish face, with an expression of a deep destiny, that one does not see even in the Madonnas of Raphael. It is probably the finest painting in the Louvre, which is saying a great deal, for there are many by Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Many of the faces of the latter seem to me borrowed from the same original. There are also many by Domenichino, Titian, Rubens, Guido Reni, Poussin. The number of paintings in the Louvre is nearly two thousand, consisting of the Italian, Spanish, German, Holland and French schools. Not a single English painting (if there is such a thing) is in it. There are numbers of ladies and gentlemen, tourists, in those splendid galleries and rooms at all times, (or from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., every day except Monday,) as in last summer, for the course of the world is ever onward, and in the same beaten directions. At twelve o'clock there is a grand parade in the court-yard of the Tuileries Palace, which is separated by a high railing from the great square or *place* inclosed by the Louvre, and the lateral buildings connecting it with the Tuileries. The Imperial Guard is then changed, and one can see the splendid and imposing appearance of the French empire's

sustainers. The special guard of the Palace consists of about five hundred men, in splendid uniforms; the music is very fine and the scene is imposing. This side in front of the Tuileries is the finest. You see here one of Napoleon's Triumphal Arches, rather interesting in itself, but not much after one has seen the decayed marble ones of Rome in their venerable age and historic grandeur. Passing along the Rue de Rivoli to-day, about twelve o'clock, I saw an advance guard of perhaps thirty mounted lancers; then came a plain, black, close carriage, with outriders. Through the window, however, could be seen the Prince Imperial, a rather pale, *noticing*, handsome boy of about two years old, sitting on his nurse's knees; then came the rear guard of thirty or forty men, galloping, and the brilliant cortege passed down the Rue de Rivoli toward the Bois du Boulogne, where the Prince is sent every day to take the air. Royalty is a splendid thing; and the present grand Imperial Government, with the strong will of Louis Bonaparte behind it, backed with five hundred thousand bayonets, and the glory of the old, dead Napoleon, is a better thing than that antiquated, dull, Bourbon, or Orleans dynasty.

To-day I have been leisurely strolling through Paris. The day is soft and pleasant, though not so warm as in Naples—this being considerably further north. Here is the gay Boulevard des Italiens, with its very wide and crowded banquettes, with rows of trees between them and the streets, which are crowded with carriages. It is interesting to see the elegantly dressed human life rolling along these streets, and promenading the banquettes, the gay shops blazing with jewels, or articles of interest and taste, pictures, etc., with pretty women as the clerks. Paris is well called the paradise of women and the hell of men. Then near this is the beautiful and stately church, the Madeleine, looking like an ancient Greek Temple, with its peristyle of Corinthian columns around it. Then I cross one of the bridges over

the Seine, and walk through old Paris—the Paris of the Louises—and next I came to the gardens of the Luxembourg Palace. The grounds are very extensive, though in the heart of the ancient city; there are stately trees waiting to bloom; there are long walks and drives, bordered with fine statues; there are play-grounds for the children and the schools of this quarter of the city; there are fountains, old convent walls, and in front rises the multiform building with its yellowish cut-stone compartments, its courts and corridors, before each of which stands a guard. You enter; it has a fine collection of modern French paintings that only want several centuries of age to be considered very fine. I strolled through the rooms, till I grew weary. I saw them all last year, and though these lack the profundity of the old masters, they are well worthy of careful study. Near these grounds is the spot on which Marshal Ney was shot, as a traitor. He told the platoon of soldiers to fire at his heart, and stood without moving a feature. There is rather a florid monument over the place, erected since the Napoleons came back into power, that describes his titles and virtues. The Marshal, as well as many others, was irresistibly impelled by his feelings to join the Emperor on his return from Elba, in 1815, and to his old feelings of attachment sacrificed the oath he had taken to the Bourbon dynasty. It is to him is due the credit of any members of the Grand Army that invaded Russia in 1812, getting back to France.

The square enclosed by the wings of the “Palais Royal,” is one of the pleasantest places in Paris. The palace itself is inhabited, at present, by Jerome Bonaparte, the uncle of the present Emperor, and the survivor alone of the brothers of Napoleon, and whose posterity will be next in succession to the French throne, if no descendants should survive Louis Napoleon. It is part of the property of the Orleans family, which was confiscated by the present emperor. The

wings of the palace were let out as shops during the reign of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," in the French Revolution, which they continue to be at present, consisting of splendid jewelers' shops, restaurants, cafés, etc. etc.; and any one can dine in a royal palace here, as I have often done, for four or five francs. In the open space are promenades, fountains, trees, music; and the scene is interesting here on pleasant afternoons. The Place de la Concorde, however, which intervenes between the Tuileries Gardens and the Champs Elysées, is regarded by some as the most beautiful square in the world. It has two grand fountains, which send vast quantities of water through and among fine statues; there is an Egyptian obelisk, brought from Luxor, in Egypt, and there are allegoric statues of French cities around. On the place where the Obelisk now stands, stood the dreadful Guillotine of the "Reign of Terror," where the king and two thousand eight hundred of the victims of the Revolution were beheaded. All around here now, however, is splendid as a bright dream of beauty. Above are the Tuileries Gardens, the trees of which, principally elm, are not yet in leaf. It is a vast space, inclosed by high and tasteful iron railings, with gates at various places, where are stationed guards, who admit every one from eight in the morning till nine at night. They notice all who come in, as you can approach the entrance to the Palace, where the imperial family at present reside—the private or reserved garden of which is separated from the public gardens by only a low railing; and within this reserved space the Prince Imperial often exercises with his nurses, and the Emperor and Empress walk. There are statues, and fountains, and elegantly kept flower-gardens within the inclosure, and lofty elms, which afford a secluded promenade. There are some seats on which to sit, and very many chairs, which are kept by old women, and let

out at one sou each. It is a grand resort in the pleasant, sunny afternoons, for promenaders, children, nurses.

To-day, Thursday, March 25th, with a friend, I leave Paris by the Northern Railway, which brings us in a few minutes after into a well-cultivated and garden-like country in the environs of the city, to St. Denis, a village within a few miles of Paris, which looks as if thoroughly finished ages ago—royal, dull, and drowsy. Yet here is the great Abbey of St. Denis, in the crypts of which the kings of France were buried for twelve hundred years, or up to the time of the French Revolution, when the long range of Royal Tombs was rifled—the French Republican Convention having decreed their destruction. Fifty-one tombs were opened and demolished in three days, and the bones of kings, queens and princes, in every stage of decay, were thrown in a heap into two trenches dug outside the church. The royal corpses were subjected to every species of malignant insult—this, after lying in sullen, and grim, and royal repose, as they were deposited, in succession, since the year A. D. 580. After this desecration, Napoleon intended fitting it up as a place of interment for the princes of his family; and it is said the present Emperor intends carrying out his design; and thus is not hasty in ordering the completion of the Tomb of Napoleon, now in the Church of the Invalides. When the Bourbons were restored in 1815, the confused remains of Royal bones were indiscriminately collected and buried under the High Altar of the church. It is a Gothic building, in the pointed style, and has two beautiful towers. You enter and see the rows of Gothic columns, each column composed of many others. The stained glass windows, which surround the church, look like sections of the “Holy City.” All is church-like, solemn, serious, stately, kingly. Each window is a holy legend, told in light, which reduplicates itself on the stone floor. Its appearance reminds one of Westminster Abbey. There

are many cenotaphs here, or empty tombs, being mere monuments, the dead being buried elsewhere or lost. Those of Louis XII. and Francis I. are fine, each monarch lying in sculptured marble, like a corpse, on the bier—ghostly, ghastly. The arches are all Gothic, like two clasped hands raised in prayer. The Church is in the usual European style of a Latin cross, with two side aisles, separated from the nave by rows of columns. The Swiss sacristan, who struts about in uniform, comes in and shows us the curiosities. This small altar, or painting, he will tell you is of the eighth century; that carving of the ninth, tenth, or eleventh; that rose on this or that window is of such an age. Napoleon caused such and such a restoration to be made, and so on. All the good that can possibly be attributed to the first Napoleon, he is sure to get the credit of in the reign of his nephew. If the Bourbons were on the throne, how different would be the statement! There is a great deal of human nature in man, as sagely remarks some wise-acre. Then he unlocks the iron doors, and leads us down (by this time we are a large party, and there are several very pretty French girls, the beautiful living among the ghastly dead) into the dark, cold crypt, and see the tombs of French kings for more than a thousand years. Each lies, like a corpse, in marble, on his own tomb. The monuments being fine works of art, were preserved by the fierce, atheistic republicans who rifled the tombs. There are here the tombs of St. Louis, Dagobert, Clovis, Childebert. We walked all around the crypt—a party of the living among the dead. In one part of the crypt is a dark, narrow, iron-railed apartment, never opened or showed. This is the sad receptacle of the dishonored kingly remnants. In lieu of the sacrilege committed on them, they have now the most sacred place directly under the high altar. The disasters that have befallen the Capet line of monarchs, who ruled France for nearly one thousand years, have been tre-

mendous, as their past glory was splendid. The proud, poor things, that once reigned, enjoyed life, and passed away into dust and death, appear here sad enough. This, as well as many of the other fine churches of France, was greatly injured by the insane atheists of the French Revolution in their crusade against God.

We returned to Paris by rail in the evening. Paris is a picture. Every thing in it is addressed to the eye. The shops are in the windows and the people in the streets, and their homes are the cafés and restaurants; and life is all public. How lovely is all this scene of city, or this scenic city in these moonlights! The carriages are always moving up and down the arcaded Rue de Rivoli as if it were a perpetual carnival in Paris; the turreted Tuileries is seen over the great elm trees; and the long lines of gas-lights mingle their brighter light with the moon's softer radiance. Such a scene would do to look on in memory—even from another world. To-day I visited the Imperial Library, in the Rue (or street) Richelieu. It is a vast building, to which some modern additions, in an excellent style of architecture, are now making by the present Emperor. It is high time there were modern men, like him, on all the crumbling, superannuated thrones in Europe to energize those supine governments, and convince them the present can be as good as any past. The number of books here is very great. They are arranged on shelves, in many large apartments, and consist of works of all ages. Bibles there are numerous, and of very rare editions—some of the first editions printed. There are specimens of the first printed works, in various kinds of type, in different cities, showing the improvements in the art of printing up to the present day. There is here also the great Zodiac of stone representing the constellations as they are represented in modern days. It came from Egypt, and is four thousand years old. It shows the astronomical knowledge of the ancients. There

are many other Egyptian curiosities here. The Louvre being a collection of many museums, one can always revisit it with pleasure. There is a Marine Museum here, in which are very many models of French ships of war; also, models of the principal French ports, and interesting national naval relics. In the Louvre there is also a Gallery of Sculpture—the works of the middle ages, and many models in plaster of celebrated tombs in various churches, some unfinished statues by Michael Angelo, and some great works by French sculptors. There is also a Gallery of Ancient Sculpture here, though it is inferior to several in Rome. Some of these were found among the Roman ruins of Arles, Nismes, and other places. The Gallery of Egyptian Sculpture is a wonderful place: the great granite idols, cat-headed men and man-headed lions, and curious chimeras, the hieroglyphical sarcophagi, and the peculiar-looking idols of those singular people. The Assyrian and Nineveh collection is also extraordinary, and shows the breadth of mind, the manners and purposes of the ancients in these sculptured granite works. There is also a curious collection of American Antiquities, found in South America. In short, it is very evident that people lived before we did, that great works were done, great people passed away, and that there is nothing new under the sun. The fine weather still continues, and the full tide of pleasure rolls up and down the Rue de Rivoli, the most splendidly gay street in the world; then along the Champs Elysées, and out by the Triumphal Arch to the Bois de Boulogne—all appears as a surfeit of splendor. The Arch of Triumph, begun by Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz, but not finished till 1836, is a grand structure. It is probably larger than any of the old marble ones I saw in Rome. It has a great deal of statuary about it, the names of ninety-six of the victories of the “Grand Army,” and the names of three hundred and eighty-four generals. On one side of the Champs Elysées is the Palace of Industry.

It is at present shut. It is an immense quadrangle building of stone, covered with a net-work of iron frames, in which are inserted glass plates, by means of which the interior is admirably lighted. Around the frieze on the outside are the names of men eminent in the industrial arts, among which I noticed the names of Franklin and Fulton.

To-day, I visited the church of St. Eustatia, one of the finest in Paris. It is an immense structure with two side-aisles of lofty columns; it has high windows with fine painted glass; it is in the style of the Greek cross, like St. Mark's at Venice, and looks very imposing outside and in. To-day I saw the Emperor and Empress, and the Prince Imperial. They, with some ladies, were out in the reserved garden of the Tuileries, separated from the public gardens by a low iron railing. The Emperor was plainly dressed, and without any decoration, in an ordinary gentleman's suit, over which was a black overcoat. He smoked a cigar and played with the little Prince, who had a little wagon, shovel, and wooden horse. It presented the appearance of a pleasant, happy domestic scene. The Emperor amused the child by putting gravel into a basket, which the child poured out as fast as he put it in. Then he showed him how to shovel the gravel into his wagon. Then he and the Empress, who was looking on and enjoying the scene, walked up and down the garden-path in front of the palace several times, the Emperor taking off his hat to the sentinels on guard stationed at various distances along the palace, who presented arms as he passed. The Empress is a very graceful and pretty woman,—rather tall. She wears a vast crinoline. The Emperor is not tall nor very graceful in appearance, but rather stout and broad-shouldered, fierce and reticent in appearance. To-day, I also visited Notre Dâme, the most interesting church in the city, with its two great towers, and its numerous statues and pictures in stone all around its principal entrance,—all Gothic, Catholic and

middle aged. It is on the island in the Seine, the nucleus of the old city. St. Chappelle is not far from this, a most beautiful double little church, one church over the other, the upper having most beautiful windows of stained glass. The church is in the pointed Gothic style, and looks like a gem (it is principally modern) among the ancient houses around. Its spire ascends to a great height. I saw, also, the Palace of Justice and the works of the new Boulevert, that of Sebastopol, one of the works with which the present Emperor is piercing old Paris in all directions,—whereby, in case of insurrection, he can bring his artillery and armies to operate,—and thus destroy the old narrow streets, the secret haunts of rebellion, and in which, being very crooked, no troops or cannon could deploy. By means of these new and broad avenues, he can bring all parts of the city in connection with the forts around the city, and thus repress insurrection in a moment, he being well aware that if he can rule Paris he can rule France. Some of the bridges over the Seine in this part of Paris, near the Tower of St. Jaques and the Hotel de Ville, present views of extreme variety and interest, the city here wearing an appearance of solid and compact grandeur, and something of the old and almost Oriental is visible in the bizarre architecture. I have also visited the Garden of Plants. The Museums here are unsurpassed in the world. It is an immense enclosure, surrounded by iron railings with various entrances. Some of the gates are overgrown with ivy, presenting a pleasant appearance. There are very many evergreens in it, and beautiful walks around the cages of the animals, and conservatories of the flowers and plants. Birds also sing among the branches, and it is a delightful resort. I saw an oak two hundred and forty-nine years old, and a cedar, four hundred and fifty-nine years old. The Geological and Mineralogical collections are in a large building here, and are regarded as the finest in the world. There are speci-

mens of all minerals, aerolites, earths. The preserved botanical specimens are of all climates, African and Pacific. Another very large building here is the Museum of Natural History, a collection of animals, skins of all Orders and Varieties of animated nature, stuffed so as to counterfeit life. Then into another Museum, containing skeletons of all animals, sea and land,—mummies, Egyptian and Peruvian monsters, preserved in spirits, some of these utterly horrible: also skeletons and skulls of the various races of men; anthropological preparations in wax of all the various viscera. Man is a hideous animal when dead or malformed.

To-day, we visited (travelers—Americans especially—soon make up traveling parties) the Bois du Boulogne—or Woods of Boulogne—which consist of extensive grounds just outside the Barrière de l'Etoile—a gate near the Triumphal Arch—laid out in avenues, walks, flower-gardens, groves, etc., in the most admirable manner. There are several hundreds of acres of these ornamental pleasure-grounds, and it is the great resort in fine weather for driving, riding, or walking. All Paris comes out here to take the air. There are several small lakes with pleasure-boats, walks, borders adorned with flowers, white and graceful swans float on the calm waters; there are artificial cataracts which you can go under, and artificial ruins which you cannot explore. A part of the grounds is enclosed, and within it you find reservoirs of water, in which are beautiful gold fish; also theatres, restaurants, and splendid bands of music. This being the commencement of the Feast of Prè Catelan, there were great crowds, and I heard some fine music sweeping by like a chorus of lost angels. The route by the railway is very pleasant, the roadside being bordered with flowers in bloom, and ornamented with ivy. But again to the Hotel des Invalides and the Tomb of Napoleon. You go under the grand dome of the church, walking on its marble floor, and ascending a few steps to the left, in a

recess of the church, you gaze on the black coffin containing the ashes of him who commanded in fifty pitched battles. His hat and sword are under a glass case near, and around stand numerous flags gained in his battles, the names of his great victories, Austerlitz, Wagram, etc., and the letter "N." for Napoleon, are also engraved in various places around. Immediately under the dome is the great circular crypt, with the red Finland granite sarcophagus, in which the body is to be placed. The High Altar back of the crypt is a splendid piece of workmanship, not unlike in style that of St. Peter's in Rome. Through the painted windows and the thin plates of alabaster, falls the yellow light, like an incessant shower of strange daylight. In the rear, are the tombs of Bertrand and Duroc, reposing near their master. Their tombs are in a chaste style, with no inscription but "Bertrand" on the one, and "Duroc" on the other. These were majestic men. Then at the extreme of the crypt, under the altar, are the simple and touching words from Napoleon's will: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so well." In the chapel adjoining, you see a vast number of flags riddled and torn with bullets, taken in the battles of Napoleon from many nations; and here are interred the hearts of many generals and counts of the first empire, with inscriptions respecting the battles they were in. One of them I noticed was in nearly all the battles of Napoleon, and the pompous enumeration closed with "Glory to God." The hotel is the hospital for superannuated soldiers, who, fat and lame, go about, act as guides, sell you pamphlets, mount guard about the Emperor's tomb, and relieve their post. One of them, Santini, a Corsican, has a little room near the tomb: he is its guardian. He looks exactly like a dog in his kennel; and no wonder, for with that noble animal's attachment did he serve Napoleon, being with him both at Elba and St. Helena. It is

a proud thing for these old soldiers that there is a Napoleon III.

Yesterday, April 2d, being Good Friday, the Catholic churches are all occupied with dramatic representations of the mystic scenes of Redemption. In St. Roch, a fine church which I entered, there was, behind the altar, a scenic representation of Calvary, a rocky, blasted-looking hill, surmounted with a cross, above which were dark clouds, and around the base of which were beautiful flowers. This, as well as some other curious recesses, into which one could see, had ghostly representations of a dead Christ in marble or wax, and was bloody and awful-looking; and seen by the light of innumerable small tapers, produce an imposing effect, and are gazed at by the Catholics with great devotional unction.

We revisit Prè Catelan these days, in the Bois Boulogne—all the world goes there—it is the great resort of the Parisians and foreigners. Foreign noblemen, with splendid coaches and six horses, and several out-riders in livery; curious vehicles, costumes; all the means that ingenuity can invent to exhaust wealth are there. The English nobility are here in great numbers at present with brilliant coats of arms on the panels of their carriages, indicating their rank. Many of them are also on horseback, riding the most splendid, well-trained, and elegant horses to be seen anywhere in the world. The broad avenue of the Champs Elysées is crowded with carriages—a stream of them on one side passing up, on the other down. They collect from all parts of the city to the Place de la Concorde, concentrate into the avenue, pass down it, about a mile long, then disembogue at the triumphal arch, or Barrière de l'Etoile, or the "Star Barrier," called thus because from it roads branch off in all directions like star rays. After irradiating the beautiful grounds of Bois Boulogne, they return to the city. All

come out to see and to be seen—which two chapters absorb Parisian life. It is a promiscuous throng certainly, for amidst such imperial and titled magnificence are doubtless as many gamblers, swindlers, thieves, prostitutes as in any other large crowd. But nothing of that appears on the surface. All are equal that can ride in a splendid carriage.

The Champs Elysées, or Elysian Fields, are on each side of the avenue, consisting of extensive grounds planted with fine trees, having several out-door theatres, with an enclosure in front, furnished with seats and small tables before them. In the evening these are splendidly illuminated with fantastic gas-lights, and on a platform are seated elegantly-dressed dancing-girls, who sing, and represent various caricatures, while you sit and sip your wine or ice-cream, or indulge in that most universal of all luxuries, a cup of French coffee. Those not within the railing can enjoy the music and the scene gratis, and you only pay for your refreshments, of which you are always expected to partake. There are several of these places, besides any number of retail or traveling amusements moving about. All tastes can be gratified here, and the whole art of amusement is exhausted.

The crowd promenade about, or sit on the iron chairs alongside of the avenue. You pay a sou for a seat. About three in the afternoon, the cortege of the Prince Imperial sweeps by, when the crowd tend toward the avenue to see him. He has some fifty or more lancers on horseback as his guard. They go out to the Bois Boulogne, and he amuses himself in a small, rural chateau, like any other child. Later in the evening the Empress comes along, leaving the Palace of the Tuileries. As she passes she bows to all who take off their hats to her, and she appears to be regarded with great affection and is personally popular, which the Emperor is not. She is a very pretty woman; but looks unhappy. Later in the evening

the Emperor rides out, with only two horses to his carriage, which he drives himself, and without any escort. He has generally one or two servants behind him in the carriage, and some friend sitting by his side. All take off their hats to him, and he bows, but with rather a reserve. He appears to see every thing and every person. As he approaches, the police, who are everywhere, draw near the corners of the avenue where he is to pass, and salute him. He does not drive furiously, but calmly, and sometimes, if there is a crowd of carriages, waits a little for them to clear away. He is evidently not afraid of any thing, and thinks his destiny encompasses him as a shield.

On Easter Sunday, there is of course a great crowd in all the Catholic churches. This is the time to be in Rome, for on a given signal, St. Peter's is illuminated in about four seconds from top to bottom—that is on the night preceding Easter—said to be one of the grandest sights in the world. I was at Notre Dâme, where High Mass was celebrated, which began by chanting, then the two grand organs took up some of the parts at various distances, which had a grand effect. There were many persons there, and the church is very grand and Gothic; but the effect is diminished by the painting of the interior of the church, which is yellow, and unsuited in its general gaudy appearance to such a scene. At the Church of the Madeleine (originally designed by Napoleon, it is said, to be a temple to Fame,) which is remarkable among all the modern buildings of the world for its splendid Greek architecture—there was a splendid display of music at Vespers. Paris is, in general, not really so well built as London, taking both cities in general; but London has no streets as fine as the Rue de Rivoli or the Boulevards, nor any chateaux like Tuileries, nor any parks like Champs Elysées, nor has it the middle-age grandeur of some parts of Paris. The horse-chestnuts in the Tuileries gardens are being clad in the fresh, young, deli-

cious verdure of spring, and over their summits rise the graceful-pointed spires of various churches.

To-day, Monday, April 5th, was the ceremony of the inauguration of the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, which is one of the works of the present Emperor. Large military detachments, guards of the city of Paris, and regiments, paraded up and down the streets, taking stations at different points. The crowd was tremendous—there seemed to be men by the million. The Emperor, with a brilliant cortege of Marshals of France, all on horseback, and attended by an escort, went through the whole length of the new, broad, straight street which penetrates the heart of old Paris, inflicting dreadful devastation on those narrow, crooked streets, which Eugene Sue delighted to describe in his "Mysteries of Paris." The Empress, in her carriage, bowed courteously to all—the Emperor seemed rather demure and imperious. The Emperor has not enough cordiality and heart in his composition to be popular. He is able, but he lacks the *bonhomie* of Napoleon I. The one was adapted to found a throne, the other to conserve it. There were numerous flag-staffs at various distances along the streets, from which waved many flags, making a grand display. To-day I have visited several churches, one St. Eustatia, a fine church, where I heard part of a "Stabat Mater," one of Rossini's sublime compositions. The old composer, the greatest now living, resides in Paris, in a house near one of the Boulevards. It sounded as if the strains came from heaven. I also visited San Germain des Prés, with its columns, corridors, choirs, tombs, painted windows, carved pulpits. It is the oldest church perhaps in the city, being founded by Childebert, son and successor of Clovis, the first Christian King of France, A. D. 542. Such a date however or such an age does not astonish one who has gazed at Etruscan cities in Italy three thousand years old, and on the Phœnician ruins of Cumæ.

A most grave question, doubtless, frequently obtrudes itself on the mind of the Emperor Napoleon. Europe is the world—America may be, but is not now—Asia and Africa have been, but are not now—and in this world of Europe are but two parties: the party of the past and the party of progress—the party of the people and the party of the potentates. The question is, “Which shall rule?” The Dynasties at present rule, and are in favor of the past, and satisfied with the present, and desire no change. The great people are, however, moving like a volcanic power from beneath. The spirit of Liberty is brooding over the ocean of humanity. All people are getting ready to be free and govern themselves. Some must ascend to it through convulsions; but there is no step backward. The battle of the world will be fought in Italy. There are people in Europe who are slaves without knowing it—the Italians know it, and its iron is in their hearts; but they want a man. The French Revolution was no failure. The French governing power has been elective ever since, excepting during the Restoration of the Bourbons. No matter whether despotic or not, if people elect a despot, they have the right to do so. The single feature that Europe seeks, is not to have a good government, but to have a government, no matter of what kind, which they make for themselves. People will smile under a ton of despotism, if they make it themselves, when they would groan under an ounce of despotism imposed on them contrary to their consent.

This is the great work of the world. The American Revolution inaugurated it—the old Napoleon arose and reigned in consequence of it, and fell the moment he committed the tremendous *faux pas* of forsaking the people, and allying himself with dynastied despotism. The present man takes up the long prostrate mission of the Napoleonic family. Should he espouse the popular cause—should he

co-operate with reformable dynasties, as that of England and Russia—should he assist in the destruction of those who reign by blood only, and not by consent, he will be the exponent of the age—he will live and prosper. Should he not, he will simply achieve an unparalleled historic damnation. But will he? He will. His “thirty years of misery,” to which he alludes in some of his former writings, were no useless apprenticeship to a throne. The temptations around him are tremendous, and seduced the genius of his uncle, but they will not overcome the cool and passionless sense of the nephew, who has learned a lesson most astonishing to European kings, that the good of their people is also the greatest good of the ruling powers.

I have procured the requisite visas to my passport preparatory to leaving Europe—the police visa of Paris, which cost nothing, and the visa of the American Consul at Paris, which cost one dollar. To most Americans it appears somewhat strange that our Consuls, who receive a salary from our own government, should be permitted to annoy travelers by charging for their signature to a passport this amount, which, though small in itself, amounts to a considerable sum in the aggregate of a long travel. Mr. Mason, our minister here, to whom I was introduced, is a corpulent, comfortable, well-to-do looking old gentleman, with a complaisant opinion about himself and of matters and things in general.

To-day we visited Versailles, the residence of the old French kings anterior to the Revolution, a most splendidly useless investment of, it is said, two hundred millions of dollars. It is about sixteen miles from Paris, and is reckoned the most imposing and splendid royal residence in Europe, with its stately grounds and unequalled jets of water, fountains, lakes, gardens, parks. It is not used as a royal residence now, being converted into a museum for all the glories of France. It was begun by Louis XIV., in

1661. It is said he did not like San Germain, another royal residence, because from it could be seen the spires of St. Denis, the royal burying-grounds. Approaching the palace, which is on a gentle eminence near the city of Versailles, now much reduced, containing however forty thousand inhabitants, though in the kingly times it had one hundred thousand, one enters a great stone-paved court-yard, surrounded by statues; in the centre a splendid equestrian one of Louis XIV., in bronze; we then enter grand old rooms, full of great pictures of battles, wars, sieges; then into corridors and halls of statues, in plaster, of tombs, kings, saints, cardinals; again into halls of paintings of old French battles, the rooms all most splendid, pavements of cement or marble. You see effigies of kings lying dead in plaster—vain mortals trying to perpetuate features and form after death. These were the men of the middle ages and of the Crusades, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and this is the place amidst these stony representations of their forms, tombs, architecture, etc., to study the history of earth's bloody past. Then into many grand rooms, full of interesting paintings. Liveried domestics or guards are in each room. After this into other rooms having *statues* of French kings, kneeling some—some standing—some in action as once—but all dead and famous now—poor human things that wanted to be immortal in marble. Then into other marble halls on the second floor, great statues of Charles Martel, Charlemagne, and many queens, lovely-looking things. After this again into other halls of paintings, tapestry, the latter fading—nothing but mosaic is imperishable; then into rooms of more modern paintings, one of the siege of Rome in 1849, which is remarkable—the blue-gunpowder kind of light about it is finely executed. The unfortunate old city ought to be left to moulder in her grand desolation, and not have so modern a thing as gunpowder about it. Some of these paintings are very large.

One representing the retreat from Moscow is very fine—Marshal Ney among the snows, and surrounded by frozen and perishing dead, is sublime. Then I saw many paintings of French revolutionary scenes. Napoleon in many battles as general, and finally as Emperor in his coronation robes; Josephine, and also Maria Louisia as Empress.

I ascended another flight of stairs, where I entered rooms of portraits, of very many historic characters, that of Franklin, where are also statues in wood,—English, French, and Etruscan views. From the windows here, are splendid views over the parks around the palace; the elegantly arranged and aged trees, the avenues, lakes, walks, gardens; all a vastness and kingly loveliness, a profusion of the beautiful; but all apparently going to neglect, for even the exchequer of Louis Napoleon is scarcely sufficient to keep up, and in order, this monstrous extravagance of the Bourbon family. There are a great many rooms here of portraits. I heard the lonesome old clock strike the hour of twelve—a sort of wonder—for it is a very fussy, ingenious clock. It was made by King Louis XVI., who would have made, had he not been born a king, one of the first blacksmiths of the age. He was the king who assisted us in the Revolution, and who perished so miserably on the guillotine on the Place de la Concorde. Many of the portraits represent very formal personages; others, ladies, perfectly beautiful—woman, that “lovely, harmless thing,” being well represented. After this, into many other halls with fine historical paintings, many of them Napoleonic scenes; then I saw the beautiful chapel in the palace, in which the old kings of France heard service. I saw their seats, the beautiful paintings on the ceilings, and the grand altar; then into the room where King Louis XIV. died. I saw the bed remaining now as then; then into many and most grand halls of vast size: splendor, gold, gilding, elegance, mirrors, paintings, statues, etc., ball-rooms, dining

rooms, every thing that art, taste, and wealth could do, was here. Where are Louis XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI. *now*? After this, into halls of all the French kings, from Pharamond down to the present Emperor, extending over a space of 1300 years; pictures, or assumed pictures of them, some of them of course deduced from coins or the likeness imaginary; then into many halls of all the Marshals of France—these are grand halls of grim warriors, looking mighty from the canvas. Then into many halls of kings, queens, and members of various royal families in Europe, and several of our Presidents; and there are two of George Washington, who was a Marshal of France, created one that the Count de Rochambeau might serve under him. Windsor Palace is a small hunting-lodge compared with Versailles. These paintings are all of first-rate excellence by the best French masters; though all are, of course, inferior to those of the Italian masters of the middle ages, lacking the something under the canvas the grand old masters could give. The palace consists of several wings and façades. Up to the period of the Revolution, it was the constant residence of the French kings. During the Revolution, part of it—as also the Tuileries more recently—was converted into a hospital. Each day augments the riches of this splendid Museum. I then walked through the grounds around the palace, consisting of many acres, and containing two other splendid palaces, built for the mistresses of Louis XIV. The Orangery of the garden here is considered the finest in Europe; the air in the evening is filled with the delicious odor of four thousand orange, and lemon, and citron trees. The great and small water-works or fountains in the park, are the most remarkable of the kind in the world. The river Eu, which ran some distance from Versailles, was turned so as to come here. It cost the lives of thousands, however, to do it, as the exhalations generated a malaria which destroyed thirty-

six thousand soldiers engaged in digging. I returned in the evening to the city by the railway on the right bank of the Seine.

Yesterday, I visited several places; one, the beautiful new church San Clotilde, with its pointed spires, and its grand and tasteful Gothic interior. Also the Jews' Synagogue, which is a building utterly unlike a Christian church. There is a kind of chanting service here every Friday evening at sunset; but no crosses, no Christ, no Virgin Mary about it. It has some very rich candlesticks, similar in appearance to the recorded form of the great one of Solomon's temple, the form of which is sculptured on the Arch of Titus at Rome. Achille Fould, the Emperor's Secretary of State, is a Jew. The men sit below, the women in the first gallery above; the scholars and young persons in the second gallery. I saw the seats of the Rothschilds. There is a French Protestant church in the city called "The Oratoire." I heard a discourse here apparently quite as abusive of the Pope as one would wish to hear anywhere, and utterly defiant and contemptuous toward the Catholic religion. They appear to be Lutherans, and talk as boldly as the Huguenots. The attention given was very good; there was also a Sunday-school, where the children appeared to be very intelligent. There are said to be sixty thousand Protestants residing in Paris. There is an excellent bookstore of Protestant works in the Rue de Rivoli, where the Bible and many Protestant works are sold—as, under the government of the Emperor, all religions are tolerated. The service in The Oratoire is in French. There is also an American chapel, and then there is a Wesleyan chapel. In these, there is Protestant service, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, and they are very well attended. Besides, there is the regular English or Episcopal service in the Rue Marbeuf, frequented by English and travelers, and which is crowded every Sunday.

The Catholic religion will undoubtedly sink under these influences in its midst, or be retained as an elegant or ancient kind of worship by those whose early feelings are enlisted in it, and do not examine into its assumed divine original. But the French people appear to begin to think there is perhaps something real in religion, and to want something more than the Catholic devotion without knowledge. Many, if not all, cannot discriminate that it is possible that there may be a Christianity that is not Catholicism, and rejecting the latter as absurd and too legendary, confound it with Christianity, and rejecting both, become infidels. But the feeling of the mind for something religious, will eventually result in an embrace of the truth. The Chappelle Expiatoire, near the Madeleine church, is a solemn place. It is a little church or chapel, built in a garden, where were buried privately the remains of Louis XVI. and his unfortunate and lovely queen Marie Antoinette, after their inhuman butchery by the demoniac actors of the Revolution. They were religiously watched here for many years by a zealous adherent of the Bourbons; and on the restoration of that family, this chapel was built over the place, and the remains removed, for kingly interment, to St. Denis. The Swiss Guard that died defending them, are buried around, and there is service here every day in memory of the unfortunate monarch, who fell upon evil times, and was too weak to reign and rule, and had to atone for the faults and extravagance of his ancestors. The pine and cedar trees planted around this place, give it a mournful religious air.

The pleasant and best-looking part of Paris is near the Madeleine church. The most aristocratic quarter is that part called San Germain. It is here the old nobility live in stately palaces, built all in nearly the same style, around an inner courtyard, into which one enters by an iron gate. I saw the Prince Imperial to-day; he appears to be a plea-

sant, lively boy. With his nurses and two footmen in attendance, he played for some time in the gardens of the Tuileries, a large crowd collecting at the railing. He has two nurses, one of whom speaks English, and the other French, thus he will speak both languages, while his mother being Spanish, will enable him to have three vernaculars. He certainly occupies an interesting position; the hopes of the Napoleonic dynasty centre on him. The scenes, these lovely days in Paris, are of the most animating description; the thousands of children in the gardens of the Tuileries about two o'clock, engaged in all sorts of amusements, playing, dancing under the trees, the sweet scents of the flowers, older persons reading, talking, or promenading, the beautiful French girls who, after all that has been said in regard to them, are just as good and moral, perhaps, as any others, neither virtue nor vice being exclusively the property of any one clime; then the Imperial cortege, sweeping by, all make Paris the most merely agreeable place in the world. The Emperor looks very much like the ordinary portraits of him. The expression on his face at times seems to be as if he thought himself ill-treated in not being an emperor for so long.

We visited, to-day, the Legislative halls. On the piazza is written, "Corps Legislatif," it might as well be "corpse," as the will of the Emperor, of course, prevails wherever and whenever he wishes it to do so, and only through policy allows the other branches occasionally to have their own way.

Yesterday, I visited the Pantheon, one of the finest churches in the city, in the style of the Greek cross, with four rows uniting in a common centre, over which is an enormous dome, composed of three cupolas. The Republic decreed it should no longer be a church—for during that Reign of Terror there were no churches,—but be called the French Pantheon, and that the remains of their great men should be interred here. It is now restored to the Catholic

worship. Within its dark crypt, into which we descended with guides and lanterns, are many tombs, and saw those of Rousseau and Voltaire. The latter has an inscription on it, "To the Manes of Voltaire," as though they could not believe in his having a soul, they were satisfied to consider he had "manes." The echoes in this dark crypt are wonderful. The paintings in the Pantheon (they are frescoes,) are fine: one represents Glory embracing Napoleon. Near the Pantheon, is the very ancient church of San Genevieve, and there is in it a very ancient tomb, surrounded with small lights, and almost covered with votive offerings by those who were cured by a pilgrimage to this, her shrine. Her remains, of which many long stories are told, lay here for nearly one thousand years; they are now in the Pantheon, and occasionally perform miracles yet. Devotees kneel before the tomb, and a fat old priest sits by and sells holy candles, which they light and place around the tomb, and hang thereon pictures and charms, and imagine themselves greatly benefited by the operation. Around, you see many inscriptions such as, "I prayed to St. Genevieve and I was restored." The church has one side aisle, separated from the nave by columns; the stone carvings, tracery, pulpits, gallery, are all very old and middle-age looking. There are painted windows, with the glass which was broken in the revolutionary times restored in a modern manner. The churches in Paris all suffered from revolutionary violence; and the half-effaced words, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," the watch-words of the Reign of Terror, may yet be seen on them. The "Street of Hell," leading to the Catacombs, is not far from here,—Paris delighting in a street of that name as well as Rome.

To-day we have visited Fontainebleau, distant from Paris thirty-eight miles, by railway. It is one of the royal palaces; and here dwelt Napoleon and Josephine. The country is very beautiful in the soft light of spring—its

verdure and blossoms. The Seine wanders through it; and there are many old villages on its banks, among the green fields, with their churches and palaces, avenues of planted trees, through the wheat and vine fields, where, on the hills and plains, seemed to be a happy population. The primitive forests one sees in America of course are not here; and it is said the shade afforded in some places by the trees is no disadvantage to the grain, which is thus made to grow more slowly and of better quality, though smaller in size. The Palace covers a large space of ground, but is rather low, according to modern Parisian style, which is to build houses of great height and with numerous stories, and smaller stories, called entresols, intervening. The Palace is partly of brick and partly of stone, with extensive grounds around, lovely shades, groves, promenades, and fine lakes, with fish in them. At the foot of the grand stone staircase leading to the principal vestibule, I stood on the spot where Napoleon took his final and most affecting adieu of the shattered but devoted remnant of the Old Guard after the battle of Waterloo, while the old, hardy soldiers stood around weeping. All are gone now, however—soldiers and emperor are alike in dust. The Palace consists of low ranges of buildings, two or three stories high. It was principally built by Francis I. My two friends and myself employed a guide, as we spent much of the day in this Palace. There was an appearance of comfort and a feeling of enjoyment pervading this place superior to that of any palace I have seen. We went through the comfortable and pleasant suite of rooms looking out on the lake, in which Napoleon confined the Pope, Pius VII. The Pope was prisoner here about three years, and Napoleon attempted to wring from him in vain a cession of his temporal authority; then into other rooms, in which he and Josephine lived; and afterward he and Maria Louisa resided, and where the present Emperor and Empress reside a part of the summer. The

bed-rooms and beds are most splendid, with silk hangings; oaken floors, carved mantles of marbles of various kinds, paintings, and tapestry. We were in throne-rooms with gilded chairs, reception-rooms, chapels, old and modern halls of paintings, the room in which Louis XIII. was born, and another small room, in which was the table on which Napoleon signed his abdication. The Emperor's bed-room remains as he left it; his bath-room also. Some of these rooms have roofs or ceilings of walnut wood, the walls richly pannelled, carvings, trophies, devices. In one of the rooms is a most splendid, full-length painting of Napoleon in his robes of satin. It is probably the best representation of the Emperor that now exists. It is certainly the most characteristic one I have seen. It is by David, one of the most eminent of French painters. It has the emperor's bright, bluish-gray eyes, his large head, splendid forehead and *empressement*. He looks like a self-composed, self-reliant, lonely and able power, with whom to will and to accomplish were as nothing. There are several busts of him in marble around. We then entered rooms of Francis I., Henry IV., and other places. The present Emperor—the Napoleon of Peace—is *restoring* this Palace, and improving it. The Gallery of Diana is a most splendid corridor, decorated with paintings. Just below it, now shut up, is where an Italian marquis was murdered by three assassins, hired by the Queen of Sweden, the latter being at that time the guest of Louis XIII. The wings of the Palace inclose six courts. The grounds around the Palace embrace about thirty thousand acres, and are intersected with roads in all directions, and it abounds in legends. At one place the spectre of a black huntsman appears; under various trees here, sat and played various French monarchs when children. Here, as at Versailles, are numerous soldiers.

To-day I visited General Lafayette's tomb, Rue Picpus, No. 35, in the garden of a convent, among the old French

nobility—the Montmorencies, De Rohans, etc. His grave, with those of his wife, and daughter, and son, are next to the ivy and yew-grown high wall which separates the remains of those who were promiscuously and darkly huddled together, the victims of the Reign of Terror—about two thousand eight hundred of whom, among them a son of General Lafayette, were thrown here altogether; and Mass is said for them in the adjoining church once a year, when only the drear door, leading to the otherwise unseen cemetery, is opened. Lafayette wished to be buried as near to this wall as possible, in memory of his son, who, with the others there, rest without tombs. The tombs are plain, consisting of simple marble slabs on low brick walls. The Marquis has all his titles on his tomb, as is usual, but otherwise the inscription is very plain and modest. Few men on the page of history have left really a better and more virtuous page in the history of the past than the Marquis de la Fayette. None were purer in intention than he; none better patriots, or less selfish. With the history of our own institutions his memory is indissolubly entwined. The advantage he was to our cause can never be repaid or estimated. It was an act of the heart, that wrought like an army in our favor in Europe. His whole conduct toward us was utterly unsullied. His military services in New York and Virginia were of no mean order, and attracted the applause of all military men. If afterward the measures he proposed in France were unsuccessful, it was because France was not good enough for the man and the measures; and he had learned in America too fast and too much for France. He was utterly incorruptible, and Napoleon was nonplussed by the phenomenon, in France, of a strictly honest man, who was to be seduced by neither power nor money. Accursed be the American who shall ever cease to reverence this “friend to America,” at a time when she most needed friendship! The tombs are at the extremity

of a large garden orchard; and few places have seemed to me so tranquilly sad and so out of the world as this quiet convent churchyard, though in the heart of Paris. It is surrounded by high walls, and the appearance of every thing is calm and heart-like. The custode of the gate sells you pictures of the tomb, "dedicated," as the inscription states, "to Americans." No people have such an interest in this man as they. His past belongs to us, and the claim is thus acknowledged even by the French. In the garden, near the street, is the clean and pretty church of the convent, where I saw the young veiled and hooded nuns kneeling in devotion. Some of them were very pretty, and stole glances at us from under their veils. Theirs is a calm, devotional, useless, negative kind of life; but it is passable, they are not more unhappy than many who are in the world. The convent becomes a home, a refuge to them; and if some of the higher and more lovely feelings of woman are crushed out and have no scope, the absorbing superstition of the Catholic religion enters into their souls and becomes all they have lost, and the dreadful world without passes on unheeded and unheeding. The pictures in this church are good. The shrines around the garden to the Virgin are very numerous; and our old priest, who acted as guide, bowed most lowly to each one as he passed by. Genuflexion is a great part of Catholicism. Near here is the *Barrière du Trône*, with a large open space next to the city, where were all kinds of miscellaneous amusements of this volatile, amusement-loving people—puppet shows, dancing, music, the most motley collection of strolling players, gipsies, Brazilians, etc., ever seen. Each department was in a little temporary tent, with platforms in front, where stood the musicians to draw the crowd, who stood around to enter within the curtains. Every thing that could be imagined, sacred or profane, was enacted within. The Crucifixion itself was dramatized and performed, or repre-

sented, in one of them. This would have rather surprised us in a Catholic country, if we could be surprised by any of the modifications of mankind, and had not long ago ascertained that the Catholic religion, in practice, is chiefly a grand system, or establishment, whereby many people make a living. Some get into power and authority, and live in idleness, and that the rest cling to it because they know no better, and man must worship something in some way. Notwithstanding what has been said by some, I doubt extremely whether Catholics, in that respect, where they claim pre-eminence, devotion and reverence, have as much of them as Protestants. In many of the fine paintings I saw at Rome, even in the Pope's palace, God himself is frequently introduced in the form of an old, bearded man; and a dry-looking scene called Heaven, in which he and the Son are seated, is represented as being enlivened by the approach of a lovely, fresh-looking female—the Virgin—coming to be crowned: this, too, by no less than such Catholic painters as Michael Angelo and Guido. The truth is, that religion and true intellectual enlightenment go hand-in-hand; and after all the allowances made for differences of climate and customs, Protestantism, notwithstanding the external, sensuous elevation of the Catholics, must be regarded as impregnated with more of the real feeling of adoration and worship than its ancient rival. The whole world of *showdom* seemed to have run wild at this place—all sorts of little and low specialties of fun in vast activity and energy—there were premature women, mixed races, dwarfs; the whole science of fun parcelled out amongst an infinity of retailers. The crowd moved from one stall to another, according as the excitement promised. Never have I seen people work so hard to be amusing as these mountebanks, and prematurely aged children, who danced and “did fun.” It looked as if some infant school of devils in hell had come up to have a holiday in Paris. Returning

toward our hotel, we passed the now open space where once stood the dread Bastile of France, the old State Prison. It has long been utterly destroyed, being attacked by a mob about the commencement of the French Revolution, who levelled it to the ground, and gave the key to General Lafayette, who gave it to General Washington, and it yet hangs in one of the rooms at Mount Vernon. The place on which it stood is now a large, open space, generally greatly crowded, and in the centre rises the Column of July. This commemorates the taking of the Bastile, and the deaths of those who fell in July, 1830, during the three days, when Charles X., the last of the Bourbons, was expelled, and Louis Phillipe, his cousin of the Orleans family, called to the throne. It is of bronze, has an interior staircase of two hundred and five steps to ascend to the top, whence is a great view, more than one hundred and fifty feet high. It is surmounted on top by a statue of brass, a winged Mercury, standing on one foot, intended to represent the Genius of Liberty. The French are a great people! Some of them want liberty, a few of them deserve it. And what people have done more for it than they! What people have torn down so strongly-guarded a state prison; guillotined the last of the longest dynasty in Europe; proclaimed themselves free from God—a hereafter! then threw themselves into the arms of a military upstart, who led them as conquerors into all the capitals of Europe! Expelled the Bourbons thrice, only to forge for themselves stronger fetters! But tyranny is sweet when it is of our own making. The way to tyrannize over people is to get their own consent first. Then you can do any thing with them. The blind, chained monster, has to be amused by having an apple occasionally thrown to it.

To-day, I visited the grave of Josephine at Reuel, about ten miles from Paris by railway. The weather is of late most delightful, the warm sun is bringing on the vegetation

with great rapidity. The trees in the gardens of the Tuileries are assuming their summer garniture of green. In Reucl, a small village, old, dirty, drowsy, and dull, is a church about two hundred years old, large and recently restored, in which is a tomb, the most conspicuous object in the church, to this most amiable, unfortunate woman, and yet most highly fortunate in being the ancestress of a throne (Louis Napoleon is her grandson), and the wife of an emperor, though not the mother of a prince. Compensation comes around at last, though one must wait for it long and sometimes die. The race of Josephine has the throne and not that of Napoleon. The divorced wife surpasses in glory the proud Archduchess of Austria. The tomb is large and of beautiful white marble. There is a statue of Josephine in a kneeling posture, very expressive, and probably very much like her. It is on the tomb, which is a simple monument. On the side of it, are the words—"To Josephine, from Eugene and Hortense." Hortense, the mother of the present Emperor, is also buried here. Malmaison, the place where Josephine lived after the divorce, is a country seat near this village. Here, then, rest the remains of her on whose birth the star of empire and destiny shone. She died in May, 1814, when Napoleon was at Elba. Her countenance, according to the statue, indicates a true and earnest woman, a deep sorrow and regret, and yet graciousness, dignity, and resignation. There is a whole history in the face of the statue, and this American lady (she was born in the island of Martinico, in the West Indies) was doubtless a gentle, amiable, and good woman.

This evening, I visited the Italian Theatre. The piece performed was *Macbeth* (in Italian). Madame Ristori performed to vast admiration the part of Lady Macbeth. One scene, that in which Macbeth as king, and Lady Macbeth as queen, retire from the banqueting hall after the feast,

during which the ghost of Banquo rose at Macbeth's idle vaunt, was most pitiable. It was perfection; nothing could more astonishingly display the remorse and misery of crime-gotten power. Nothing could exceed it. Also Lady Macbeth's appearance as a somnambulist, was most awful and fearful. "Out, damned spot!" as she dreamed she was washing her hands, and "Yet here is a spot," and other parts, almost affected the audience as realities. She was called back three times after some of these scenes. She was well sustained by other good performers, all beyond the reach of criticism. But Madame Ristori surpassed all. She is a large woman, and rather imposing and fine-looking than handsome, with much of the woman about her. Nothing could show more awfully the consequences of crime than the last scene in which she appeared.

To-day, Saturday, April 17th, I have been strolling along the river walls. These, in many places, are covered with books, the cheap literature of France and other countries. It is not uncommon to recognize an English or American work here. One of these I have seen translated into French and sold here. Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, one of these works which, ministering to a depraved and excited feeling, ride upon it like a hobby-horse, attain an ephemeral popularity, and then sink into merited oblivion—the work and author equally execrable. Then visited the construction of the new Boulevards, where almost whole old streets of cities are thrown down to build new ones, and interior walls that had seen no light for centuries suddenly find themselves on the side of a splendid and new street. It was the object of the first Napoleon to make Paris the most splendid city in the world, and he began many plans which his wars and his downfall prevented him from completing. Napoleon III. is in possession of his plans; and if he do not bankrupt France by the expense, will achieve wondrous results. It looks as if a baffled storm had tried

to get through the city—the old chimneys broken down—the walls, fragments of houses and ruins generally, out of which is to spring the “Boulevard de Sebastopol.” I saw and entered the antique looking “Hotel de Cluny,” full of things of the middle ages—cabinets and drawers of carved oak and ebony—paintings on wood of old church scenes, fading tapestry, beds of long ago, antique fire-places, armor of old heroes, family relics, Venitian mirrors, etc., all in this place. Then into some Roman ruins near it, carefully preserved from age to age, called Baths of Constantine, or those of Julian the Apostate, both of whom resided here, when France was a Roman province under the name of Gaul; these remind one of Rome—the same blind arches and massive strength of Roman ruins—the vaulted rooms, underground prison-like apartments, in which excavations are now going on, and where are found broken marble statues. The ivy clings around the massive masonry, and some of the walls enclose a little green garden in the middle of those ruins, where are trees and birds—gray-headed, hoary antiquity—the world past and the world present. I saw also the “Latin quarter” of the city, where the principal schools and colleges are; the medical colleges, that of St. Louis, the Sorbonne, with the great, old, enclosed and paved quadrangles, the extensive library of St. Genevieve. I also entered the very old church of St. Gervais, saw its paintings, its priests in white robes chanting the old masses, and occasionally their deep Amens, and their kneelings. Then I visited Notre Dâme, and ascended one of its towers by the interior stone staircase. This, the Metropolitan Church, being in the centre of the island of Notre Dâme and in the heart of the ancient city, a most rare view is afforded all over Paris, the two islands in the river, the windings, scenes and bridges on the latter, far below one—the triumphal arches and the columns to Napoleon—the hills and forts around Paris; the human, hurrying life be-

low, seen from this great elevation, looks more objectless than the scenes about an ant-hill. The roof of the church is of plates of lead, as is the case with most of the churches in Paris. The great and well-known bell, which has often sounded as a tocsin in Paris, is in the southern tower of the church, and is said to weigh thirty-three thousand pounds; the clapper weighs twenty-three hundred. The sound of this bell is one of the things to be remembered. It is sublime.

How delightful the Champs Elysées these pleasant afternoons—the stream of promenaders, ladies and gentlemen of all nations, under the fresh, young, leafy trees. 'Tis the centre of the world for fashion and display. The square or gardens of the Palais Royal seem to be somewhat frequented by rather an inferior grade, (except the Passage d'Orleans); the Gardens of the Tuileries are the resort of nurses and children; those of the Luxembourg are rather too much in the ancient part of the city, and resorted to by students and scholars. But the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne seem the haunts of the elegant and pretentious, though of course there are some of all classes in each place. The roads, streets, avenues and walks here are swept and watered every hour or two, so that the air is always cool and pleasant. And in the evening come by, through it, the splendor and pageant of an empire, the Prince Imperial, with thirty horsemen before and thirty behind, each with lances on which are waving little red flags. He is with his nurse in a carriage and four fine horses. He has been taught to bow gracefully and wave his hand to the multitudes who crowd around the sides of the streets to see him and see the hope of Napoleon's Empire. He is a pleasant, dignified-looking child. He goes out every afternoon, about three o'clock, to take the air in Bois Boulogne. His mother, the very pretty, somewhat pale, and rather sad-looking, but gentle Eugenie, nodding

to all on the side of the street, comes by later, in a splendid coach-and-four, with another escort. She is probably not a very intellectual woman—the cares of empire may be too heavy for her. She looks more like one who would delight in a pretty little cottage by the sea-side, and take strolls along the hills with an admirer, than an Empress. To be a monarch is without doubt a bore and an unnatural condition; and it is astonishing any one could be found who would submit to be so imposed on as to be obliged to govern thirty-six millions of people, as the French Emperor does, who could get rid of such trouble. Later, the Emperor comes along, with two horses, driving himself, and without an escort, be-whiskered, fierce and destiny-looking, and very much be-moustachied. He looks as if he would rather be Emperor of France than any thing else, like Sancho Panza, Don Quixotte's squire, who being advised to be a duke, rejected it and would not be any thing else than an emperor. The Emperor is an able and vigorous ruler, has a subtle intellect, is unscrupulous and competent—will never be popular, but is the best ruler ever France had—is profound enough to see that the good of his people and the usefulness and advantage to them of his government, are the best securities of his own power. He will selfishly pursue good. He is introducing a new era among monarchs in Europe, and is setting them the example of doing something more than merely drowsily and formally reigning by “divine right.” He is rejuvenating the old world and popularizing monarchy. Sooner or later there will come a terrible contest between the monarchy of the old world and the democracy of the new, for which we are fearfully unprepared. All Europe is fortified and full of soldiers. We have no soldiers, but we have the best material in the world for making soldiers. Monarchy will go down in that war; but it will die hard. We have citizens and they have soldiers; we have people and they have princes.

In the hands of one who understands how to govern us, we are the best military material in the world. The French Emperor does, in many respects, interfere with the freedom of the press. Perhaps he thinks people have no more right to say or write whatever their passions or prejudices may prompt than to *do*, whatever their feelings may indicate. With us, the licentiousness of the press is an evil which is allowed to correct itself—the freedom of the press having reduced the press to contempt. In Europe an irritable and ignorant populace might be excited to revolution and violence by inflammatory articles. In America, except among a few, people are too intelligent to receive passively their opinions from transitory ephemeral newspapers and magazines conducted by weaklings and witlings. These rave, stamp and censure each other, and we look coolly and contemptuously on. Blood-and-thunder articles are written at which no one pales but the puerile puppy that produces it. When they attempt to be wise, we grow concerned about their health; when they would be witty, we sympathize with them; when they would be critical, we feel disposed to inquire into their sanity, though their self-satisfied complacency and audacious assumptions almost lead us to doubt, whether, if *they* be human, *we* are sane, or would wish to be so. In other countries, the very fact of the press having a censorship is a testimony of, and a tribute to, its power. It may be considered, and the exceptions are few, that the press is generally venal, time-serving, a mere caterer to individual profit, and a follower of public prejudice rather than a leader of popular virtue. In a majority of cases, the government may be supposed to be in the right rather than an individual press, having greater facilities for knowing the right, greater interests in doing right, and being above all, will be less accessible to prejudice against a part. It may admit of a doubt whether inundating the whole country with such a litter of literature, wherein the

horrible is exhausted and no analytical or critical discrimination is perceptible, written by persons whose good or bad opinion of a book may be gained or lost for one dollar and a quarter, whose highest attempts only reach a stilted and affected imitation of Sir Walter Scott's lords and ladies,—yes, it may well be doubted whether such literature is a public blessing, and whether the time spent in reading such balderdash and bagatelles, might not be better employed with older and abler works. Authors in America are becoming booksellers, and are writing books that will sell, and meanly pandering to sectional excitements or lustful laziness, making money out of the worst feelings of human nature. The great, old, heroic time of authorship, when men thought and wrote, has passed, and it has become a trade, when the question is not—"Is it honest, true, or right?" but "Will it pay?" "Will it ride on the wave of some popular excitement long enough to sell?" But our way is probably the best. By giving these pen-people rope enough, they will hang themselves.

To-day I saw the Emperor and Empress riding out together in a carriage, passing along the Rue de Rivoli in front of the Hotel Meurice. She appears to great advantage beside him—he is ugly and coarse and firm-looking, with great, smooth, black moustaches extending like thorns from each side of his mouth. His countenance is somewhat pale and thought-furrowed, with a somewhat sly and furtive notice of every thing about, which he seems to see without looking at it, and to notice without any act of his eye. He courteously raises his hat whenever passing the crowd, which always collects at each end of the two passages leading from the Tuileries to the streets. Sometimes he comes out on the side next to the Seine, sometimes on the Rue de Rivoli. He always raises his hat to the soldiers on guard at the various entrances to public places, who of course present arms as he passes. To-day I met with some friends

with whom we traveled in Italy and climbed Vesuvius, little Flora among them, just returning from Germany. It is pleasant to renew acquaintances in traveling with whom one has spent pleasant hours and who are connected in memory with scenes of classic and historic interest. We visited the Louvre, and gazed long on its gem, Murillo's painting of the "Immaculate Conception." Murillo was born at Seville in Spain, in 1618, died 1682—this is said to be his best work. At the sale of Marshal Soult's effects this painting was purchased for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Some persons, however, do not like it—even painters of acknowledged excellence differ about its merits, as they always do. She has around her, as it were, a cataract of angels; but her face is that of a gentle spirit, not a strong one, wearied and broken with earth, and turning to heaven with an earnest confidingness. No painting here, even among so many fine ones, seems to me to have so much expressiveness. From this splendid hall, in which are the chief works of the Louvre, opens a gallery called the Long Gallery, which must be nearly one thousand feet long, or nearly as long as the great gallery of the Vatican. It is lined on each side with many most interesting paintings of all schools and ages, and they are admirably illuminated by light from above. The French assert this to be the finest *collection* of paintings in any single gallery in the world. The chef d'œuvres of the world are not in, however—they are where they rightly belong—in Italy. We went into several other museums in the Louvre—saw the great winged monsters in stone, from Assyria and Nineveh—then through the very singular collection of Chinese curiosities, those also from central Africa, both looking like the *debris* of a lost civilization, and consisting of very numerous articles of ingenious handicraft and manufacture, implements of war, arrows, vessels, vases, porcelain, things that convince us, especially with regard to the Chinese, that

the world does not get any older or wiser, but that individual nations do, or rather all ages are, at all times, in the world. How lovely are the scenes in Paris this fine weather. The grove in the Tuileries Gardens has become a deep shade, through which, during the day, rove the multitude, or sit under the trees at work,—women knitting or sewing, or men reading,—children at play around. European nations spend more of their time in the open air than we do. The Rue de Rivoli, with its thousands of arcades, in which the houses are built; and on the other side the gilt-tipped iron railing of the Tuileries Gardens, in which at night stroll the silent sentinels to guard that approach to the palace—the moonlight on the tall trees, over which are seen stately spires of churches piercing the skies, the strollers, carriages, etc., all render Paris a panorama of ardent, joyful, human life.

To-day, I have been in the “Jardin des Plantes.” It contains nearly a hundred acres. It has large level plats of flowers and plants which are most beautifully arranged, and in regular scientific detail. It has artificial hillocks, whence are most beautiful views—avenues of horse chestnuts and pines—a vast spreading cedar of Lebanon. Through it are constantly promenading, children, students, strangers. In the Museum of Minerals, specimens of all the wonders, beauties, and curiosities of earth’s interior have been deposited. The attention wearies with admiration at the variety. The Botanical specimens here are very numerous; there are various kinds of wood from all parts of the world. No place could be so admirable for study as this. There are remains of all periods of earth’s merely geological history here; leaves from the library of all her strata. The earth has written her history in herself from the first commencement of animal life, and long before, up to the present moment. The art of type-setting is not the only printing. Every change, every action, prints itself, and

leaves impressions; the learning is there, could we but read it. Earth had big-animal periods—shell-life periods; and we live on the *débris* of external creations, this being the man-period, for there is no time in eternity—there is nothing but the *me* and the *not me*. There are the remains of animals found in rocks here, and many things showing that the earth was built up gradually. These treasures of Geology, Botany, and animated nature, are admirably arranged in different *stages*, ages, or stories in progression, from the rude gneiss or rough granite rocks of the primitive or very first hardening of chaos, up through all intervening rocks to the animal life, then through all stages of animals having that motive organization called life, beginning with some headless rude monsters, or having a stomach only, and whose remains are found only in rocks. Then there are collections of all rocks composing the crust of the globe, following the order of their position, commencing with the lowest, then to the alluvial periods, and then to the modern age, human remains being found only in the very last age or stage, indicating mankind are young but the earth is old. Some think the Bible is opposed to these views. These forget that the Bible has to do with mankind, and not with any thing before man was made; and that it plainly teaches this present creation is to be destroyed and a newer and greater one formed; therefore, what shall be may have been. There may have been several antecedent creations to that of man since the earth was an uncondensed, irregularly-shaped comet—or “without form and void.” Forms of life created anterior to human life, for it is stated, according to the correct rendering, that the Spirit of God “*brooded* on the waters.” To brood is to breed or produce life by a spiritual incarnation. The arrangement of these classes was by Cuvier, whose idea it was that the existence of man on the globe is a comparatively recent event. It is interesting to walk along these extended glass-cases, containing

specimens out of earth's geological ages, and continue, as you observe the gradual introduction of organized life, till finally you reach strata in which human remains are found—and see those remains as found. You seem to be carrying the ages of earth with you as you stand face to face with products of lost thousands of years, or rather anterior to all years, and antecedent to time; when earth's mighty chemistry was laboring to bring forth,—working in darkness with her cold, and as yet scarcely active material laws, into that adornment of beauty and order and life which now cover her, And man himself, the microcosm of earth and heaven, came as the emanation, the perfection, the result of all the past, to operate through his creation and time till all the ideas of humanity are exhausted, when he will give way to, and perhaps become an inhabitant of new heavens and new earth.

Near this Museum is that of Natural History. This contains preserved and stuffed specimens of all known kinds and classes of animals on earth, from the lowest orders of animals in the sponge tribes or polyps—scarcely distinguishable from vegetables—or where vegetable life becomes animal life, yielding up the organization to a higher degree, up through all superior classes, reptiles, fishes, shell-animals, birds, quadrupeds, to the elephant, which stands highest of all animals in intellect. The collection here is extraordinary and wonderful. The animals are in many rooms: there are hippopotami from the Nile, strange birds from the South Temperate Zone, singular animals from the interior of Africa, and the original and first known cameleopard, captured by Le Valliant in Africa. You read here the modifications which that original idea LIFE is susceptible of. They are all most artistically and scientifically arranged, and the workmanship in preparing and stuffing them, so as to preserve precisely their form and perfect state, is admirable. The lizard and snake and

monkey tribes, all varieties of dogs, cats, and all animals, are here exactly as they are in nature. All animality is here, gazing at you from their glassy eyes. There are eggs of unknown animals, probably of vast birds in some habitless isle in the South Pacific Ocean, as large as the head of a horse. The sea has also given up its secrets to furnish this Museum, and strange finny monsters, with unearthly aspect, are now silent and staid enough. The Museum of Anatomy is also adjoining this building. This collection is far superior to all others of the kind in the world, being formed under the superintendence of the illustrious Cuvier and Buffon. Here are *skeletons* of all animals, of entire whales, and skulls of all races of men. The celebrated Dr. Gall, the founder of Phrenology, left his great collection of skulls to this Museum. The skulls are arranged in regular sequence, from the idiotic skull of the Caffre or Hottentot—and scarcely human creature of African islands—up to the great and noble type of the Anglo-Saxon. There are also *skeletons* of all nations, showing how “Circumstance, that unspiritual god,” has wrought on that thing—a man—to torture and degrade the vivific spark of an immortal soul. There is the skeleton of the celebrated dwarf, “Bebe,” of whom there is an interesting account in Goldsmith’s great history; there are many skeletons of Negroes, Chinese, Calmucks, Cossacks, that of the assassin of Gen. Kleber, and there are Egyptian mummies; in short, the whole tremendous premises of Comparative Anatomy are here exposed. There are also many preserved specimens of foetal monsters, curious preparations in wax of all the muscular and nervous tissues, and in one place is a preparation in form like a pyramid, showing in regular gradation the skulls and skeletons of all animals, from the lowest to the highest, in one view. This is a Golgotha, sure enough, but after all it does not equal in horror the fearful scene I saw under the Church of the Cappuccini, at Rome, which persons of

weak nerves and "blood-boltered" imaginations had better keep out of. Many of the preparations here, in wax, are perfectly horrid and revolting, and one would almost abnegate life if it be *such*. Some of these double monsters, unformed and half-formed, are the perfection of the fearful. There is a Peruvian mummy in a sitting posture, amongst the Egyptian mummies; some were found in Abyssinia, others in the Catacombs of Thebes. But having "supped full of horrors," I returned to the other parts of the garden. In these rooms there are numerous guards, who give you directions (in French), preserve order, and direct you through the intricacies of the apartments. The menagerie, in other parts of the gardens, of living animals, is extensive and curious; the monkeys are, as usual, merry enough; but there is a white bear from Siberia in utter agony, the day being warm. He has a kind of ice-cove in which to live in summer.

This evening I saw the Empress riding out in her carriage without any escort. She bows to all first, it being the etiquette, as no one could possibly refuse to bow to a lady in return. The Emperor soon after went out, driving his own carriage and without an escort. The London papers, which we receive the next morning in Paris after their publication, state he never rides out without squadrons to attend him, since the fanatical attempt of Orsini. The Emperor does not generally bow or remove his hat, unless he is bowed to—this being the etiquette—as it is quite possible on the street to give even the Emperor the cut direct. The correspondents of newspapers are often remarkable for their powers of lying.

Yesterday I saw the Emperor, and had a close view of him. He and two gentlemen, one on each side of him, were walking in the garden in front of the Tuileries. He walks somewhat stiffly and awkwardly, as if he had chain armor underneath his clothing. He is said to wear it.

The expression on his face is at once mean, pitiable and powerful, and sad; but over all is a cloud of mystery, as if he dwelt sadly, yet fearlessly, alone, and were determined to have his destiny sure, and work it to the utmost, but not for his own enjoyment or happiness. There was quite a crowd at each end of the railing and in front, as usual, for a strange interest associates with this man, who, if he cannot succeed in being popular, succeeds in being surprising. There was quite a rain at the time, which the Emperor did not mind, but went on talking and walking, as if it did not become him who commands a half a million of soldiers to care for an April shower.

The "Jardin des Plantes," which I have visited several times, was founded by Louis XIV. in 1635. It remained under the administration of Buffon, the prince of Naturalists, for forty years. Cuvier, the prince of Geologists, followed the same course that Buffon did. It is said there are in it fifteen thousand species of plants in vegetation, and fruit and forest trees of all sorts. The collection of living animals is the most complete that exists. The number of herbs and botanical specimens is fifty thousand. The palaces for serpents, venomous and not venomous, many of which came from South America, for birds, monkeys, etc., are superb in all the arrangements conducive to equality of temperature, cleanliness, and accessibility to sight. There are one hundred thousand persons in Paris without fire, without home, without air, who would be happy to be entertained and lodged with half the solicitude given to fossils, stones, giraffes, and monkeys. But mere man is no curiosity. These Museums are open to the public two or three times a week. On other days, strangers can get in by production of their passports and a small fee to each custode.

One of the interesting things in Paris is the "Grand Hôtel de Louvre." It is the largest hotel in the world. It

is on the Rue de Rivoli, *vis-à-vis* to one side of the Tuileries Palace, or the pavilions of that palace. It rests on arcades on that side, and its lower story blazes with splendid shops of jewelers, pictured-windows—all that can delight the eye. There are eight hundred rooms in the hotel. It is built around a splendid quadrangle, or inner court, covered with glass. This court is adorned with rich and splendid flowering trees. The dining-rooms, great halls, reading-rooms, etc., are almost as splendid as those of a palace. The usual charges at this and other first-class hotels in Paris for a single person are four to six francs (a franc is eighteen cents and three-quarters) for a room; two francs for breakfast, consisting of coffee and milk, bread, butter, eggs; seven francs for dinner; service, one franc and a half per day. The arrangements here are all in the *ne plus ultra* style of hotel-keeping. How delicious and exciting is this *Place de la Concorde* these afternoons and evenings! Nothing can equal it in the world in respect to being merely pleasant. London is dull and heavy; Vienna is grand and stupid; Rome is ruinous, and venerable, and majestic; Naples is a succession of superficial nothings—fleeting, and fairy, and flashy. At London you will drink ale or conspire, but at Paris you will simply enjoy the pleasant air and sunshine. On the *Place de la Concorde* you have a fine view of the Tuileries Gardens; and the old chateau is seen through the arched avenue of lofty trees, the fountains and lakes also in the gardens; then you have the various statues and monuments of different French cities around the square; the splendid Egyptian Obelisk, aged and mute; the two congeries of fountains, raining upward from clusters of statues. Further down are the Champs Elysées, with their out-door theatres and concerts, now open for the summer; the Palace of Industry, or the French Crystal Palace; and a mile off is seen through fountains the Triumphant Arch of Napoleon, large as the façade of a church; the stately buildings of the Rue de

Rivoli are seen extending for a mile on a thousand arcades, and on the other side the gilt-tipped railings of the gardens; then the Seine, with its bridges—all this scene, with thousands of elegantly-dressed promenaders, splendid vehicles, fine horses, and a general disposition to appear to one's best advantage, and to enjoy one's self, and the brilliant sun of France over all, makes these scenes for several hours in the evening the most fashionable and attractive in the world. This is the place to study man—for all classes are represented here: the lordly beauty of England; the softer and more worldly beauty of France; the more pensive, flashing and original beauty of Italy or Spain—are all here; and you meet historical countenances or faces, the indexes to demon, fearful hearts. This world has many different phases of man in it; and one who merely saw this scene would scarcely dream the same world held the miserable tenantry of Ireland in it also, or the street-walkers of London.

But adieu to Paris, fair and dear Paris! I have revisited all my old haunts here—places, or pictures, or persons with whom leaves of life were had—and given them a last look—to be forever the last! Murillo's painting of the "Virgin"—that exhaustless emanation of loveliness—was one of the dearest and last. My last meal in France was had of the unequalled-any-where-else French bread, butter, *café-au-lait* et des œufs (the reader must be eternally obliged to me for the small quantity of French, Dutch and Italian I have given him, contrary to the practice of most tourists); bills were paid, and the unfortunate *pourboire* (which some Americans persist in pronouncing "poor boy,") was duly adjusted with the waiters. There were a few more last looks and more last words: the sun was shining on the fresh young leaves of the Tuileries Gardens opposite the hotel, and on the usual strollers along the streets. I then drove to the station of "*Du Chemin de Fer*," a railway station, Rue

St. Lazare, and at twenty-five minutes past eight, A. M., I was on the route to Havre, which I reached at one o'clock, passing over a country now most green and lovely, with its poplar avenues, its gentle slopes of cultivated grounds, old villages, each with a lofty church-spire, in the Valley of the Seine—passed Rouen, with its grand and stately old Gothic churches, their spires rising in sublime confusion above the surrounding houses, and at seven o'clock in the evening, April 27th, stepped off Europe on the Vanderbilt steamer for America.

Next morning early we arrived at Southampton and the Isle of Wight, on the southwest coast of England, where we remained till one o'clock, and then began the great trip across the Atlantic. The coast of England was seen, as usual, under her favorite fogs; but as we departed, the fog arose, and we saw green and merry England once more—our last view of the Eastern World, the historic land. For one or two days we had fine weather, the powerful steamer rode over the sea as over a conquered thing, the Old World went down, and we seemed rapidly tending toward the far-off land that lay on earth's sunset side. One day we made three hundred and forty miles. On Friday night, however, April 30th, old Ocean began to arouse himself, and shake the waters and weeds from his hoary mane. The storm lasted five or six days; the wind was directly ahead of us, and our speed was consequently reduced to some eight or ten miles an hour. The sea rocked our vessel like a feather. She reeled like a drunken man, dipped into the waves on one side, then turned almost over and tried the same process on the other side, the water running entirely over the deck, when a tremendous wave would assault her in front and dash entirely over her. There were about two hundred passengers on board in all. The Vanderbilt is a fine and strong vessel, and rode out the storm bravely. The attendance during the voyage was generally very good,

and the table excellent. Sea-sickness was most copiously indulged in on the part of almost all the passengers, and the luxuries of the table rather sparingly discussed. Old Ocean, even after the storm subsided, was quite sullen for some days, and hooded himself over with a white, wooly cowl of fog, in which we steamed, however, while the waves still rose around us, showing their yawning graves, into which we might have been precipitated during the storm had only slight derangements of the machinery occurred. The company on board was rather pleasant. Among the number was a gentleman who had been fourteen years in India as a missionary. He was returning to America with his family in consequence of ill health. On each of the two Sundays we were at sea he delivered us a discourse. He is quite well acquainted with the Hindoo tongue, which he and his family speak with the ease of their vernacular. He was also well acquainted with the Sanscrit, the sacred language of the Brahmins, whom he describes as acute reasoners, and having a vague and uncertain acquaintance with most of the commonly received and remoter objects of faith—such as the Trinity and the Incarnation. On Sunday evening, May 9th, the low coast of Fire Island came in sight, the first land seen in approaching America. We had passed through many climates while crossing; sometimes the sudden and extreme cold seemed to indicate our proximity to an iceberg. None, however, were seen. The sea seems to have its rivers and currents as the land has; and we sometimes crossed some of these, by which the temperature of the air was affected. We saw some sails occasionally; but in general the passage was almost as unpleasant as a regular winter passage. How barren the sea is compared to the land, especially those scenes with which my eyes were lately so familiar in dear and old Italy, and sunny, bright France—the verdured hills, rivers, vales and green fields, with peaceful, old villages and

ancient church-spires; the ruins of the past, and the grand palaces of the present; the purple mountains, with their vesture of pines; the romantic, wondrous Rhine; the mysterious, sentimental sadness of Venice; the mouldering majesty of Rome—all these dear and painful scenes rise to memory like the vividness of a last parting of love while I gaze on the savage sea! And then my Journal will soon be over, and thy occupation gone, like Othello's. With pen or pencil during day, when amidst scenes of interest, or at night, when memory lit all up again, I have essayed, during a period of eleven months, to note carelessly the impressions flitting over mind and heart, and thus give to them more continuity than mere shadows on water. It is done now. In ancient cities, among works of old art, on seas of ice, and on Alpine glaciated and cascaded heights, this pencil has obeyed the behests of will: but its labor is over now.

On Sunday evening, at eight o'clock, we discerned the lights off Sandy Hook at the entrance to New York Harbor. We soon took a pilot on board, and got to New York at eleven o'clock at night, but could not land till next day. We certainly felt a vast sensation of relief when we found we had indeed gotten safely across the "Big Briny," and saw the well-known scenes of New York, Long Island and Staten Island, and the Jersey shore around us.

All true Americans, of course, love their own country best, no matter what they may see in other lands. We will fight for it, and die for it—though we will not always *live* exactly under its laws. We claim a right to abuse it now and then—but woe betide any other people that do so.

Next morning we were all full of the felicities of landing. We expected "lots of good things" immediately—to be rid of the nasty bilge-water air of the vessel, the confinement and other *desagrémens*. We had, indeed, heard there were custom-house laws in New York; but to us, who had been

visaed all over Europe, examined, and permitted, and got cartes of sojourn everywhere, this seemed to be nothing. We had felicitated ourselves often in Europe, when obliged to attend to visas, and see that our passports were all *en regle*, that we had nothing of that kind in "our country." So, being unsophisticated and innocent, we were thinking of disembarking immediately, going dignifiedly up Broadway to some hotel, and first "refresh our inner man" with some of the (to us novel) American cooking, and then ensconce ourselves between the sheets, and feel amazingly comfortable, that we had "done Europe" and "done got back again." But short-sighted people that we were. Two custom-house officers came on board—one a gray, smiling, officious, plausible, sleek old man—the other, silent, prying, uncivil. These began to examine our baggage. One of them tried to be gracious, but succeeded only in being contemptible—the other to be dignified, but was only rude. In no part of Europe, in *despotic* Austria, Naples, nor France, did we have by any means so much trouble, detention and vexation, or did there appear to be worse management. We were detained on the vessel five hours, hungry, sea-sick, and impatient to land. It is probable that all the detention for the whole eleven months in Europe, caused in the examination of baggage, did not amount to as much as in this one instance. In Europe they always have a sufficient number of officers to complete the examination of the whole baggage in a few minutes; and when one has had his baggage examined, he can depart without waiting for the others. But here we were not permitted to land till every one, even the deck passengers and emigrants, had their boxes peered into by these two persons. Having been a foreigner in other countries, and been treated with civility by their officers, I took occasion to notice how foreigners, who come to our country to settle on our broad lands, and eventually become good citizens,

who will defend it as valiantly as any of us, are treated on their arrival in New York; and I must say it is not calculated to impress the lonely, perhaps desolate emigrant, with a very favorable opinion of our "free institutions." Courtesy is never misplaced anywhere, and a little of it on the part of those custom-house officers would not be amiss. One Italian lady, being suspected to have concealed some silk goods about her person, was taken below by one of these persons and searched. Her insulted and wounded expression—she was unable to speak a word of English, was almost painful. The European—*pourboire*, as it is called in France—*Trink geldes*, it is called in Germany,—*drink-money*, as it is called in England,—*buono mano* as it is called in Italy—institution of giving a small fee, one or two francs, or two or three pauls each for services rendered, is a gentlemanly arrangement compared to that by which we were now annoyed on the Vanderbilt. It is the custom to give the steward, by whom you are specially waited on, a fee of some three or four dollars for his services. With this, however, they are not satisfied—the head-steward expected a fee also from each passenger, in addition to what the passenger gave the one who specially waited on him. So between hunger, sea-sickness, complaints at the detention, rudeness of the officers and stewards, no very amiable state of feeling prevailed on board the Vanderbilt. But at length we landed. I observed that each emigrant had to walk through a certain place in Castle Garden, give his name, and then wait his turn to get his baggage, which would occupy five hours more. They were obliged to assemble in a long row while one rowdy-looking officer or fellow, in a caricature of a uniform, with a stumpy gun, which he carried awkwardly, pretended to keep guard; but in reality swore, and got angry, and quarreled with the emigrants, they cursing him and he cursing them. The railway stations in the French and English provincial

towns are more commodious than the whole erection of Castle Garden; and with a little expenditure, and a few more persons to hand out and receive the checks, the whole baggage could have been distributed in a few minutes, instead of keeping emigrants in the city on expenses which they were but little able to meet. The crowd of carriage-drivers that now assailed the travelers like a cloud of cormorants would beggar all description, and their insulting remarks would almost make deafness a blessing. Being unaccustomed to hear English spoken, their oaths and remarks were no welcome reminding of one's vernacular. Procuring one, however, who distinctly engaged to drive me to my hotel in the Park for a certain sum, on my arrival he demanded just double—and on my refusing, cursed and swore in such a manner as would have insured his apprehension by the hotel-police of any town in Europe. So that the delights of returning to America, "Swate America," are oftentimes more poetic than practical. But at last one is fairly in New York, and the scene is familiar and yet strange. It is strange to hear the English language spoken everywhere. It is strange and welcome, too, to see American newspapers; but the overstrained, overwrought, and fictitious tales in them, the intense excitement of business, the hurry everywhere, the little repose in action or manner, the loud and rough speaking, do not seem quite so agreeable. We are a great people—we have long since agreed about that—one man accomplishes as much as two or three in Europe; but we do not take time to do any thing either with ease to ourselves or pleasure to others. We are the most effective nation in the world; but the most restless and unhappy. We accomplish more and enjoy less than other people. Our life is not wine, but brandy. We do not exist—we live. Other nations have their immoralities or faults of the heart or affections—ours are faults of intellectual wickedness. We are not sensual, but

selfish—not proud, but vain—have intellect, but not genius. But we are now in the period of our youth and action. That of repose and genius will come on in due time, when the mind, now absorbed in money-making, leveling forests, and political squabbling, will roll back on itself, and achieve results that will amaze history. Being a mixture of all peoples, our actions will be various and extensive, but not profound or great in any one department, till ages shall have condensed and cemented us all into an individuality of national Americans. Though Broadway is a very splendid street, and there are constant crowds passing along it, yet the aspect of New York is in general far less splendid and imposing than that of many European towns, except in the number of marble-faced stores, and the vast size of some of the hotels. American taste is showy and gaudy, but has not the solid-throughout-magnificence of the European standard. The Unter-den-Linden, in Berlin, is a finer street than any in New York. Vienna has no one finer street than Broadway, but is a more compactly splendid city than New York. The parts of New York, about the Fifth Avenue, are certainly very fine, and the houses splendid and in good taste; but certainly not equal to many parts of Paris, London, or Dublin, or Brussels—and there is a kind of a pretentiousness, a sort of recentness and vanity that are not very far from vulgarity. None of the churches, not Trinity, or those in the upper part of the city, with their maimed Gothic attempts, could of course compare with almost any of the more noted ones of Europe. There are more hurry and confusion here, and a far better middle and lower class than in Europe—more rough vulgarity, but more freedom of speech, and a loftier air in the common people. No parks in New York deserve mention at the same time with those of Versailles, Fontainebleau, nor any gardens can be compared with those of the Tuileries or Luxembourg. These will come in time, however. In na-

tural position and advantages for commerce, New York is unsurpassed in the world, though in beauty of situation far inferior to Naples. On the whole, there is more rugged utility in America—less taste, beauty of style, elegance and correctness in architecture than in Europe, but more pretention: there are action and energy in America—thought and enjoyment in Europe. Europe is governed too much—America is not governed at all: but there is less need of government here. The aggregate of all individual self-interest, if rightly attained, is better than any government; and this is pursued in America with an energy unknown elsewhere, and is better in its operation and effects than a compulsory, external government. For if every individual were to pursue his own self-interest merely, all the ends of government would be subserved. The true object of government should be, to compel each man to his own good.

There were several anniversaries of certain societies in New York while I was there—the speaking at which seemed to indicate extreme unhappiness on the part of some individuals on the subject of what they call “a sin,” in operation a thousand or more miles from them, neglecting the more loudly demanded objects of benevolence in their midst. Most of the speaking, however, seemed too contemptible even to be despised. I left New York at six o’clock in the evening, Wednesday, May 12th, for Philadelphia—passing over, at first, a flat, infertile, and uninteresting country. The cars are not nearly so good as the second-class cars in Europe, nor the railways in general so substantially built, though the speed is greater. As to the depots or station-houses, most of them are dark and inelegant edifices, very different from, and far inferior to, the palatial, convenient, and elegant constructions in Europe. I arrived at Philadelphia at ten o’clock, from which starting at eleven, I passed along the Central Pennsylvania Railway—a splendid road—ascending the mountains by

curves and inclined planes, indicating much skillful engineering; but in the bridges, viaducts, and tunnels, not so great a work by any means as the Austrian railway from Vienna to Trieste. Ascending the valley of one of the rivers, the extremely green and fertile appearance of the fields, the romantic bluffs, bends of the rivers, all impressed the mind with emotions of calmness, and gratitude also to that Being who had, during the course of a long travel in other lands and scenes, providentially guided and brought us back to the place of starting in safety. Since the bright June morning of last year when we started, what a wealth of scenes we had been in! How freighted is memory with the things of the old world, and must be, while memory shall hold her sanity. But—farewell!

“A word that must be and hath been—

A sound that makes us linger—yet farewell.”

NOTE.—The necessary expenses of a trip to Europe will generally average about five dollars per day, for every day one is absent. This will include locomotion, boarding, fees to guides, fees to guards, *visas* for passports—and in general one's necessary and decent expenses—admit of stopping at the best hotels. Should one travel fast, however, and not remain long in each city, his expenses will exceed this amount. In the British Empire, also, one's expenses will reach, on an average, eight or nine dollars a day. The cheapest places are Southern Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. The above estimate of five dollars per day is about the average of one's necessary expenses. In Rome or Naples, one's merely hotel expenses need not exceed two-and-a-half dollars per day—this includes ordinary wines.

The French language is altogether necessary. For though many of the first-class hotels keep one servant who can speak English, the traveler is always presumed to know French and addressed in it, and will frequently be exposed to inconvenience and annoyance for want of this desideratum. Some procure a courier or interpreter—this is a great convenience where there is a family traveling. The salary of a courier, who is reliable in his habits, morals, and knowledge of routes and places, and such only should be taken, will average fifty or sixty dollars per month. Sometimes one can get a courier for less when

disengaged, or with rather little prospect of being employed. Murray's Guide Books, distinguished by their red color, are of course in the hands of every traveler, and deservedly so; though they are chiefly a compilation. They embrace almost all the traveled portions of Europe except Sicily, and one will soon be published relative to that island. They contain all necessary information to the traveler, with plans of the cities, maps, and regular details of the various routes traveled, names and standing of hotels, etc. Bradshaw's Railway Guide is also important, and also the "Almanac de Gotha," last edition. Clothing can generally be purchased at every place in Europe, as cheap and of as good quality as in America. The cheapest places for purchasing clothing, mosaic work, coral work, etc., are Florence, Naples, and Venice. April and May are the best months for Paris and northern Italy. Rome should be avoided in the malaria season, from June to October—this, however, is the best time for Switzerland, Scotland, England, and Ireland. London is best seen in June. As places for prolonged residence, Dresden, Brussels, and Florence, are perhaps preferable, in regard to cheapness, society, and interesting objects. Many English, who constitute the great majority of the traveling community, spend the winter in Rome. The traveler should free his mind from as much prejudice as possible, and cultivate a bland, uncriticizing, but at the same time, discriminating spirit. Persons differ extremely in regard to their enjoyment of traveling. It is necessary to have a considerable portion of enthusiasm in one's composition in order to enjoy it much. On the whole, it may be said that traveling is a good thing, and that staying at home is not such a very bad thing either. Other lands may be more aged—may have greater historical monuments, or grander works of genius—or Nature herself may appear more attractive—but "there's no place like home!"

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